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INTRODUCTION.

It is customary, on introducing a periodical work to the public, to offer a few remarks on its design, and to make a great many promises as to its execution. We would willingly offer as long a prologue as the most scrupulous observer of common customs could require; but the truth is, that we have nothing to say. We have little to ask or to communicate. We neither disdain nor deprecate criticism. We will not urge claims to peculiar favor, on the score of youth; for we are confident that no such favor will be extended. We shall listen with becoming patience and modesty to the remarks that may be called forth by our labors; and will profit by them to the extent of our ability.

Our project has met with more opposition than we had anticipated. Old and wise men have frowned upon it; private prejudices have operated against it. But we have been favored with the encouragement of so many whose praise is honorable, and whose kind attentions are flattering, that it must be forgiven us, if we unwisely disregard less pleasant and less courteous advisers.

We will not enter into a long explanation of our plans and purposes. It will be much easier six months hence to tell what we have done, than to define now what we intend to do.

It must be confessed that we are by no means indifferent to the reception our work may meet with. From the public, beyond the immediate circle of our individual friends,

we can of course expect no sympathy or assistance. To the students, who are engaged with us in our collegiate duties, and with whom we are in the habit of daily and familiar intercourse ; and to those who, in past years, have enjoyed the privileges and pleasures we are now enjoying, —we look principally for countenance and support. To them, therefore, we would respectfully dedicate our undertaking.

THE

COLLEGIAN.

No. I.

FEBRUARY, 1830.

SPAIN.

The Romance of History. Spain. By Don T. De Trueba. 3 vols. London. 1830.

We must confess that the contents of these volumes were singularly new to us. Educated in the old manner, and whipped, from our earliest days, into an acquaintance with the languages, mythologies, and histories of the ancient nations, we have been obliged to remain in utter ignorance in respect to most other departments of literature. The library, to which we had access in our boyhood, was well stored with grammars, dictionaries, translations, and all the works most necessary to illustrate a collection of Greek and Roman authors. To these books we necessarily confined our studies; and became comparatively familiar with the great men of antiquity, before we had been taught anything of the events and characters which have honored our native land. As to other countries,—France, Spain, and Germany,—we knew them merely as territories put down on the maps.

It is natural, under such circumstances, that we should begin to weary of

> "the repetition
> Of what is ordinary."

We have grown heartily tired of Alexander and Cæsar. It is at least three years since we wrote our last sonnet on Cleo-

patra, or figured in the newspapers with amatory stanzas to Lalage and Galatea. We have ceased to illustrate the persecution of virtue by reference to the treatment of Aristides; or to call the patron of literature a second Mæcenas. We seldom style the moon Diana, even in our verses; have dispensed with the society of Cupid; and never think of asking inspiration from Apollo or the Muses.

In the traditions of Spain we found all the attractions of novelty. We were ignorant of the many gorgeous and gloomy passages in her annals; the struggles which have taken place on her borders; the peculiarities and rapid changes of the nations by whom she has been in turn occupied; and all the tales of crime and heroism which have been woven into the tissue of her story.

The work of Don Trueba is a collection of tales, founded upon facts admitted as authentic by Spanish historians. The series commences at the date of the expulsion of the Goths, and closes with the death of Charles II, in 1700. The author concludes at this period, rather from the necessity of bringing his work to a conclusion, than from having exhausted his subject. He says, that there "is no want of splendid materials. Indeed, Spain was, during the war of independence, the theatre of one of the most glorious contests that can adorn the pages of the historian. The striking events, the deeds of heroism, the romantic adventure, to which that memorable period gave birth, afforded a wide field for illustration."

The poetry embodied in these tales is uniformly from the ballads of Mr. Lockhart. A higher compliment could not be paid to these productions, than their selection by a native Spaniard, to illustrate sketches of his national history. There are few works that have been published by living writers, which display more poetical vigor and beauty than these translations. A writer in the London Magazine, Mr. Bowring, we believe, has found fault with them, as wanting in fidelity to their originals. And it appears to us that they are altogether different from the meagre and unfinished pieces from which they purport to be taken; but whatever may be their merit as translations, they are certainly magnificent poems.

The tales throughout are very spirited and interesting.

The conversational sketches, the descriptions of scenery, the pictures of battle and bloodshed, are executed with equal vividness and truth. Among the stories with which we were most interested, were "The Gothic King," "The Poisoned Goblet," "The Infants of Lara," and those founded on the story of the Cid, and the downfall of Granada.

The Cid is altogether the most important personage who figures in early Spanish history. His exploits have been the subject of numerous romances, poems, and chronicles, and an endless series of songs and ballads.

Rodrigo of Bivar was born, as we learn from Mr. Southey's "Chronicle," in the year of the Incarnation 1026, of noble lineage, in the city of Burgos. He began his career, by defying to mortal combat, and slaying the lord of Gormaz, who had insulted his father by a blow. Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the Count whom he had slain, forgave him her father's death; and with the favor of king Ferdinand, they "took their vows, and plighted themselves, each to the other, according as the law directs." During the reign of Ferdinand, Rodrigo distinguished himself in many battles with the Moors, and received the appellation of Ruy Diez, the Cid, with the honor of knighthood.

Don Sancho ascended the throne on the death of Ferdinand, and was himself succeeded by Alfonso. The Cid, by evil tongues, was misrepresented to this prince, who peremptorily ordered him to quit his dominions. With a number of cavaliers, who remained faithful to his banner, he retired into the country of the Moors; took possession of some of their castles, and enriched himself by immense spoils. A messenger was sent by him to the king, with splendid presents, and to offer becoming tokens of attachment. Pleased with his valuable gifts, and having occasion for his services, the king thought fit to recall him from exile. The Cid again lost the good will of Alfonso, was a second time banished, and a second time restored to favor. He continued to work brilliant achievements among the Moors, and won of them numerous cities. He captured Valencia, after a long siege, established a bishopric there, and, sending to Burgos for his wife and daughters, resolved on making it his permanent residence. The

remainder of his life he passed in this independent principality; honored with the love of his vassals, and the favor of Alfonso. It is said that there is no hero, whose fame is so intimately connected with the poetry and history of his native land, as is that of the Cid.

The downfall of Granada affords Don Trueba a subject for an interesting romance. This has been another fruitful theme to Spanish ballad-writers and chroniclers. And the many passages of valor and heroism, the hazardous exploits, daring adventures, and gloomy reverses, which marked the last war of Granada, are indeed worthy the highest efforts of the poet and historian. It was the desperate struggle of a proud and brave people, to defend the sole portion that remained to them of a country which had been conquered and transmitted by their ancestors. Every inch of ground had been manfully disputed. But towers and castles were razed, cities besieged and captured, and all the strong holds of the country, one by one, delivered into the hands of the Christians. The remnant of a powerful people, wealthy merchants, their wives and children, proud chieftains, and the relics of their defeated armies, were crowded into the only city that remained to the devoted followers of the crescent. The city of Granada,—the heart of the kingdom, the pride of the people, and the residence of their monarchs,—was now the forlorn hope of their defence. But the cross gleams from the tower, which was once graced by the standard of the Prophet—and a mighty dominion is for ever blotted from the earth.

From the earliest ages of her settlement, there have always been associations of a romantic character connected with the history of Spain. While a Roman province, she was distinguished for her progress in the arts and refinements of civilized life, and furnished several imperial masters to the world. When the barbarian conquerors swept over the southern countries of Europe, they found a delightful resting-place among the vineyards and gardens of Spain.

The gloomy empire of the Goths was established for nearly three centuries; but notwithstanding its extent and power, was subverted, in two battles, by the Saracens. The dominion of the Arabs was more mild and generous: and the sciences and arts were carried to the highest per-

fection. Literature, poetry, and music were cultivated with enthusiasm and success. But the Goths, who retired, after their defeats, to the mountain fastnesses, had been gathering new strength and disposition for war. They by degrees won back their old territories. City after city yielded; plain after plain was ravaged; and in eight centuries from the first defeats of the Goths, the whole land was restored to them by the final expulsion of the Moors from Granada.

The expulsion of the Moors took place during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Spain was at that time at the height of her prosperity. New mines of wealth, and inducements to enterprise had been opened, in the discovery of another world. Notwithstanding the wars by which they had been harassed, the nation continued wealthy and populous.

At this period the condition of Spain was exactly the reverse of what it is at present. She was powerful and respected; her population was industrious, rich, and happy; her commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, were flourishing; and she possessed in her colonies a promise of unbounded wealth. The honors of literature were added to the elegant refinements and luxuries of art. Though a nation of haughty cavaliers, who submitted to no indignity, they were in no danger from civil dissensions or foreign invasion.

We see her now, with an empty treasury, a diminished population, ruined commerce and manufactures, with neither respectability nor power abroad, nor any of the arts that make a people happy and contented at home.

When bigoted princes unite with a licentious and ambitious priesthood, to break down the spirit of a people, their success cannot long remain doubtful. Where there is no freedom of speech, there can be no security. The powers that have been wielded by the clergy of Spain, are such as have never been entrusted to any other set of men under heaven; and it is to the exercise of these powers that her present gloomy condition may be attributed. Of her inhabitants, the haughty have been worked upon by spiritual terrors; the weak by fear of bodily suffering;—the wealthy have been obliged to surrender their riches; and the poor have found no inducement to amass them.

A late writer speculates on the causes of the present decay and degradation of Spain, and on the probability of a sanguinary revolution. It indeed seems singular, that when the rest of the world has been making such rapid progress in all the arts and refinements of civilization, Spain should have so mournfully sunk from her former glory. But when we think on the terrible engines that have been set in motion by her clergy, we can hardly wonder at the destruction they have occasioned. We can only lament the downfall of a mighty nation, and, it may be, read a profitable lesson in it.

There is no class of men more powerful than a clergy, ambitious of worldly dominion. Equal danger, however, may be apprehended from bigoted and narrow-minded sects, determined to fasten the shackles of a dark faith upon the hearts of their fellows. In religion, as in all other matters of belief or speculation, there should be perfect freedom.

There is in all men a proneness to compel others to adopt their own creeds, and to fall in with their own sentiments. Wherever the power co-exists with the inclination, there will inevitably follow a subversion of free thought and free speaking. The disposition in dominant parties to punish honest difference of opinion, should be watched with especial vigilance in our own country; for we fear that such a disposition has been too openly manifested, both in politics and religion. When usurpation and oppression, in matters of religion, are once tolerated, no limits can be affixed to their baneful influences.

But we have lost sight of Don Trueba, and his very interesting volumes. For our own part, we have found in them sources of much pleasure and instruction. Readers less ignorant, and more fastidious, may perhaps look in vain for either. But we have little fear that any one will find them dull. There are scenes and passages of sufficient beauty and interest, to excite the coldest and please the most delicate.

FROM THE BLANK LEAVES OF MY GIBBON.

His style does not please me. There is nothing in it idiomatic. The garb which his thoughts assumed in his own mind, was French; and his Decline and Fall may be considered a translation of an unpublished French work. It displays, consequently, but little of the native vigor, or the unaffected, charming elegance of a genuine English style.

This defect is by no means compensated by a constant and fatiguing glitter. The object of all ornament is either to relieve the reader, or to illustrate the thought. But this uniform glitter of Gibbon's generally throws his meaning into the shade; and so far from relieving the reader, it needs relief greatly itself; a page of simple narrative would be as grateful to me in the midst of it, as a verdant little oasis to the traveller whose eyes are wearied with the glare of the burning desert. Far different from the quick, successive flashes of Burke, it is too feeble to astonish, too affected and uniform to please.

Gibbon had not a mind of the first order; he possessed not the magic treasures of a mighty genius; at the same time, he had an invincible aversion to an ordinary dress and demeanor. He assumed, therefore, a gait too uniformly ostentatious to admit of ease or grace, and sewed his garb with a profusion of spangles, to compensate the want of a few well-placed gems. The constant endeavours of a florid fancy, and a mind stored with erudition, could not indeed fail of producing, occasionally, both elegance and splendor. But as these occasional felicities by no means satisfy the ambition of his taste, he is obliged to resort, for its gratification, to distant and learned allusion, to sagacious enigmas, to a profusion of epithets, and a constant use of the materials which the greatness of his subject affords him, for the construction of pompous aad imposing sentences. These ornaments are multiplied, until they become mere unmeaning flourishes; we lose all faith in them, even when properly introduced; they have been so often prostituted, that no one believes there is any feeling in them. Our author brings every thing from above and below even with

his assumed elevation. A plain matter cannot be trusted to plain language. An enumeration of provinces, or a genealogy of a family, never escapes his hands, till it has been epithetized, and enigmatized, and worked into stately sentences. And thus he is engaged in being pretty and obscure, when he should be busy in giving us information. On the other hand, when there is a call for feeling, or elevated reflection, we find him as unable to rise above, as he is unwilling to sink beneath, a strain of turgid declamation. We are put off too often with satire for gravity, and pomp for eloquence. Gibbon never warms into the enthusiasm of virtue or sensibility. He repeats with complacency the names of Historian and Philosopher; apparently with an idea that it is unworthy such men to feel or admire. I distrust the man who is always enthusiastic; him who never is, I pity.

Our historian's excessive pungency, whenever religion crosses his path, is so perpetual, that the affectation at last becomes tiresome. His irony, however, is often elegant, and, when directed against the abuses of religion, just. But his aiming his shafts indifferently, at truth and error,—his confounding superstition and piety, fanaticism and the genuine zeal of virtue, betrays, beneath the cloak of his philosophy, a most woful obtuseness of moral perception, and moral feeling. Not to blame him for his infidelity,—his whole treatment of religion, his never entering into a manly discussion, or even expressing openly an opinion on so important a point in his subject, as the truth of Christianity, is wholly unworthy an historian of the Roman empire. What could he expect from avoiding all fair argument with equal antagonists, and retailing vulgar cavils, in insidious forms,—but to pervert a few empty-headed boys, and to raise the contempt of the wise and good? He surely did not presume that his sneers were to shake, in serious minds, the religion of Paschal, Grotius, Bacon, Milton, Newton, Locke, and Paley. O.

RUNAWAY BALLADS.

No. I.

WAKE from thy slumbers, Isabel, the stars are in the sky,
And night has hung her silver lamp, to light our altar by;
The flowers have closed their fading leaves, and droop upon the plain,
O wake thee, and their dying hues shall blush to life again.

In such a sacred hour as this, how beams the eye of love,
When all is mellowed shade below, and all is light above;
And oh, how soft a maiden's sigh melts on the midnight air,
When scarce a wanton zephyr breathes, to wave her silken hair.

The rattle of the soldier's steel has left the silent hall,
The mastiff slumbers at the gate—the sentry on the wall;
And there, by many a stately barge, that rocks upon the tide,
A bark is floating on the wave, and dancing at their side.

And when before the flowing wind she spreads her eagle wings,
And like a halcyon, from her breast the shivered billow flings;
Though many a prouder pendant flies before the ocean breeze,
No keel can track her foaming path, that sweeps the sparkling seas.

Then come to me, my lovely one, and haste we far away,
And we will reach the distant isle before the break of day;
Let not thy gentle eye grow dim, thy rosy cheek grow pale,
For thou shalt find a beating heart beneath a warrior's mail.

No. II.

GET up! get up! Miss Polly Jones, the tandem's at the door;
Get up, and shake your lovely bones, it's twelve o'clock and more;
The chaises they have rattled by, and nothing stirs around,
And all the world, but you and I, are snoring safe and sound.

I broke a drunken watchman's nap, and he began to mutter,
I gave him just a gentle tap, that helped him to the gutter;
The cur-dog growled an ugly growl, and grinned a bitter grin,
I tipped the beast a rat's-bane pill, to keep his music in.

When Squaretoes stumps about the house, and does n't find you there,
And all the folks are in a touse, my eyes! how dad will stare!
He locked and double-locked the door, and saw you safe abed,
And never dreamed a jailor's paw could scratch a booby's head.

Come, hurry! hurry! Polly Jones, it is no time to snooze,
Do n't stop for t' other petticoat, nor fidget for your shoes;
I have a quilted wrapper here, your tender limbs to fold,
It 's growing mighty chilly, dear, and I shall catch a cold.

I 've got my gouty uncle's bay, and trotting Peggy too,
I 've lined their tripes with oats and hay, and now for love and you;
The lash is curling in the air, and I am at your side,
To-morrow you are Mrs. Snaggs, my bold and blooming bride.

MOMENTA LANKIANA. No. I.

A NAME.

Good name, in man or woman, dear, my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something,—nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Shakspeare.*

Ye parents, who may be about to present your first-born infant before the baptismal font, pause ere you go, and list unto my words; pause ere you go, and ponder well, if you may not, in bestowing a name, give him a gift, which he may rue as long he lives.

Ye schoolboys, too, who are now in the heyday of existence, and who may be about to christen some new companion with a ludicrous nickname, consider well ere you perform it, if you may not be affixing a disagreeable burr to your playfellow, that will adhere to him through the remainder of his life.

And you, gentle reader, who, being in the possession of a suitable cognomen, are at a loss to conceive how a name should be a matter of importance, bear in mind, that

"it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours."

But if, on the contrary, you have the irremediable misfortune of possessing a singular name,—if your title be a terribly long one, or a niggardly short one,—if it has so direful a sound, that it grates one's teeth at every utterance,—if it is composed of some clashing consonants, or hollow gutturals that produce an unfortunate lack of melody,—if, in fine, it is the same with your barber's, or shoemaker's, or tailor's, or so common as to be held by every two or three persons you meet, and to be painted in black and white characters, on every blackguard sign, in every blackguard alley in the city,—if you possess any one of these miserable bores, to you, sweet reader, must I look for comfort and sympathy.

My name has been the preponderating consideration in every act of my life. Ever since I could walk on two legs, in all the various transformations from a dirty-faced, satchel-carrying, fun-loving schoolboy, to a star-gazing, sonnet-making, Stewart-digging collegian, this inauspicious name has been the constant theme of all the pleasantries, puns, and jokes of my acquaintance. Did any one wish to be amused, my designation was a ready furnished laughing-stock. Did any one wish to afford amusement? He had nothing to do but draw from the same superabundant source. Master, pupil—friend, enemy—parent, child—relation, stranger—big, little—long, short—one and all made my aforesaid name their butt and hobby-horse. Can there be any thing, gentles, I would fain inquire, can there be any thing so very ridiculous in four letters, can there be any thing so superlatively a provocative to risibility in one short syllable, that it is able to set the whole world against the possessor? Is it possible to assign any so very laughable character to the vowel *a*, the letter *k*, or the liquids *l* or *n*, that, put together, they should bring a smile upon every one's face, and a sneer upon every one's lip? And yet I wish not to be pitied;

κρέσσων γὰρ οἰκτιρμῶν φθόνος.[1]

I am the only son of a very rich father, and my mother's family is one of the largest in all Virginia; being composed of an abundance of cousins of every degree from first to fourteenth, and of excellent old maiden aunts and uncles

without number. Upon its being made known in the village that my mother had presented her liege and lord with a son, the little community that had sprung up in the mountains, from the extraordinary exuberance of the families of my maternal grandfather and his brothers, was put into a violent commotion, and all the old maids who could claim acquaintance with the young Lank, by kith and kin, were soon seated in the one horse dearborns, Jersey wagons and other vehicles; which were all, forthwith, jogging at a brisk trot to the great old-fashioned mansion of the Lanks, to see the sole prop and stay of his family.

"The image of his papa!" exclaims my aunt Prudence, before she finds my cradle.

"The beautiful darling!" cries my aunt Charity, ere I unclose my dull grey eyes.

"What a masculine little face!" remarks my aunt Lizzy, before she sees my snub nose. And as I squalled out most lustily, my aunt Dolly was absolutely charmed with my "melodious voice."

In short, there was not a feature in my unmeaning face that was not hunted for with assiduity; nor a limb, finger, or toe that was not in turn fondled o'er, kissed, and lauded to the blue ceiling of the chamber. There was not a perquisite I had not; a beauty I did not possess.

"The sweet little dear," and "dear little darling," and "darling little dear," and "sweet little sugarplum," were not a moiety of the endearing little names heaped upon my devoted little head; and I do believe that unless I had bawled so loudly that one of my aunts fainted and another went into hysterics, I should have been smothered beneath their caresses, and like Othello have

"died upon a kiss."

The next great object, after a sight of the "sweet fellow," was the choosing of a name. Now most unfortunately, and yet naturally, my father and maternal grandfather had different christian names, and my good parents were divided in their choice. It was hardly to be expected that unanimity should be in the maiden conclave, that was assembled in the green parlor. Such a direful tearing to tatters of plain, honest christianlike titles, I am confident has

never been known, in the annals of the aforementioned village, since its origin, or during the century of its brief existence. One recommended "Lapper," the name of her black tom-cat. Another peaceable sort of a blue, who had a smattering of Latin, advised that I should be christened "Pacificus," while her opponent, being a more belligerent dame, gave in her verdict for "Hero." In one corner a party were discussing the propriety of my having the name of my mother's family, though they now and then cast sly glances towards another band, which being convened in another corner were hearing arguments in favor of "Oliver," my father's name, and "Obadiah," being that of my mother's father. And I do believe I should never have had any name at all, had not the chong chong unfortunately given out, and (equally unfortunate for me) had not my father, after a severe curtain lecture, consented that the parson should bestow upon me the melodious prefixion of "Oliver Obadiah" to the family name of "Lank," to the lasting discomfiture of his unoffending son, and the chagrin of the majority of my aunts, who thought that names set the character for life, and shook their heads very mysteriously upon observing how many Ohs and Ahs were in the said lugubrious title of "Oliver Obadiah."

I grew up the pride of my father, the pet of my mother, and the plague of the cats, dogs, turkeys, and good folks of the village. This little town was at first but the residence of my mother's progenitor, and he having a large family that settled around him, was the cause of the springing up of the village. A doctor, parson, and schoolmaster were the only professional men in the country for twenty miles around. Not even a lawyer had made his way there, and as for blacksmiths, cobblers, &c. it was strange indeed if my honest uncles could not shoe their own Dobbins, and their wives could not mend their jerkins. The neat whitewashed houses, scattered here and there along the borders of the grassy streamlet, with thick woods on every side; the chimneys of the Lank wooden mansion peeping above the tops of the evergreens, the tangled brakes of the ivy and jessamine, and the Blue Mountains environing the spot on every side, formed the features of this unsophisticated village; which, from the obscurity of its origin, hardly had a

name, nor was deemed worthy of a situation on any chart extant at that time. Here would Oliver Obadiah Lank have pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, to live unknown and die unnoticed, had not fate interposed, and with rude hands pushed him forward into the open gaze of a malicious world.

In as few words as possible. Mr Lank had bequeathed to his "son Oliver, his goods and chattels to have and to hold so long as said son retain the name of Lank; otherwise said goods and chattels to be forfeited to his eldest brother-in-law, Jacob ————, guardian to said Oliver, and to his heir and heirs for ever." Now upon the death of my lamented mother I was taken successively by my aunts, under their especial charge and tutelage, and, for the time being, taught according to the preponderating character of my hostess. It was when I was fourteen that I took up my residence in my uncle Jacob's family. I was then the veriest scoundrel in the village; the first in the Spring to discover the leafy habitations of the feathered songsters, the best fabricator of traps, gins and snares, of bats, balls and kites, esteemed by my aunts as possessed of incomparable talents, and praised by master Simon, the pedagogue, as a boy of promising abilities. This change of residence was an era in my life. My aunt and cousin Emelina (as she was called) I never liked. The former came from Richmond, and her daughter was the belle of the village, and somewhat pretty. The hen-pecked spouse tamely submitted to what they said; Maria, the younger daughter, was neglected by all, and I was tormented from morning to night by my malicious cousin and her worthy mother. My name, odd as it may seem, in those who were accustomed to it for years, furnished the engine of torment, and so acutely sensible had I grown to every touch upon that tender point, that with two or three companions, I went off to the mountains, whose every hollow we were familiar with, and remained there two or three days, to the terror and confusion of our friends, and the uprising of the whole village. Upon returning heartily tired with our Crusoe excursion, my luckless companions received a sound flagellation; and as I was thought to be growing unmanageable, it was considered proper that I should be sent to a boarding school.

Thus did my whole life turn on my name; for ere I was well aware of my future destination, I was whistling along the road to Richmond in a one-horse wagon, stored with the remedies and good wishes, the balsams and blessings of my aunts, and possessed of a little trunk, ornamented on the back with large brass tacks, that formed, in conspicuous characters, the letters O. O. L.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SOLILOQUY PREVIOUS TO HER SIGNING THE DEATH WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

[Translated from Schiller's "Maria Stuart."]

SUBJECTION to my subjects! O, most vile
Of servitudes! I 'm worn and sick at heart,
With fawning on the idol I despise.
When shall I sit upon my throne, in freedom?
No longer flattering men's wishes, whims—
To win their praise; nor suing for support
To a vile rout, best managed by a juggler.
Ah, he who has a *public* he must please,
Call him not king—he, only he, deserves
The name, whose deed asks no man's commendation.

Why have I reigned in law and justice ever,
Quelling my own desires—to find, when now
A deed despotic must, ay, must be done,
A shackle on my hands? Before the model
Myself have raised, I shrink, and am condemned.
Had I, like Spanish Mary, ruled these realms
With iron hand,—the queenly blood, which now
I thirst for, might be shed—and none dare murmur.
Was 't then my own free choice, this luckless justice?
No, 't was the offspring of necessity—
The stern necessity, which sways e'en princes.
This making Law the partner of my reign
Has gained my people's love. What, but that love,
Could, or can now, support me on my throne?
—A throne disputed, envied, circled in,
Assaulted by a host of enemies!
Europe bands all her powers, to destroy me.
On my poor head, Rome's vengeful pontiff hurls
The excommunicating bann: great France
Salutes me with a Judas kiss: fast, fast,

O'er ocean bound a thousand giant ships,
To pour the Spaniard's wrath unquenchable
On this lone isle, and its devoted queen.

Here then I stand—a woman, 'gainst a world.
In this extremity, I must secure
My subjects' faithfulness, at any hazard;
The bareness of my title to the crown
I must deck out with certain royal virtues:
The stains, which my own father's words have fixed
Upon my birth—in vain, in vain, I seek
To hide them! Busy-fingered hate, still by,
Lays them all bare; and ever holds before
My blasted eyes, this Stuart—threatening spectre—
Thwarting, and maddening—O! I 'll not endure it.
I must—I will have peace. Her head shall fall.
—She is the fury of my life—a spirit
Of torment, conjured up by Fate against me!
Where'er some lonely flower of hope or joy
Blooms in my path—there coils this snake of Hell.
My fate's whole blackness centres in one name—
The freezer of my friends, the thief, who hath stolen
My lover's heart, the pest, that, day and night,
Haunts me, and now is pulling me to earth—
All blister on my lips in that one name—
'T is MARY STUART. Purge the earth of her,
And I am free—free as the mountain air!*

[*A long pause. In what succeeds, the Queen refers to a late interview with her prisoner.*]

With what a look of scorn she eyed me! Ha!
Did'st think to blast me? Wretch! Poor, powerless wretch!
Thy glance kills not. I wield a better weapon:
Its stroke is death! it strikes, and where art thou?

[*Advancing to the table, with a quick step, and seizing the pen.*]

A bastard, am I? True—while thou dost live.
But babbling doubts of my imperial birth
Perish with thee. Quit thou my subjects' sight—
They doubt, compare, prefer, rebel, no more,
And I am hailed at once their trueborn queen.

[*She signs the paper with rapid and firm strokes; then drops the pen, and starts back with a look of terror.*]

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* I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.—MACBETH.

PAINTING.

By Geoffrey La-Touche.

I profess myself an enthusiastic lover of painting, however small may be my claim to the appellation of a critic. No one excites my envy less than the nice discerner of little inaccuracies. A glaring fault in design, coloring, or perspective, would strike me as soon as any one; but where there is neither of these, I can pardon much that others would consider intolerable, and forget the blemishes in admiring the beauties. In my visits to the Athenæum, I have often been amused with the rough remarks of the "newly-arrived" countryman, the every-day criticisms of the ladies' waiting-gentlemen; but the exquisite foreigner, and foreign exquisite, who comes in to cast a cursory glance round the walls, languish awhile at the *ventilator*, and then retire, with a look of supreme contempt in every feature of his whiskered phiz, excites my hearty disgust; and I long to assist his passage down the first flight of stairs, with what in Mechanics is called an impetus,—in Metaphysics, an impulse,—in common language, a kick.

Speaking of the Gallery, every one must be happy that an establishment of the kind has met with such liberal encouragement from the public, and that the artists of our country have adorned it with so many and such admirable pictures. There were some, particularly those of Allston, which were inferior to none of the productions of modern art. His Jeremiah, Saul and the Witch of Endor, together with his historical pieces and landscapes, are perfect in their separate departments. Fisher and Doughty have each contributed a number of pictures, in their best manner; and the portraits of Peale, Alexander, Harding, and Stuart, were good specimens of their different styles. There were also many very fine works of the old masters, and of the living foreign artists. On the whole, the exhibitions have been such as would do honor to a country far more advanced in the elegant arts than our own, and we wish them, from our heart, constant success, and constant improvement.

In our humble opinion, there is no class of men that more deserve encouragement than artists. We owe them

our sympathy in their sufferings, our relief in their wants. We think, too, that they are possessed of more talent than the generality of men in the other professions; and we come to this conclusion from the fact, that none are painters, unless from the impulse of nature; and that when such an impulse strongly leads to the pursuit of any particular taste, we are gifted with powers fitted to follow it. Besides, we are confirmed in this belief, from the consideration, that the accomplishments and natural endowments requisite to excellence in this pursuit, are perhaps greater than those in any other. For, to be a perfect painter, in the higher styles of the art, a man must have a powerful mind, and a strong and brilliant imagination; and the energies of both must be brought under his control, by education and severe, well-directed discipline. But however great his talents may be, they are of no avail, without great mechanical execution. The eye of the artist may be crossed by ideal creations, which his hand refuses to transcribe to canvass. The enrapturing and beautiful visions of a higher and purer state of existence may float before his imagination, and melt away into nothingness, like bright and golden clouds, that vanish ere he can have the slightest opportunity of delineating them. It is not with the painter as with the author. The latter has his own native tongue to express his meaning in, and will find it a faithful medium through which to transfer his thoughts and feelings to future ages, and by which we may form a correct estimate of his genius. But the hieroglyphical language of the painter is far more difficult to acquire, and even its best masters have been unable entirely to do away its indistinctness, and make plain all its hidden shades of meaning; and hence I infer, that there is often more true genius displayed in the imperfect success of an artist, comparatively unskilled in the use of his pencil, than in many authors, whom the world has ever admired and idolized. Raphael brought down to earth the beings of another world,—transferred them to canvass as if by magic, and thus permitted us to hold communion with the sublime creations of his gifted intellect. Michael Angelo breathed on the cold marble, and it instantly rose into new forms of surpassing loveliness and grandeur; and with the same heaven-born genius, he depicted the triumphs of the haughty

Roman, and the terrors of the Last Judgment-day. But these are not unequalled in their original natural powers, though they stand so unrivalled in their glory. There have been many brothers of their art,—members, though to fame, perhaps, obscure ones, of that splendid fraternity which has so long been among the brightest ornaments of the world, who have gone down to decay and forgetfulness, leaving behind them no traces of those glowing inspirations, for the expression of which language was too weak, and the knowledge of their art too limited.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

By Mr. Francis Hock.*

I CANNOT exactly tell why I first fell in love with Caroline Lee. I do not remember why an evening that we shortly afterwards spent together, was the happiest of my life; nor why we went home that evening, so well pleased with each other, ourselves, and every thing about us. But when Caroline had thrown on her shawl, and tied the strings of a pretty bonnet beneath the prettiest chin in the world, and timidly accepted my arm—that delightful walk! If my years outnumber the leaves of the forest, I shall not forget it. I could never conceive, however, why such a charming incident should occur in December. It would have been infinitely more proper in rosy June, the month of fresh beauty, the time of the leaf and flower, when the air is laden with music and perfume. It was an evening of December, however, but a pleasanter the moon never shone upon; being of that remarkably mild weather, which ushered in the Christmas of twenty-eight.

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* We do not know who Mr. Hock is. We are informed that this article was left at the printing-office, by a gentleman in a snuff-colored coat, highly rouged, and with an ugly nose, who requested that it should be set up immediately. If the gentleman in a snuff-colored coat, highly rouged, and with an ugly nose, is desirous of inserting his reminiscences in "The Collegian," he would oblige us by directing them to one of the Club. We are astonished that he should have hoped to pass himself off as our editorial self; and still more are we astonished, that he should have been successful. We never wore a snuff-colored coat, seldom rouge, and have a very respectable nose.

I have said that I could not tell why I first loved Caroline; but I was writing in a hurry, and was very much mistaken. I could only have loved her because she was altogether a lovely object. I may have seen, in my lifetime, a darker eye than hers, and blacker hair, but never a glossier lip, or a more delicate cheek. Her expression could hardly be called intellectual, for it wanted altogether that paleness and sadness of feature which generally mingle with this character of beauty. Above every thing else, however, she had a soul; and you may write it down among your commonplaces, that very few of Eve's fashionable daughters have souls.

If I were writing fiction, I should have lived and loved among the vineyards of France; or been straying at this romantic season, among the crumbling colonnades of Rome, or in the shadow of a decaying palace at Venice. But I am recording a page in the history of my own life, and am reminded, by my strict regard for truth, that I have nothing to do with the magnificent mansion of the noble, or the green cottage of the vine-dresser. Our walk was in one of the oldest cities of New England, and in the course of it we met with neither splendid nor massive architecture, though we passed scenes connected with much that is interesting; here the plain and antique house of a patriotic leader in the revolution; there, a spot marked by tradition for some daring and heroic adventure. Though the scenes around us had never been breathed upon by the spirit of romance, they had been hallowed by the spirit of patriotism.

Of all my life I remember nothing like that evening. The sky was cloudless, and in its blue depths were the moon and the silent company of stars, with nothing to dim their glory. Our thoughts were roving over every thing of light and beauty in every corner of the globe. The mind of my fair companion, naturally brilliant, had been enriched by all that woman should learn. It had been elevated by a deep sense and a deep love of poetry. Her conversation was a stream of beautiful sentiments, uttered in the fittest language. We wandered on. Caroline talked as if her lip had been touched with inspiration; and I, too, caught a portion of her spirit, and spoke as I never spoke before, and much fear I never shall speak again. We talked folly

too,—a great deal of it; and I never till then understood the term "perfect," as applied to "nonsense." I left Caroline at her home, and as I retired, whispered a single word in her ear. What volumes that delicate pressure of the hand spoke in reply!

Days passed on, and the same summer-like air was breathing, the same summer-like heaven was above us. I frequently met with Caroline, and was every day more and more pleased by her amiable merits, and agreeable weaknesses. I saw her angry once,—and of all the women whom I have seen in a pet, she is the only one I have not liked the worse for it.

And not many evenings after the walk in the moonlight, I was sitting with Caroline alone. Her roguish brothers and sisters had gone out, and the lights had not yet come in, and that everlasting aunt of hers, thank Cupid, was confined to her chamber by a headach, and I was sitting with her alone. We had been talking of the dreams of old romance, and reading Shakspeare, and chatting about the last new novel, and a thousand unmentionable things, and the fire was glimmering on the hearth, and I had ventured to speak of love, and she had ventured faintly to reply——

"*One o'clock, and all's well!*"

If I ever fall asleep on the sofa again, of a summer evening, it shall not be without taking due precautions to get out of the way of the watchman! Commend me to a brace of ducks, macaroni, jellies, and accompaniments, as a suitable provocative of sound slumber; I shall never think of again retiring on less. I can endure most of the tricks and pranks of Queen Mab, but it is too much for humanity, to awake from so beautiful a vision, to the cold, though not unblest realities of life.

THE TOAD-STOOL.

THERE 's a thing that grows by the fainting flower,
And springs in the shade of the lady's bower;
The lily shrinks, and the rose turns pale,
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,

And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,
And the blue-eyed violet starts aside;
But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip stare,
For what does the honest toad-stool care?

She does not glow in a painted vest,
And she never blooms on the maiden's breast,
But she comes, as the saintly sisters do,
In a modest suit of a quaker hue.
And when the stars from the evening skies
Are weeping dew from their gentle eyes,
The toad comes out from his hermit cell,
The tale of his faithful love to tell.

O there is light in her lover's glance,
That flies to her heart like a silver lance;
His breeches are made of spotted skin,
His jacket is tight, and his pumps are thin;
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,
As its pensive melody floats along,
And if you will look by the moonlight fair,
The trembling form of the toad is there.

And he twines his arms round her slender stem,
In the shade of her velvet diadem;
But she turns away in her maiden shame,
And will not breathe on the kindling flame;
He sings at her feet, through the livelong night,
And creeps to his cave at the break of light;
And whenever he comes to the air above,
His throat is swelling with baffled love.

COLLEGE LIFE.

By Luke Lockfast.

I am a man advanced in years; not indeed of an age which, in the great world, I should think of moralizing upon, as life's sere and yellow leaf; but which, since every thing is comparative, may well entitle me to assume the tone, and expect the consideration of a patriarch, among my fellow collegians. In short, reader, I am between twenty and thirty, and past, I fear me, the golden mean which separates their respective confines. My life, I hope, presents a decorous conformity with my years. I have taken up my abode—where no droppers-in, and few, even of the staunch-

est and most indefatigable visitants-general, are tempted to disturb my studies—in an upper-story room, very low and dark, with my old oak table, my old text-books, and my old self, in the middle of it (three articles of furniture, about equally unattractive, I suppose, to my young fellow students), a bed in one corner, a pile of wood in the corner opposite, a chest, surmounted by a wash-stand, in the third, and a fast-locked door in the fourth. Seldom, except at my own necessary exits and entrances, are the spiders' webs that festoon three well-smoked beams which frown across my ceiling, set in motion by the airy eddies which accompany the opening of that door. During study hours, at least, it is one of the strictest rules of my life to hold its threshold absolutely impassable from without. Whenever, during that sacred season, a knock salutes my door, I respond with a "busy," which sometimes, from my absorption in thought, or perhaps from something of indignation at the disturbance, is uttered with such sepulchral depth and solemnity, as have proved a cause of serious affright to sundry volatile young Freshmen, who, in their ignorance of localities, had addressed themselves to my portal by mistake.

Such are my domestic habits and establishment; of a piece with which is all that appertains to me or mine. That I pay a conscientious attention to all lessons, I need not declare. All mental diversion, of a lighter nature than history, or occasionally a page of Milton or the Rambler, I utterly eschew. Never, in recitation-room, when a neighbour is at a loss for the declension of a heteroclite, or the measure of an angle, never am I moved by his imploring eye to play the undertoned prompter. Never have I been known, at the chapel-service, forenoon or afternoon, to close my eye longer than might be construed into a prolonged wink; nor to lose one particle of the serene gravity of my countenance, upon the appearance in the aisle of any of those stray quadrupeds, of the canine or feline race, who sometimes intrude among us, to the great diversion of the younger members of the congregation.

It may appear wonderful that, being such as I have described myself, I should patronize this magazine. And in truth I am by no means certain of the wisdom of our undertaking; I doubt if there be not much sense in the plea

upon which some gentlemen have refused their names to our subscription paper, *viz.* that we were sent here to study books, not to write them—to learn, not to publish. But since it has been determined to carry on the work, I confess an interest in its being carried on reputably. Wherefore I intend occasionally to chasten the gaieties, which, I foresee, will predominate in its pages, with a few of my own gravities. It is to vindicate my title to utter gravities, that I have given the foregoing sketch of myself; which has, I trust, shown, that my age and character are such, as to confer authority upon whatever of the serious or monitory may appear in the following *Thoughts upon College Life.*

That this life is a very peculiar one, none who have led it, and none, I suspect, who have much to do with those who are leading it, can be unaware. Our little community has ways most essentially its own, features which broadly distinguish it from the face which society elsewhere presents; and its members usually acquire habits, tastes, and opinions, which contrast very strongly, but sometimes not very advantageously, with those of others of the same age, and even with their own at any other period of life. We are all quite used, upon visiting home at the end of a term, or a year, and even upon transient minglings with our uncollegiate friends, to have these peculiarities animadverted upon, and not always in the most approbatory manner. No one of us, indeed, can observe the wide diverseness of his own pursuits, amusements, and course of life, from those of any one without the university,—or note, in himself or his fellows, the sudden and important changes of character, both for good and for evil, which coming among us often works,—the opposite manners in which it affects different individuals, and at the same time the many common traits which it stamps upon all,—without feeling, with something of the anxiety with which he would discover himself within an enchanted circle, that he is under the sway of influences at once peculiar and powerful.

What these influences are, a slight view of our situation makes apparent. We find them to be such as results would have led us to suppose, and such as to account for many seeming anomalies. The fact is, our situation here is utterly

unnatural; necessarily so, perhaps, but that it is so—that four or five hundred youth, collected from their homes, far and near, and housed together for four years, to read books and forget the world, are in a forced and unnatural state, is obvious. The developements of this unnaturalness are manifold—so, consequently, are its effects.

I. *We are an insulated community,*—secluded from the rest of the world, and thrown upon its own internal resources. We are brought into closer and more frequent contact than the members of any other society. We are all constantly rained upon by the same influences; and we all have continually and exclusively before our eyes the same examples —those of each other. There is thus a most powerful tendency to assimilate, ever at work among us. Fixed to one spot, and fixed there together, we must as necessarily assimilate, as the stones of a beach, which have no other motion than that of their mutual attrition.

I fear, however, that the chief instrument in bringing about this result—the immense power of example among us—does not, on the whole, operate beneficially. Although we certainly are frequently brought together in college, under circumstances which enable the industrious and intellectual to appear to such advantage as to excite emulation, these occasions bear no great proportion to the large remainder of our time, during which very different examples are generally found far more attractive. The hard student, when brought to mind at midnight, by a glance at the glimmering window, which indicates his watching and his labors; or when seen wending to recitation at morning, with absorbed look, and unelastic step, the probable consequence of his labors and his watching, may, I think, be well conceived to present a less tempting pattern to those who act from impulse, than the neglecter of his lessons, with his fine clothes, his gay air and genteel manners, his wit, with leisure to display it at any or every time—all which he is much more likely to have than the student—and last, not least, the fame of his merry-makings; of the brilliant joys of the wine table, around which he meets congenial spirits; and perhaps of his nocturnal exploits in the streets of the capital. To those, I have said, who act from impulse; and are there

not, must there not always be, a vast majority of the young, in whom impulse is continually mastering reflection, and directing action?

I have spoken of the uniformity of our situation, as another cause tending to assimilate us. All here with the same objects, all at the same point of our career, all receiving the words of instruction from the same lips, all viewing truth and nature through the medium of the same books, all going through the same process of mental expansion,—why should there not be found to be a great degree of similarity in our public exercises? Yet this uniformity is complained of, and even ridiculed, by a journalist, now much in the public eye, who volunteers as prompter general at any of our public exhibitions—the performances being, as he conceives, so monotonously alike, that he could assist any speaker who should falter, and correct any who should go wrong, without a copy of his piece. Perhaps it may be doubted, whether the fact is not somewhat exaggerated here; whether our public performances are quite so insipid as that the extempore suggestions of our self-elected prompter would be received as very great improvements, either by the performers or the audience. However this may be, we would recommend to Mr. W.'s consideration, whether having nothing of that diversity of condition, education, interest, and occasion, which individualizes the orators who figure in the active scenes of life, our academic speakers ought not to be excused for considerable uniformity in their style of thinking and expressing thought.

II. *College is a place where the great purpose of all is apt to be forgotten, and their most valuable possession to be unappreciated.* This great purpose is study. Now this is much more difficult, and requires much more moral exertion, to devote one's self to, as an object, than the more active duties of after life. For besides that a man generally performs these last for the support of himself and others, and is therefore continually urged on by the spur of necessity,—they are of a nature so comparatively bustling and various, so made up of minor and immediate points of interest, that he can easily engage in them all his energies and propensities, bodily and mental. Whereas, our great duty

here, not involving in its proper discharge, the present support, comfort, or amusements of life; presenting few definite points to be gained, for zeal and exertion to centre upon; not being in its nature absorbent, but engaging the intellect solely in its pursuit, and requiring the other principles of our nature to be continually checked in their propensities, and the multifarious little objects of interest which are ever springing up, and claiming an undue share of attention, to be deliberately forced down to their proper subordination,—it cannot be steadily pursued, without a broad regard to distant consequences, and a self-denying tension of the faculties, which youth finds it most difficult to maintain.

By that *most valuable possession*, which is apt to be unappreciated in college, I mean *time*. And it *is* the most valuable treasure, of which our abode here puts us in undisturbed possession. Secluded from the calls of business or pleasure, we have our whole time, *integri dies noctesque*, to devote, if we please, to literary and intellectual pursuits. But it has become almost proverbial, that an enduring and unvarying blessing is seldom duly appreciated; and time, more seldom than any. Least of all, with its abstractness and its uniformity, can it be appreciated at that age, which often neglects advantages the most obvious and peculiar. It is not very wonderful, then, though certainly lamentable, that we do not justly estimate in college our uninterrupted hours, days, and years; that we do not set high enough, in our own minds, the standard of attainments, which we will be satisfied with making, in the four years of the course.

III. *We live here in an undomestic and unsocial state*,—cut off, most of us, from the homes and the friends of our boyhood. Now, in my mind, there is no one institution of nature, or of civil society, which does so much towards refining the manners and the affections, and entwining round life the most delicate sympathies, as the grouping together of different ages, sexes, and relations, in families. The effect of the unnatural dissolution of this connexion, and the bringing together of a great number of those who properly form but one component part of a social circle, is quite perceptible among us at college; not only in a something

of roughness in our manners, but in a general coldness of feeling, and dryness of sentiment. Indeed, although youth is called the age of sentiment and enthusiasm, I know no less enthusiastic or sentimental place than college; no place, where there is more shyness in the expressing of lively sensibility; no place, where an orator, in the pulpit or elsewhere, can appeal with less success to the fine and ardent sympathies of our nature. The ridiculousness of any passion, where his warmth should verge upon extravagance, or his sentiment upon sentimentality, would be much more keenly felt, than all the eloquence he might utter. This trait of our character, I trace, as I have already hinted, to our being undomesticated. At home, the feelings are kept ever lively and delicate, by the most endearing relations; and the young, instead of being ashamed of the enthusiasm proper to their years, are encouraged to give it vent, by finding it pleasing and becoming in the eyes of their elders with whom they consort. But is it not natural that all these soft tendrils, nourished by the atmosphere of home, should be bruised off, by a sudden mingling with strangers, and strangers of our own age?

But there is an effect, more palpable, and perhaps more important than this, resulting from the circumstance in academic life, which we are considering. The student is unhomed, loosed from the control and the monitions of parents, just when all his passions and appetites, coming to their full strength, make those monitions and that control most necessary; and is thrown into the almost exclusive society of fifty other young men, in the same predicament, —that all which needs confinement and refrigeration in all their bosoms, may ferment together.

"The almost exclusive society." To the student who comes from a distance, this exclusiveness is generally absolute. In losing the society of his home and his native place, he loses all refined society whatever, and has nothing in its stead, but the chat of his comrades. He finds himself in a land of strangers; and he is tempted to indulge his social feelings and propensities, perhaps naturally irrepressible, by plunging into low company and low habits,—merely from the want of opportunity to enter high and respectable circles.

But this opportunity is wanting no longer. The highest and most respected have opened their doors to the student. One mansion, in especial, which attracts us to a weekly intercourse with all that is refined and intellectual, all that is fair and enchanting in society, we cannot forbear gratefully adverting to. The auspicious influence exerted there, not only on the enjoyment, but, we verily believe, upon the morals of this seminary, in the elegant intercourse of the evening, is only equalled by that which the honored lord of the mansion exerts upon our literary progress, by the labors of the day.

THE BELOVED.

(GOETHE.)

I THINK of thee, when the high sun glows red
On the vast deep;
I think of thee, when on old ocean's bed
Pale moon-beams sleep.

I see thee, when upon the mountain tops
Dawns the first light;
When on the trembling bridge the wanderer stops,
At dead of night.

I hear thee, when the glossy stream runs by
With mellow gush;
When on the woodland broods, and in the sky,
A solemn hush.

Ay, I am ever by thee; though afar—
Still art thou near;
The sun sets, dimly gleams the evening star,—
Would thou wert here!

WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE, SIR?

HE who endeavours to suit every one, as the old man with his ass, in La Fontaine's tale, generally ends by pleasing no one at all. The diversity of characters, thoughts, habits,

and manners among men, renders it next to impossible that they can all agree in their opinions of one and the same thing. And as a beautiful woman may be, by some, coldly confessed to possess regular features, while by others she is idolized; so, in the greater part of human affairs, we find that one half of mankind come to a diametrically opposite conclusion to the remaining moiety. We are a great stickler for experience in the affairs of life, and do not regret any thing that can give an insight into the human character; not even if we have paid dearly for our knowledge; since that alone serves to impress it forcibly upon the memory, and thus adds one more important lesson for our conduct through life.

It was one of the finest mornings of the last Christmas vacation, when we rolled up, very neatly, a Prospectus of our forthcoming "Collegian," and tying around it a little pink riband, sallied forth to call upon a few acquaintance, to get them to subscribe, or at any rate to let them know that such a thing was going on. Thus armed and equipped, we stepped briskly along to Mr. Grave's office. He is a lawyer, and in his conversation is very argumentative, dealing in majors, minors, and conclusions, from the bench of the judge, to his butcher's stall.

"Surprising weather this, Mr. Grave, for December."

"Surprising, indeed! However, as I was saying this morning, after having observed, *in the first place*, that the climates of Gaul, Britain, and Germany, as well as other countries, upon their territories becoming inhabited and cultivated, became changed, and are now much milder,—and seeing that this country, *in the second place*, has become inhabited and cultivated, we are brought to *the conclusion*, that our climate will, in the course of time, undergo, and is now undergoing, a material alteration. And talking of climates, I hear that some of you at Cambridge, are about to let off a rocket."

"Yes, yes, a periodical; which will doubtless take a very high rank among the works of the day."

"It will consist, I suppose, *in the first place*, of some learned discussions."

"Certainly," we eagerly said.

"A department, *in the second place*, to be devoted to

Logical Essays and Disquisitions."

"Without doubt," rejoined we.

"And perhaps, *in the third place*, there will be some Literary Disputations, on argumentative questions."

"Even so," we again slipt in.

"Then you may put it down,"—lifting up his forefinger.

"Here 's a subscriber," thought we.

"Then you may put it down, I tell ye, as my firm conviction, that it wo'nt take. For, *in the first place*, you could not grapple with your subjects. *Secondly*, your subjects could not but be mangled by you, and therefore, in the *conclusion*, nobody would read them. By the bye, talking of reading, I must say, that *in the first place*"——

We took our bow with a melancholy face; and rapping at the door of a pretty young widow, consoled ourself by thinking, that we had received a lesson by our own experience.

After the discussion of the last novel, a little harmless gossip about the neighbours, and other agreeable chit-chat, we began to twirl about in our hands, and untie and tie again, the riband of a certain roll of paper, until it at last excited the curiosity and attention of our fair companion. After a little dallying, we let it out as a profound secret, that we wished her name to be at the head of the list; that a great many ladies would then do us the honor to read our labors; that we should have learned discussions,——

"My stars! Mr. Airy! would you choke us with your learning? Would you absolutely bore us with your Greek and Latin, and tie us down to your theoretical disputes, as though we were Doctors?"

"You quite mistake, my dearest Madam," we insinuatingly replied, "you quite mistake, as this is only one department, and we shall charm you with soft poesy, and pay great attention to the belles lettres in general, besides affording a budget of interesting and amusing matter."

"Delightful!" quoth she, "delightful!" and hanging down her head, said she would make a confession, which would surprise, astonish, and delight; that it was unknown to her dearest friends, and that she made me a confidant, trusting to my secresy and honor. Then going to the secretary, she opened it.

"Heavens!" thought we, "here, at any rate, is a subscriber."

She unlocked a secret cabinet, and drawing out two or three bundles, gave them to us with downcast eyes, and with full permission to insert them, in such quantities and with such alterations as we thought fit. They were heaps of lack-a-daisical verses, that made our head swim at the first glance. Horror-struck, we vowed and protested, that we were infinitely obliged, and indeed unworthy of them; that we were peculiarly unhappy in saying that there was a particular by-law about ladies——

"It is very well, Mr. Airy," she interrupted us, "it is very well, sir. I solicit not your acceptance; but when you see them bound up in red morocco, with gilt cover,—it is all very well, sir."

And forthwith bursting into a passionate flood of tears, we had much ado in escaping with safe bones; for verily an enraged poetess is a dangerous thing. You may praise the features of her acquaintance in her presence; yes, and even neglect her own beauty,—but beware how you censure her sonnets;—they are the treasures of her heart. We would as willingly be in the fangs of a she-bear, sorrowing for her cubs, as within the scope of the tongue of a slighted authoress. "Experience is the great master," thought we, as we sauntered along the street, and stopped at a bookseller's, to put down our own honorable name, to add effect to the affair. We then stepped to Mr. Pottle's, the most incorrigible punster, and vilest simile-maker, from St. John's to St. Mary's. He was just sitting down to dinner, but nevertheless welcomed us very kindly.

"And how fares it with you, now-a-days, Mr. Pottle."

"Oh, I *fear* not at all. But allow me to ask how *you* are getting along, as the fisherman said, when he saw an oyster walking off."

"As well as usual, I thank you, sir; and have paid you this visit, to let you know,—since you are celebrated, Mr. Pottle, as a patron of merit,—that we have just established a college magazine, which we intend to be"——

"A loud magazine,—as neighbour Grunt said, when the powder-house blew up."

"To contain poetry, jokes, similes, disquisitions on metaphysical subjects, and pleasant essays."

"Truly a pleasing variety,—as the beggar said, when he had a drum-stick and a back-bone."

"'PROSPECTUS,' we began. 'On the first of February, eighteen hundred and'"——

"Thirty!—as Mr. Rust said, when I asked him how many children he had."

"1830, will be published the first number"——

"Or 'No. 1,'—as I say, when my wife asks whom I love."

"The first Number of

THE COLLEGIAN:
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
TO BE CONDUCTED
BY A NUMBER OF UNDERGRADUATES OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

"A very good design, indeed,—as the painter said, when he finished his picture."

"The work to be completed in six numbers; each to contain 48 pages, 8vo."

"And a goodly number of pages,—as the prince said of his attendants. Why—I must—must patronize this excellent—yes—must sign my name—must aid my friends,—as the crane said to the frogs."

"Terms, $2, in advance, or $2,50 at the expiration of six months."

Mr. Pottle absolutely jumped six feet; his knife and fork fell to the floor; his eyes seemed bloodshot; with vehement emphasis he cried out—

"You shock me,—as the target said to the cannon-ball. I do n't feel very well this morning. You find walking, I suppose, an agreeable exercise,—as I asked the fellow in the tread-mill. And particularly with such a fine air,—as the musician said of his pupil; and such a beautiful sun,—as my wife says of her boy. Good bye, Mr. Airy,—as the bullet said to the gun; I hope to see you again,—as the shop-man bawled out to his customer."

Thus literally bowed out of the room, and backed to the door, by our good friend Mr. Pottle, we could not help thinking of the versatility of opinion.

However, "Experience," said we, "has given us a lesson," and bent our steps, though rather more slowly and less ardently, towards the domicil of Miss Dorcet, a fat old lady, who tried to acquire the reputation of a blue-stocking. She was surrounded with a dog, cat, monkey, and parrot; being rich withal, and not knowing, like most others of mankind, what to do with her money.

"My young friend," 't was thus she addressed us, "you should never be confused in the statement of particulars,—there, Pug—for in every design in life, we should lay out a complete sketch of this design, before—hush, Poll, hush, I say—before we undertake it. Nor do I deem it a mark—come here, Cato—a mark of good sense, to make such a mixture of writings, as you represent, since, if you intend to be learned, be altogether so; and if light, do not be grave."

"To show you, madam, how erroneous is the opinion you entertain, allow me to exemplify my remarks by this beautiful little puss,"—seizing a cat that lay dozing on the carpet.

"That is my favorite, Mr. Airy; she was made a present to me—let 's me see, on the 20th—no, 21st of January, on a Tuesday, if I remember aright, and came from Italy, after having been to Russia, and being a great traveller"—

"And being a great beauty, as you were very properly remarking. But then this beauty, Miss Dorcet, does not, as I conceive, lie in this glossy black; nor does it consist in this velvet white; but in the black being here and there relieved by these spots of white. Just so, my dear Miss Dorcet, I think the chief beauty of a periodical of this kind, to consist in the more meritorious and useful pieces being set off and relieved by a few lighter."

But in the midst of this happy metaphor, puss, not liking her situation, or being too much squeezed by our enthusiastic fingers, gave us a slap in the face, that left a streak of red. We dashed the little traveller to the floor, and she mewed and moaned pitifully. Miss Dorcet screamed out to her housemaid to bring the smelling-bottle—and to her servant to fetch the salve, and the house was in an uproar. Servants running,—mistress screaming,—doors banging,—cat mewing,—we thought the wisest plan would be to sound a retreat. So springing up hastily, we knocked down the

parrot's cage, and Poll escaping, added no small increase to the din. Jumping aside, at this contact, we trod with one foot on Pug's toes, and with the other gave Cato's tail so forcible a pressure, that he yelped most fearfully, and aided our now swift movements towards the door, barking and biting at our heels.

Fatigued, and dispirited, we took shelter in the store of a merchant, with whom we were slightly acquainted. He was standing at his desk, very busy with his leger; and we verily believe that he took us for a clerk on business, instead of Frank Airy, deputed by the honorable club to collect subscribers; and the neat roll tied round with a pink ribband, to be the papers of some neighboring counting-room, instead of the honorable Prospectus of our periodcial. After stating preliminaries, this plague of a merchant not turning from his desk, we began to wax warm, and with powerful rhetoric, were endeavouring to turn one erring mortal to the paths of literature.

"We have, sir, a store of good articles."

"We want not, I tell you, your store of goods now."

"We have made firm resolutions"——

"We have nothing to do with your firm, I say."

"You quite misunderstand, sir, I only noticed"——

"I have nothing, I tell you, to do with your notes."

"I will first read"—"6 and 4 are 10"—"Prospectus"—"stock"—"On the first of Feb."—"to sail"—"The Collegian"—"valued at 6¼ cents"—"Monthly Magazine"—"cargo"—"conducted"—"composed"—"number of undergraduates"—"geese and goslings"——

"By heaven, sir, do you mean to interrupt me in my own office!" cried the enraged dealer in figures; and forthwith giving us an impetus, that sent us hastily down stairs, he slammed the door, growling out, "Puppy! 7 and 8 are 15, carry 1."

We turned round, and looked, with a woe-begone countenance, up the narrow flight of stairs, down which we had just flown with the swiftness of the wind. We opened the paper, to see if all was right. We looked again—nearer—examined closely—and yet closer—but one name marred the fairness of the page. We said nothing, complained not, but as we bent our steps toward home, we vowed in-

wardly, for the future, to have done with subscription-papers of every kind.

"Experience is a great master!" we groaned out, as we rubbed our bruised shins. F. A.

THE VACATION STROLLINGS OF GEOFFREY LA-TOUCHE.

No. I.

Passage from New York to West Point.

On the morning of August 15, I was waked from a sound sleep, at half past six o'clock, by the announcement that a carriage was in waiting, to convey me to the Albany boat. Giving two or three emphatical growls, on the key of B flat, and as many yawns, at an angle of forty-five, I proceeded to equip myself for the day's journey. That being done, I crept down stairs, with all possible caution, in order that none of my fellow-boarders should be roused at such an unseasonable hour, and paying my excellent friend, Mr. Bunker, the moderate sum of fourteen dollars* for a week's sojourn, I seated myself in the coach, and was whirled rapidly along to the foot of Courtlandt Street. Scarcely had we come to a halt, before both doors were flung open, and half a dozen heads thrust in, the proprietors of which were bellowing out—"this side, sir—this side—here—this way—two fifty and found." Amid this clash of *contending interests and opposite factions*, I was well nigh stunned, when a sharp whisper informed me that the three-dollar boat was *exclusively for the most respectable persons.* This, of course, decided me; and committing my trunk to a fellow who looked as if he was desirous of a nearer acquaintance

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* Francis Airy expressed some doubt as to the truth of this pecuniary statement. Accordingly a committee of two was deputed to question Geoffrey on it, he having retired to the bed-room about an hour before the reading of his piece. The committee, consisting of Charles Sherry and Luke Lockfast, after some moments returned with a report that it was impossible to get any thing from him, but mutterings about Madeira and Champaigne, from which we conclude that when in New York he made plentiful libations to Bacchus.

with its internal arrangements, I ordered him to lead the way; which he did, with wonderful effect, creating what might be termed a vacuum, had he not left in his track some dozen young stragglers, a woman or two, *et cetera, et cetera.*

I was now safely seated on the quarter deck of the North America. The second bell had rung out its warning, and the captain was advancing with orders for the third and last. At its first sound, every one bent as much as possible towards the bow, and grasped the nearest fixture. Mothers held fast their children, and maiden ladies their bonnets. At length the signal was given. Round went the stop-cock —off darted the boat. The multitude that thronged the pier-head, was soon but an undistinguished mass of matter; the suburbs of the city were rapidly passed, and we pursuing our solitary way on the tranquil bosom of that most beautiful of rivers.

Reader, in some future number of our redoubted magazine, I may treat you to a tour on the same route, in which I propose to sentimentalize most feelingly, and quote Byron's verses by the gross. At present, I must confine myself to the description of characters and circumstances, that will leave but little room for the play of imagination. Meanwhile forgive me that, in a theatre so grand and beautiful, I represent such a trifling and ludicrous farce.

My attention was first attracted to a group, worthy the pencil of that admirable caricaturist, Johnston. It consisted of a man about fifty years of age, with a face singularly expressive of shrewdness, sternness, and good humor,—his better half, a woman of immense proportions, apparently of that passive disposition, which most generally accompanies unwieldy bulk,—and his two daughters, rigged out in the extreme of the fashion, both as to the extent of their headgear, and the height and lowness of their dresses. Nature had given to the eldest very light brown hair, a singular optical obliquity, and a leaden cast of features, so singularly contrasted with the gay and airy personal adornments, with which the milliner and mantua-maker had invested her, that if my sense of propriety had not greatly predominated over my sense of the ridiculous, I should have given vent to my feelings in a loud burst of laughter. As it was, I had hardly

composed my features, when the bonnet of the youngest turned, so that, through the long vista of flowers and riband-festoons, I distinguished two sparkling jet eyes, a slightly curved nose, and a lovely mouth and chin. Her complexion was rather inclined to the brunette, and what little hair I could see was black. A curious sensation crept over me; I felt my heart rising in my throat, and involuntarily putting my finger within my neckcloth, found that—*I had not shaved.* Clearing the way with wonderful expedition, I arrived at the barber's shop within a quarter of an hour, seated myself in the chair, and submitted to what every man must, who is not an advocate for extensively cultivated whiskers.

I had not been long in this situation, when a young fellow in an olive coat, white waistcoat, crossed by a plaided silk riband, to which appertained an eye-glass, and pantaloons of some thin, delicately-striped material, entered the shop. He was rather handsome, but so full of affectation, that he showed it in every motion and attitude. After taking off his coat, stock, and dickie, he gave himself up "to be operated upon," as he termed it. Just then, a man of about four or five feet in diameter, worked himself through the door-way, and seeing both chairs occupied, vented his rage in a long string of oaths, interspersed with the exclamations,—"Near eight o'clock,"—"Breakfast most ready,"—"Dead with hunger,"—pronounced somewhat in the tone and manner of Jones, as Gobble, and seizing a razor, proceeded instantly to business. Although rather slow, he and myself had finished, before the young man, who was detained by his amazing niceness and particularity. We were arranging our neckcloths, as the barber presented the looking-glass to him for the third time, and asked with an official, brisk sort of politeness, if he would have any thing further done. To which he replied, "When you have taken the three lowest hairs from my right-hand whisker, and furnished me with a piece of court-plaster, a tenth of an inch square, to hide the rent made in my skin by your dull instrument of torture, you will have done all that I can at present think of." On hearing this Euphuistical speech, our fat friend turned quite round, stretched his eyes wide open, dropped his lower jaw, and seemed perfectly amazed; and probably

would have remained in that attitude some time, had not the breakfast-bell at that instant saluted his ear. The sound seemed to act like magic upon him; he thrust his hand into his pocket, produced his fourpence, and trudged off with astonishing alacrity. Not to be behind hand in a good cause, I followed directly in the rear, but was soon separated from him, and borne along some distance, without touching the deck. All of a sudden there was a dead halt, the cause of which was not long a mystery to me; for from my airy elevation, I could see the companion from whom I had just been torn, entirely blocking up the gangway, and the crowd pressing upon him in a most barbarous manner. I could distinguish, too, his heavy, sepulchral groans, from the shrill cries of "Down with him," "Squeeze him through," and other such phrases. At length a dull sound, resembling that made by the rolling of a well-packed wool-bag down stairs, and the renewed advance of the multitude, gave ample proof that the passage was again clear.

I arrived in the cabin, considerably bruised, but without any material injury. Not being in season for the first course, I was waiting an opportunity to reascend the stairs, when I felt my leg seized by a strong hand, and turning round, recognised my fat friend, in a most pitiful plight. He had partially hidden himself under a side-table, to avoid being *trampled* upon, and requested my assistance, in a most dolorous voice. Accordingly I gave him my hand, and, aided by one or two by-standers, succeeded in raising him upon his feet. But the poor man was so much debilitated by his late tumble, that he could not support himself, and submitted to be carried away and deposited in a birth, to which he desired his breakfast* should be brought, as soon as convenient. We assured him that we would do our best

* The gentleman recovered, we have since heard, soon after his arrival at Albany. As his restoration to health was so sudden, we will give, in the shape of a prescription, the course he adopted, and which every one may pursue with perfect safety. For breakfast take 4 bowls of chocolate, 2 fourpenny biscuits, and a pound of beaf-steak; sleep 2 hours. For dinner, three full plates of turtle-soup, three-fourths of a pound of beef *à la mode*, and a good-sized cut of a venison pasty; sleep 4 hours. For tea, six muffins, a dozen buck-wheats, and 6 cups of shells; sleep 12 hours,—if you can.

for his comfort, and retired, leaving him apparently well-pleased with his recumbent posture.

On returning to the breakfast room, the tables had been replenished, and a new set taken their places. I saw but one opening, and taking possession of it, found myself next the party to which I first introduced you, reader. The old gentleman was eating his meal with a keen relish,—his wife with an intense interest. Both daughters were engrossed in attending to the exquisite, from whom we last parted in the barber's shop. "Shall I help you to a small piece of chicken, Mr. ——?" said the youngest. "I 'm extremely obliged to you, Miss ——, but I never eat meat in the morning; I 'm sorry you should ever have suspected I could be guilty of such a horrid vulgarity." "Yes, Mr. ——, I had but little doubt you 'd refuse, when I offered it; it was merely an experiment on my part, to assure myself you had contracted no such ungentlemanlike habit in your tour through the Canadas." "Happy am I, Miss ——, that any thing I do, or leave undone, can receive the approbation of a taste so nicely refined as yours. Waiter,—I say, waiter,—can you procure for me some little nick-nack, that will gratify my palate, without oppressing my stomach?" I had eaten enough to satisfy my hunger, and was growing so sick from over-hearing such conversation, that I payed my half dollar, and hurried upon deck. There I found a tall, thin, weasel-faced politician haranguing thirty or forty Irishmen in the fore part of the boat, and amused myself awhile with watching the change of their countenances, as the orator grew warmer in his subject, and more deeply involved in the labyrinth of his own ideas. Tired of this, I fixed myself on a settee; alternately reading Knickerbocker, and looking at the scenery to which he so frequently alludes. In an hour or two we had passed the peak over which the sun's rays were refracted * upon An-

* Mr. La-Touche's claims to a knowledge of Optics, and the terms therein used, being decidedly apocryphal, it was unanimously resolved to wake him, and ascertain on what authority he ventured to use such scientific language. The same committee that formerly ventured upon him, volunteered their services, and retired. Scarcely had they disappeared before Lockfast lay sprawling upon the floor, and the enraged author entered the room, grappling Sherry by the throat, and vowing revenge for his having

thony's nose, and from thence reflected into the water, with so much power as to kill a sturgeon; a fact corroborated by the abovementioned concise and discerning chronicler. Nor was it long before our eyes were greeted with the sight of that most sublime and picturesque of places, West Point. The captain ascertaining that only six were to stop there, ordered out a boat, to convey us to shore; but the ladies, who proved to be those I have twice called upon the stage, and their gentleman attendant, insisted on having the machinery stopped. To accommodate them it was done, and fortunately,—for the string of band-boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, hat-cases, and other travelling appendages, would have been enough to keep the small boat plying for a half hour at least. Happy to be freed from those on whose company I had been thrown, I bounded on shore, nor turned back till I had ascended the lofty platform, whence the eye may embrace in one broad view, the shaggy sides of the adjacent mountains, the long glittering line of the river, and the indistinctly defined outline of the far distant Catskill.

AN ENIGMA.

In light, in shade, its changing form appears,
Now clothed in blushes, and now bathed in tears;
It spreads its wings upon the summer air,
And sits in silence on the mountain bare;
Wrapped in the shadows of its gloomy breast,
The springs of life, the fires of vengeance, rest;
It floats in kindness, and it flies in wrath,
And skies grow darker in its awful path;
It paints the petal of the dying flower,
It shakes the temple, and it rocks the tower!
Its shaft strikes down the lovely and the brave,
Yet will it turn and weep upon their grave.

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accused him of using a mathematical term. It was with difficulty he was appeased, but when recovered from his frenzy, he begged pardon for the rough treatment he had given them, offering as as excuse, that they touched a point on which he was peculiarly sensitive. He requested, also, that the words might be erased; but as they have been since found to be correct, it was not deemed expedient to substitute others.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

No. I.

We have come to the last sheet of our first number. Prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding, we are on the brink of publication. With due respect and good wishes, to those who have interested themselves in our behalf, we lay our humble pages before them.

It is no small relief to us that we shall soon be at liberty to notice what is going on in the great world about us. We shall be able to pass our friends, with power to recognise them—answer when we are spoken to—and extend our walk as far as we please beyond the printing-office. A visiter may knock at our door, and we may admit him, without fear of his calling for copy. We verily believe, that for the last fortnight, there are not more than half a dozen faces which we have actually seen;—the countenances of that very worthy fraternity,—The Club without a Name. These, however, we have examined in every variety of combination; single, double, treble, and so on, to the end of the chapter. We have seen them expressive of every possible shade of character; of chagrin, when we implored them for copy,—of anger, when we assured them that their MSS. were illegible,—of pity, when we kindly remonstrated with them for their remissness; of fear, when we threatened them with the consequences,—and of pleasure, when we informed them that the matter was all in readiness, and that the number would undoubtedly be forthcoming by the first of February!

It would be tedious to enter into a detail of all the preparations for the press, as we have discussed and arranged them at the Club. We should as soon think of exhibiting to our mistress the rough draught of a sonnet, or love song, with the indifferent grammar, bad rhymes, worse metre, corrections, and erasures,—as expose to the public, whom we love so much more dearly, a preparatory meeting; with the mangling of poetry, the improvement of spelling, the reading of proofs, and the quarrels of authors.

We wish, however, it were becoming to lift up the veil that hangs before our editorial symposia, and suffer a single glimpse at their mysteries. We think there would be nothing improper in one glance at the great green table in the centre; groaning under the weight of editorials, and friendly correspondence; and surrounded by the sombre or merry phizzes of our Club. You would be gratified by a very pleasing variety;—Father Luke, with a face, as a member described it, rather serious than ridiculous; the delightful impudence of Mr. Airy; the agreeable expression of Mr. Sherry; the satirical and saturnine presence of La-Touche; the modest and amiable visage of Templeton; and the undisturbed humility of our own editorial forehead.

This is the most prominent picture in our apartment. There are other points, however, equally interesting. A huge basket at our feet, is appropriated exclusively to rejected communica-

tions, and is already heaped to a respectable degree of fulness. To this sad receptacle we have been sorry to devote papers, that were perhaps worthy of a better fate.

Visions, and elegies, and dreams,
Sonnets, and songs, and odes, and themes,
Verses and stanzas very blameless,
Unwritten articles and nameless,
Heap up the gloomy pile;
Luke views them with a cautious eye,
La-Touche's anger rises high,
While Templeton is heard to sigh,
And Airy seen to smile!

Besides these engrossing objects,—the centre table and basket,—there is a very interesting side-board. This also is devoted to contributions, the most pleasant of which is an article* from a correspondent in Westphalia; illustrated with half a dozen plates, and a large number of delicate cuts. It is an enigma. We consider it unsuitable, on many accounts, to be offered to the world at present; though we have reason to believe that it would be gratifying to the public taste. On the mysteries, however, we must let fall the curtain.

We have been amusing ourself, for the last half hour, in attempting to pencil the countenances of the Club; but we cannot catch the shadow of a resemblance. We are afraid that we should be equally unsuccessful in our endeavors to describe their characters. We must leave them, therefore, to chronicle their own merits, in the shape of autobiographies; and will take care that our publisher is provided with them for an early number.

We will prevail upon them, some day, to be painted in appropriate costume, and exhibited in a public gallery. If we were ourself an artist, we should depict them as follows:—

Mr. Airy should be seated at his desk, in slippers and a wrapper, in the act of composing a sonnet. Three or four unopened volumes, "The Lounger," "Castle of Indolence," "Absentee," and "Perils of Woman;" with notes of invitation, unanswered and scribbled on,—cumber the table before him;—broken foils, and worn out stocks, of gaudy colors, are scattered about the floor.

Father Luke we should paint in a strait-backed chair, deeply buried in some abstruse speculation. He should be seated before the fire, his legs resting on either andiron. By his side, we should place his old oak table, covered with papers and parch-

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* Mr. La-Touche, who does not enter into the spirit of the thing, pronounces it a decided bore.

ments. A single lamp glimmers from the mantel-piece, casting a feeble light on his ancient countenance. His wrinkled brow would in this manner show to immense advantage.

Mr. Templeton is of a quiet, modest disposition, something like our own, and should be painted accordingly. He should be taken when engaged in conversation, for his eye at that time is very intelligent, and his countenance sprightly and interesting. We should have nothing very singular in his costume, or in the furniture of his apartment. He is very much in the usual way, with the exception that he excels in amusing chit-chat, and that when he feels deeply on any subject, he is quite earnest and eloquent in enlarging upon it.

Geoffrey La-Touche should be painted in an attitude; for he is vastly proud of his limbs. We should so manage it as to display his leg, for in respect to this member he will yield to no man. We should take occasion to copy his features, when they are lit up by the peculiar smile which attends his conception of any grotesque image, or the recollection of some humorous adventure.

Painter, paint his bearded face,
Cover it with every grace;
Give him ear, and nose, and eye,
Tongue to rattle manfully;
Give him muscle, and a foot
For a slipper, or a boot;
Give him five feet ten in height;
Give him lips and buttons bright!

As to Mr. Sherry, we should be altogether at a loss. We can think of no shape or attitude in which "to win him to the easel." We would put him upon a horse, if it were not that he is an indifferent equestrian. We would paint him in his library, except that he is by no means characterized by a passion for books. His philosophy wears a becoming dishabille. He is a student of nature rather than of authors, who are only pupils of nature. He is a moralist, with a proper regard for the weakness of humanity; and a poet with a whole coat.

Our own countenance we should insist upon giving in a miniature, which we should have superbly framed. Superbly, but not too gorgeously; for we would not that it should "be so curiously set in gold, as that the art of the workman should hide the beauty of the jewel."

We imagine that this will be a very pretty collection, and as valuable in a few years, as a garret-full of old family portraits.

We had just penned the above, and cast our eyes once or twice about the apartment, in search of ideas, when we heard a

gentle tap at the door, and exclaimed, in our usual silver tones,—"Come in." A boy entered, bringing a note, delicately sealed and beautifully directed "To the Editor of the Collegian." We sat for a moment or two, looking at it in blank astonishment. We imagined it to be a fairy gift, and our suspicions were confirmed, when, on raising our eyes, we found that the bearer had mysteriously disappeared. We remained for an indefinite period, lost in emotions of surprise. We opened the billet-doux at last, and found enclosed the following translation from the German; to all appearance in a lady's hand. Coming from such a source, how can we play the part of a critic? We will not undertake a severe examination of it, but if we have a right recollection of the original, we should say, that it had lost something of its beautiful simplicity. The version departs from the measure of Goethe, and admits of inelegancies in the language, which we should be happy to see corrected. We dislike, however, to censure, even in the most delicate manner, the literary performances of a lady. They are public property, and as a part of literature, may be legitimate subjects of criticism; but they should hardly be submitted to the severe test, which is applied to the productions of men. They should be treated with more gentleness. It may be presumptuous in us to make a suggestion, but we would submit it to our contemporaries, if it would not be advisable to employ *gentlemen* in reviewing the books of *ladies*.

After this, fair writer, we kiss your hand.

THE VIOLET.

(Goethe.)

In a solitary place
A lowly violet grew;
Unfolding silently its leaf
To the sunbeam and the dew.
A lovely maiden tripped
That far-off field along;
And the quiet wood-land glen
Was gladdened by her song.

"I would I were the fairest
Of all the flowers that blow;
That all my leaves were blushing
With tints of loveliest glow;
That she who idly wanders here
Might see me where I rest,
And pluck me from my solitude,
To slumber on her breast

Thus thought the modest flower,
The maid passed heedless on;
Its beauty crushed with hasty step,
The bloom of life was gone;
Though trampled thus, the violet
Sang out, in very glee,
"O! it is passing happiness,
Even to die by thee!"

We grow the more anxious as the moment of our appearance draws nearer. We are the more sensible of the responsibilities we have assumed, and of the judgment to which we shall be exposed. We may solace ourself, however, with the reflection, that those who see our faults the most clearly, are those who will the most willingly pardon them.

We hear the step of the messenger upon the stairs; and thankful are we that our work is ready for him. As we scrawl this last sentence with a rapid pen, is it no consolation, that for the week to come, we can sleep without dreaming of proofs, and wake without being called upon for copy?

THE

COLLEGIAN.

No. II.

MARCH, 1830.

OSSIAN.

Ossian has a charm for me, which no other poet possesses. The grandeur and *primitiveness* of his scenery, characters, and sentiments, have been the delight of my imagination, ever since Crusoe, after the tenth perusal, ceased to monopolize the literary propensities of my boyhood. There is a distance and a mystery hanging over the times in which he lived and sung, which is extremely favorable to the effect of his strains. We are acquainted with no historical, every-day facts, to take from the charm and dignity of heroism which he has thrown around the names of Cuthullin and Fingal. Besides, I am a lover of the sad and even the gloomy, in poetry: and so noble and touching a melancholy pervades the old bard's reminiscences of his better days—so constantly is he before your mind's eye, at the mouth of his silent abode—so unsmilingly do his warriors tread the bare mountains and plough the wild seas of their distant isle—so "lonely pure" are his maidens, as their sighs of expectation or of lament echo through the halls which war has emptied—so imposingly sombre are the images of another world, which he occasionally shadows forth—that I feel in perfection, while reading him, his own "joy of grief."

A sentiment, which I have long entertained, that there is more poetry in the temperament of the northern races who have peopled modern Europe, than in that of the two great nations of antiquity, is confirmed by a comparison of Ossian

with Homer. They picture their respective countrymen in very similar degrees of civilization; yet what different pictures do they present us. The Grecian heroes seem every way coarser and grosser than the Celts. Their sentiments, their purposes, their actions, have far less genuine nobility. They account the stealing of a team of horses by night a most noble exploit:* they quarrel about booty, and call each other hard names, until they are ready to cry with vexation, and then call upon their relations in heaven to assist and avenge them: they cannot enter a combat, without plucking up their courage by a braggart speech; nor enjoy a victory, without taunting their fallen foe. In nearly every thing, indeed, but mere physical courage, they are very unpoetical personages. I say physical courage, because that passage, among many others, in the 7th book of the Iliad, where the Grecians are daunted, to a man, by the challenge of Hector, shows that this is the only courage they can lay claim to; its characteristic being a liability to be cowed by the bold bearing of an enemy, and astounded by any sudden call for its exercise.

The heroes of Ossian are cast in a finer mould. There is more romance, more poetry, about them. They are dignified by magnanimity, enthusiasm, and a sensitive pride of character, as well as by mere bodily strength and prowess. A certain native refinement, and elevation of sentiment, glows most beautifully through their stern simplicity of manners. Indeed we find among them nearly all that is noble and engaging in the Knighthood of their descendants, without its extravagance, its foppery, its tinsel. They are the Chivalry of nature.

The contrast is equally great between the heroines of the two poets. There is a queenliness, a fairyism, a spirituality, about Malvina and Agandecca, of which there is not a glimpse in those mere pieces of flesh and blood, Bryseis and Helen, the impedimenta of a camp, the spinsters and laundresses of a city. Indeed I can hardly conceive any thing more rigidly prosaic than most of the ladies of the Iliad and Odyssey. Ossian's are delicious abstractions of all that is faithful, pure, and delicate.

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* See the achievement of Ulysses and Diomede, in the 10th book of the Iliad.

But the national superiority, which has been hinted at, tended to make better poets, as well as better heroes and heroines. The Celt's style of poetry is as much more lofty and genuine than the Grecian's, as is his style of heroism. Nevertheless, it has been pronounced by certain persons, whose tastes have been moulded from boyhood to the classical model, and whose ears yearn for the harmony of Virgil's hexameters and Pope's iambics, that Fingal and Temora are not poetry, but prose run mad. Now this is the last complaint we should have expected. We know not the volume which contains so much poetry and so little else, in the same space, as these poems. Other epics seem like patches of poetry sewed upon a substratum of prose. Homer is more than half his time employed upon what is neither sublime, pathetic, nor beautiful. He is not content to paint the glories of Heaven; Achilles, raging through the battle "like the star of autumn"; or Minerva, counselling with the Gods. He must also describe the washing down of the dining-tables at the Ithacan palace—give us an exact account of the manner in which Achilles cooked his steaks—and make honorable mention of the expedition with which the horses of Minerva were harnessed. There is nothing of this in Ossian. Harnessing, cookery, and scouring, he does not drag into notice. He feels the difference between a poet and a story-teller. In short, we think the poetry of this wild bard more unalloyed, and, apochryphal as it may seem, in better taste, than that of any other epic poet, ancient or modern.

Ancient or modern;—for so completely have our tastes been tuned to the lyres of Homer and Virgil, that all our modern epics are fraught with those very qualities of their style, which we have been reprehending; qualities, to which, we think, the natural genius of the moderns would never have prompted; a minuteness in dry details and tame realities, and a negligence in distinguishing between the poetry and the prose of the subject—in extracting the gold from the ore, and presenting it in its pure essence, undebased by dross. Byron, many of whose works are epic in spirit, though not in form, has kept wonderfully free from this general blemish; he leaps boldly from one great point in his subject to another. The same praise is deserved by most of his disciples.

Now I profess myself a genuine lover of "heaven-descend-

ed poesy." I love it on its own account. And yet I do not pretend that the poems which I have so highly lauded would have delighted me as much, believing them to have been written by James M'Pherson, as they do delight me, believing that they once resounded on the harp of Selma. Were such my belief, or rather my unbelief, half their charm would have flown. But I have no such suspicion. I have no more doubt that Fingal and Cath-Loda are Ossian's, than that the Iliad and the Odyssey are Homer's. What are the arguments to the contrary? Why first, M'Pherson did not know Gaelic enough to have translated them; because a gentleman declares that he heard him when attempting to talk Gaelic to a Highlander, make a blunder! What if he did? How many thousands can translate from Greek or Latin, French or Italian, with accuracy and ease, who yet could not speak in either of those languages, five minutes, without making a blunder! Why not so of Gaelic?

Again;—a blind bard, or any other bard, says Mr. Knight, would have been hooted out of the company as an impudent liar, by the savage warriors to whom Ossian is supposed to have addressed himself, had he told them, "Thus have I seen in Cona—but Cona I behold no more; thus have I seen two dark hills removed from their place by the strength of the mountain-stream." Indeed! Pray, Mr. Knight, why was not Homer hooted at as an impudent liar, by the no less barbarous Greeks, when he described to them all the winds of Heaven, North, South, East and West, rushing together upon the ocean pell-mell, and there making a most dreadful uproar, until old Neptune, raising his honest face above the surface, finally ordered them to keep quiet? Had Homer ever witnessed this scene?

Once more;—M'Pherson says that he translated some of the poems from manuscripts, and the others from the lips of bards. Now the translator not producing his manuscripts, say the infidels, it is to be supposed they do not exist; and as to any of these long and connected poems being preserved for centuries by oral tradition, it is impossible. As to the manuscripts, in the first place: the translator affirmed that they were in his possession. Now his not producing them is not to be taken as presumptive evidence against his word, if we can assign any probable and sufficient motive for his reluctance.

This we can do. What more natural, than that the sole translator and possessor of the original should be unwilling that this original should be published, and thereby made liable to be again translated, perhaps better than he has done it,—and whatever liberties he has taken with it (for we doubt not that he has taken some) to be exposed? As to those poems which M'Pherson says he translated from oral tradition,—he does not declare that he heard recited entire poems, the exact originals of his translations; but that what he heard were generally imperfect stories or fragments, repeated sometimes with considerable diversity by different persons; that he compared, combined, connected, and of various readings (if they may be so called) chose what struck him as best; and that thus he formed a poem, which was a fair version of his originals, although longer and more finished frequently than any one of them. Now how is it made evident, that no such traditionary originals then existed? It is not made evident; it is not made probable; all probabilities are against it.

I. Notwithstanding the change, so unfavorable to the recitation of poetry, which the Highlands have undergone since the year 1745, the committee on this subject, organized half a century after that date, and many years after the version was made, found even then several aged persons, who said of many of the poems that they had heard them in their youth; that the version appeared to them a very able one; and that they had never doubted the existence of such poems as Mr. M'Pherson had translated. Yet more: many persons even sent the committee manuscript fragments of Ossianic poetry, which they had taken down verbatim from the mouths of aged Highlanders, from which the English version seldom widely differed, and of which it was often an exact translation. What more than this, at so late a day, could be expected? The two or three fragments, to which the committee found nothing in our version to answer, prove nothing in the world against us; for M'Pherson did not pretend that he had translated all the poetry in circulation among the Highlands. In addition to all this, Dr. Blair says in print, that he has been assured of the faithfulness of the version, by persons skilled in the Gaelic, who from their youth had been acquainted with many of the poems of Ossian.

II. Mr. Laing, one of the bard's most violent opponents,

says, that if a single poem of Ossian's, in manuscript, of an older date than the 17th century, can be procured, he shall be perfectly convinced on the subject. Now several highly respectable gentlemen attest their having seen, among the translator's manuscripts, many of a much older date than that required.

III. Those best acquainted with M'Pherson have declared their opinion, that he was incompetent to have written these poems himself. And indeed it does not appear probable, that a man in the prime of life should write a volume of poetry, estimated by such a critic as Blair, and one fourth of the literary world with him, as equal to that of Homer, and live twenty years after it, without writing any thing.

IV. Why should M'Pherson have constantly persisted in declaring these poems to be translations throughout—rejecting the title of author, notwithstanding his well-known vanity, and pretending to nothing more than that of translator—unless because he really was the translator, and not the author?

V. The poems of Ossian contain internal evidence of their authenticity, more satisfactory than any other which can be advanced. Upon reading them, we are immediately struck with the circumstance that no religion is introduced. Now this is a trait perfectly accountable, and yet the most unlikely in the world to be thought of, and the most difficult to be carried through, by a modern forger. By various coincidences and calculations, the era of Ossian has been fixed in the third century, immediately after the expulsion of the Druids from Scotland, and immediately before the introduction of Christianity. Consequently there was then no religion existing; and the bard's antipathy to a sect, with whom his father and grandfather had been at constant war, naturally prevented his even mentioning the Druids, though theirs was the ancient religion of the country.

Throughout these poems, we are presented with a state of society totally different in every respect from that in which their translator and pretended author lived. No where do we see any thing leading us to suspect, that the writer was acquainted either with the agricultural or commercial state. Never does the least hint of any modern art or refinement escape him; but in every sentiment, in every sketch of scenery or manners, we see a country in its primitive state, when

hunting and war are the two grand occupations. None but an inhabitant of such a country could have produced such a picture.*

Thus have I persuaded myself, (and who cannot persuade himself of what he wishes to believe?) that these delightful poems are not the mere imaginings of James M'Pherson, who some years since died in a mad-house; but that fourteen centuries ago, they were sung by Ossian, the noblest of Gaelic bards, in praise of Fingal, his father, the noblest of Gaelic heroes. O.

THE LAST PROPHECY OF CASSANDRA.

THE sun is fading in the skies,
And evening shades are gathering fast;
Fair city, ere that sun shall rise,
Thy night hath come—thy day is past!

Ye know not—but the hour is nigh;
Ye will not heed the warning breath;
No vision strikes your clouded eye,
To break the sleep that wakes in death.

Go, age, and let thy withered cheek
Be wet once more with freezing tears;
And bid thy trembling sorrow speak,
In accents of departed years.

Go, child, and pour thy sinless prayer
Before the everlasting throne;
And he who sits in glory there
May stoop to hear thy silver tone.

Go, warrior, in thy glittering steel,
And bow thee at the altar's side;
And bid thy frowning gods reveal
The doom their mystic counsels hide.

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* The foregoing brief arguments, for the authenticity of the poems in question, make no pretension to originality. The author is too young, and the subject too old. They may be found, I believe, scattered through most of the learned dissertations, which are prefixed to the best editions of Ossian, and especially in the excellent one by Dr. Blair.

Go, maiden, in thy flowing veil,
And bare thy brow, and bend thy knee;
When the last hopes of mercy fail,
Thy God may yet remember thee.

Go, as thou went in happier hours,
And lay thine incense on the shrine;
And greener leaves, and fairer flowers,
Around the sacred image twine.

I saw them rise—the buried dead—
From marble tomb and grassy mound:
I heard the spirits' printless tread,
And voices not of earthly sound.

I looked upon the quivering stream,
And its cold wave was bright with flame;
And wild, as from a fearful dream,
The wasted forms of battle came.

Ye will not hear—ye will not know—
Ye scorn the maniac's idle song;
Ye care not! but the voice of woe
Shall thunder loud, and echo long.

Blood shall be in your marble halls,
And spears shall glance, and fire shall glow;
Ruin shall sit upon your walls,
But ye shall lie in death below.

Ay, none shall live—to hear the storm
Around their blackened pillars sweep:
To shudder at the reptile's form,
Or scare the wild bird from her sleep.

SKETCHES FROM MY JOURNAL.

THOSE only, who have resided in a village, can have any conception of the excitement and curiosity which prevail, when a new comer there establishes his residence, especially if he appear of importance. Inquiries are eagerly circulated, concerning his property, his family, and occupation, from which it would seem that this object of attention united in his person every rank and vocation, every virtue and vice, which could possibly interest these various investigators.

Just such feelings predominated in a neat little town, in the

western part of New-York, when it was announced that a gentleman and his daughter from the city were about to take up their abode with them. Rumor was uncommonly lavish of its information. Some shrewdly suggested that he might be a banished Don; while others feared he was a bankrupt merchant; but all hoped, that by the arrival of this important personage, business would be more brisk, and employment more easy. When the mansion of the new comer rose rapidly before their amazed senses, with all its splendid columns, verandas, and porticoes, courts, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, the literati of the village pronounced him, without doubt, a disguised Italian Count; but this was rejected as absurd by the populace, from their not being able to discover any statues, crosses, or private chapels, which they considered an indispensable accompaniment to one of that nation.

Speculation being so busy, and interest so excited, it was natural that a curious crowd should assemble, to greet the approach of the long expected stranger; high rose their exultation, as the distant coach rapidly drew near; involuntarily they raised their hands to their hats, and prepared their voices for congratulatory acclamations. But their hats were resettled in their former uncondescending position, and their joyful shouts degenerated into murmurs of disappointment, when a shabby vehicle approached, unadorned by crested pannels or liveried lackeys, but drawn by two jaded steeds. The unbending, shriveled, and totally unintelligent countenance of the male inmate of the coach, and the pert but no less unpleasing features of his daughter, gave them little consolation. Soon after our stranger had settled in his new abode, his character began to be developed. Although he possessed not the slightest particle of generosity, he put no bounds to his extravagance in gratifying his whims and caprices; he formed most extensive schemes, but carried none into effect. His first plan was to introduce a neighboring stream into his garden. But when he had converted part of his garden into an infectious marsh, his attention was turned to the grand idea of a Cretan labyrinth. With indefatigable zeal, he succeeded in planting numberless trees, but unfortunately they died one after another, marring the appearance of another part of his grounds by a wilderness of dead trunks and withered foliage.

From this second failure he proceeded, nothing daunted, to the erection of a Gothic stable; and, to have every thing perfect, he added an extensive poultry-yard, with proper appurtenances. But, from the scanty room left by the magnificent barn, he was forced to contract his operations, and so his doves and chickens were forced to inhabit the same enclosure, and his elegantly conceived duck-pond was restricted to the circumference of a sunken hogshead. Thus did this idle schemer occupy himself, much to the satisfaction of the villagers, who cared not whence came his wealth, or how he squandered it, if from it they obtained an easy subsistence.

While her father thus occupied his time and thoughts, Miss Dorothea was no less sedulously, and quite as uselessly, engaged in perusing all the novels, romances, and plays, which she could procure for love or money. Now and then, to be sure, she would condescendingly show the girls of her own age her father's improvements, and her own splendid furniture, pictures, and books; sometimes, too, she would permit the lion of the village (the grocer's son) to accompany her piano with his flute; and, to be peculiarly unique among her new neighbors, she affected a great love of the beauties of nature, and pretended to be a thorough botanist, repeating regularly, to her admiring female visiters, the Latin names of all her plants.

There was another point in the father's character,—stinginess; which, strange to tell, he carried to as great an extreme as his extravagance; and which a circumstance that occurred just before I was obliged to leave the village, fully exemplifies. It appeared that Miss, getting tired of the sameness of her mode of life, thought it would be a pleasing variety to give a grand *fête*. By some chance, I was included among those invited, and although very young, my curiosity led me to go. However, I did not afterwards repent of my boldness, as I had an impressive exhibition of human character. At my first entrance, I established myself near the master of the house, and could easily observe all his actions.

He was in eager debate with his carpenter (the master of ceremonies) upon a new conception of his fertile brain. It was upon the expediency of throwing a neat hanging bridge, on a new plan, over his marsh. The carpenter objected that the banks of the marsh were but little elevated above the

marsh itself; this difficulty, however, he could remedy, said his employer, by raising the sides with stone and earth. 'However,' rejoined the carpenter, 'there could be no use in the bridge, as there is no road that way.' 'But it would be so admired!' 'And would cost an immense sum,' added the prudent carpenter. 'But it is such an original scheme; and I can afford to give a few thousands.' Just then, a little flaxen-headed boy, with tears in his eyes, appeared at the door: anxious to proceed, yet irresolute, he stopped at the threshhold; urged on, however, by some kind hand, he proceeded, until he handed a paper to the master of the house; who, having returned it quickly, sternly ordered him to go, and pester him not with his petitions, as he had no dollars to throw away. The little boy, terrified, astonished, doubting, despairing, looked wistfully up into his rigid face, then sobbing out most piteously, "My poor mother," rushed out of the room. I, equally moved, quickly followed him, muttering to myself, '*bestow thousands* on an useless marsh, but *throw away dollars* on a destitute family.'

Two years after the preceding event, I passed through the same village, and could not fail to observe the seat of the hopeful stranger and his daughter Dorothea. But what was my astonishment at the change there visible. I saw barefooted urchins playing hide-and-seek among the columns and once splendid porticos; pigs paraded up and down the poultry-yard; here and there an old hat filled broken panes, where Miss Dorothea's plants used to bloom; hops covered the remains of the Cretan labyrinth with their wild exuberance; an unpicturesque brick-kiln occupied the site of the famous hanging bridge; and when I expected the rich notes of a piano to greet my ear, I heard the dull, monotonous sound of a shuttle and loom. My eager curiosity was soon satisfied by the information, that soon after my departure, Miss Dorothea ran away with the grocer's son; that the schemer was arrested by a deputy from the city for fraudulent bankruptcy; that the daughter lives in abject poverty in a neighboring village, and the father is dying in prison. At this account, without one word of sorrow or regret, I sank into a reverie upon the deceitfulness of human things, and confessed,

"Raro antecedentem scelestum,
Deseruit pede pœna claudo." A. T.

ROMANCE.

O! she was a maid of a laughing eye,
And she lived in a garret cold and high;
And he was a threadbare, whiskered beau,
And he lived in a cellar damp and low.

But the rosy boy of the cherub wing
Hath many a shaft for his slender string,
And the youth below and the maid above
Were touched with the flaming darts of love.

And she would wake from her troubled sleep,
O'er his tender billet-doux to weep;
Or stand like a statue cold and fair,
And gaze on a lock of his bright red hair.

And he who was late so tall and proud,
With his step so firm and his laugh so loud;
His beard grew long and his face grew thin,
As he pined in solitude over his gin.

But one soft night in the month of June,
As she lay in the light of a cloudless moon,
A voice came floating soft and clear,
To the startled maiden's listening ear.

O then from her creaking couch she sprung,
And her tangled tresses back she flung;
She looked from the window far below,
And he stood beneath—her whiskered beau!

She did not start with a foolish frown,
But she packed her trunk, and she scamper'd down;
And there was her lover tall and true,
In his threadbare coat of the brightest blue.

The star that rose in the evening shade
Looked sadly down on a weeping maid;
The sun that came in his morning pride
Shed golden light on a laughing bride.

SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

Back-room at Porter's—DICK, *solus.*

I AM not well to-night—methinks the fumes
Of overheated punch have something dimmed
The cerebellum or pineal gland,
Or where the soul sits regent. Strange that things
Born of the grosser elements of earth
Should cloud the mind's own heaven with fantasies!
I am no baby—look upon that leg
All laced with steely sinews—see that arm,
Embossed with swelling muscle—and this shape
Of nature's best expansion—were they made
But to be sneered at by the grinning imps
That leave the dotard's slumbers visionless,
To play their antics in the teeth of manhood?
(Fellow, another measure of your compound,
And be less liberal of your aqueous tincture.)
A man who hath been elbowed out of office,
A poet who hath sown some score of verses,
And reaped one sorry sentence of damnation,
Look down i' the mouth, and feel unutterably—
But one who is not plagued with corporal evils,
Who feels not hungry, save at dinner time,
And is not snarled at by the world about him,
Can do but little, save to fume and fret
At air-born hydras of imagination.
And yet, in these same most degenerate days,
There be some things that do much gall a man.
(*Looking at his boots.*)
Methinks the polish of these nether casings
Is not so radiant as it was of old—
Perhaps the varlet who doth give them lustre
Hath ta'en to reading of philosophy,
For learning has of late put off her wings,
And creeps along with beggars in the dust.—
Why, I have seen a kitchen-nurtured wench,
With feet that seemed like mountain pedestals,
And fingers redder than the peony,
Who tripped so daintily upon the earth,
As she were stepping on Elysian flowers;
And did so dally with the household stuff,
As if a saucepan were an instrument
Fit for the music of angelic choirs.
She 'd quote you loving ditties by the hour,
And scribble verses in your Sunday bible,
And talk to you of starlight, and of flowers,
And mind, and metaphysics. Out upon them—

I'd rather have a Patagonian savage,
One that can grapple with the mountain bear,
And eat him as a christian eats a chicken,
Than such a mincing thing to wait upon me.
Fellow, here 's money for thine aliments,
I must away. *Exit.*

HALLUCINATION.

It was mentioned in our last, that a communication had been left at the printing-office, by a gentleman of the name of Hock. In the hurry of getting out a first number, we neglected to make a proper inquiry into the particulars. We have since ascertained that his visits were frequently repeated, and that they became at last exceedingly troublesome. He assured the compositor that he was one of the editors; and insisted, accordingly, upon his right of interfering in the arrangements of the press. On a representation of the circumstances to the Club, measures were taken to prevent any such occurrence in future. Mr. Hock, however, continued his calls, and at length it was found necessary to eject him forcibly from the premises.

He resented the insult with a great deal of indignation, and insisted upon seeing some one of the Club. The names of the six, and their residences, were accordingly given him, and he proceeded with all possible despatch to demand an interview. By chance, he happened first into my own apartment. I was dozing over a volume of Fielding, when a rap at the door announced a visiter. In a moment after, entered a gentleman, richly dressed, and wearing a moderate-sized walking-stick. He stalked up to the table where I was sitting, and with an emphatic gesture threw down before me his card. I looked, and, engraven in the neatest characters, read the words, *Francis Hock, Esq.*

I handed him a chair, and immediately entered into a conversation. But my surprise, already considerably raised, was excited to the highest wonder by what followed. He immediately burst into the most eloquent invectives on our cruelty in turning him out of the Club; declared that it was a severe blow to his own feelings and those of his relatives; that he

did not understand it at all, and should depend upon a thorough satisfaction. I asked him to explain; assured him that he was disagreeably unintelligible; and that I was not aware he had ever belonged to our honorable body. Upon this, his anger waxed trebly terrible. I perceived that he was laboring under a delusion; and, unwilling to urge the matter to an unpleasant crisis, endeavored to divert his attention to different topics. I was successful, and from the conversation which ensued, gathered an idea of the state of mind in which he was existing. He was impressed with a belief, which I found it impossible to shake, that he was one of the founders, authors, and editors, of 'The Collegian!' I tried in vain to reason him out of the idea. I ridiculed him, I remonstrated, but nothing would do. He held fast by his delusion, and was cut to the heart by our cruel conduct. Our interview closed without coming to any thing decisive.

The countenance of Mr. Hock seemed to me from the first as one with which I was somewhat familiar. The description in the note to his article in the last number is unjust to his features. He has a very fair, open face, with gray eyes, and an aquiline nose; is about five feet eight inches in height, and treads firmly, though perhaps rather too rapidly. I am thus particular in the account of Mr. Hock, from the fact of his having lately disappeared from the vicinity. Such detailed descriptions of person I generally eschew; they should be left to the owners of runaway rogues, and the authors of fugitive novels.

I was struck by the resemblance of Mr. Hock to a figure, that by some previous dream or reality had possessed itself of my imagination. I was induced to pursue the subject; and by certain hints that were casually dropped, with some assistance from recollection and manuscript notes, was enabled to solve it to my entire satisfaction.

In the summer vacation of 1828, I was sojourning in a small village, some one hundred miles from the seat of our University. The only stranger beside myself in the neighborhood was a gentleman who had been residing there about a month, in a strict *incognito*. He was described to me as a very odd character, whom no one could understand; giving way to the strangest caprices and fantasies, and living in the most whimsical and *bizarre* style possible. I was determined to become acquainted with him, and carried my purpose immediately into execution.

After two or three vain attempts to obtain an introduction, I at length succeeded. I was conducted into a chamber furnished with considerable elegance, and proceeded with modest assurance to make acquaintance with the occupant. This was a man, rather below the middle stature, clad in very loose garments, and with a countenance on which the spirit of leanness had written a very legible autograph. His frame was the extreme of slimness and slenderness. I talked with him an hour or two, and found him exceedingly pleasant and amusing. He appeared to possess a very good knowledge of the current literature, and from some expressions dropped in the course of conversation, I ascertained that he had been something of a traveller. The day was a beautiful one, and as I like the fair fields and open sky better than confinement, it was very natural that I should propose a walk. He started back in astonishment, and demanded what could induce me to insult him by such a proposal.

I offered the sincerest apologies for my unintentional offence, and requested an explanation. He then told me that he had not left his chamber for a month; that the door and entry were so very narrow, that all egress for him was entirely out of the question, and that if his enormous bulk was not speedily diminished, he should perish of *ennui*, from the mere circumstance of imprisonment. I immediately became exceedingly indignant, assured the gentleman that I was entirely unaccustomed to such treatment, and that if he desired to indulge his propensity for hoaxing, he was to seek some more fit object than myself to operate upon. After mutual explanations and remonstrances, the quarrel was peaceably arranged without detriment to either party. My host was convinced that I had no intention of insulting him, and myself that some singular delusion had fastened on him.

And so indeed it was. He labored under the imagination of an accumulating corpulence. On this point, his mind was an incarnated and animated hyperbole. It was all man-mountain with him. Nothing could shake in him the belief that he was approaching a hundred stone. He brooded over it, and grew unhappy upon it. He would not consent to attempt going out at the door, from his confidence that it would prove too small, and that he should be left so fastened in the passage as to be unable to move. I became quite well ac-

quainted with him, and frequently repeated my visits to his lodgings. He still continued in his old delusion, for a considerable number of weeks. He would not be prevailed upon to stir from his chambers. At last he mysteriously disappeared. I never ascertained exactly how, though it must certainly have been in an astonishing hurry. This inference I draw from the fact, that it never occurred to him to speak to his landlady on the subject, or to settle her demands; a matter that he otherwise would certainly have attended to, for he had insisted on having his bill made out in full every Saturday evening, and had sometimes incidentally spoken of payment.

All that he left behind him was a pocket-book, containing a great many papers of no use to any one but the owner. Among them were the following verses. They were written in bitter sincerity, and describe his feelings with a simple and affecting earnestness that cannot but be obvious to every reader. A large number of imperfect copies of them were circulated in the little village where he had resided, and in this manner they found their way into the public prints. I am pleased to present a correct version of them, printed from the author's original manuscript.

LAMENT.

I 'm growing fat—I 'm growing fat—I don't know how nor why,
For on the little that I eat a very rat would die;
For the life o' me I can't imagine, what can be the matter;
'T is hard—the more I starve myself, I 'm sure to grow the fatter!

Time was—a very short while since—when I was really lean,
A slimmer and genteeler man was no where to be seen;
Three little, little months ago—a thing that 's vastly odd—I
Could number every single rib there was in all my body!

But now I 'm plump, I 'm very plump, I know few that are plumper,
My swelling cheeks are of the hue that stains a rosy bumper;
I always hated fat men, and I can't conceive why I—
Of all men living—should be doomed to such obesity!

Three little, little months ago!—The slippers which I wore
Stand mocking me, for I indeed shall never wear them more;
I try in vain with toil and pain to squeeze them neatly on—
Alas! I fear their services for e'er and aye are done.

My leg was very small indeed, the leg I wore in spring,
My arm and hand were very lean, my finger just the thing;
I 've had to cast my coat aside, my stockings, and my gloves,
And part with all my pantaloons, and part with all my loves.

This thought is ever in my mind, and will not thence away,
'T is Daniel Lambert's ghost by night, and Daniel's self by day!
Then take the solemn chorus, and its mournful notes prolong,—
I 'm growing fat, I 'm growing fat, the burthen of my song!

Since the gentleman's sudden evanishment, I had never been able to discover a trace or vestige of him. But very lately I have had good reason to suspect that he may be identified in the person of Mr. Francis Hock. If this be the case, his late delusion is merely a new version of his old propensity; a novel play of his very lively imagination. If Mr. Hock is any where in the vicinity, I should be exceedingly gratified by the honor of another interview, or the favor of a private note, indicating where he is to be found.

CHARLES SHERRY.

CHARITY.

BY LUKE LOCKFAST.

WHEN I announced to the Club, that I had prepared for the second number an essay on Charity, which I would read them, blank grew the visages of my youthful compeers; and our worshipful editor, unable to contain himself, exclaimed, "Really, my dear Mr. Lockfast, this is too much. We all know, you are privileged to be grave, but as our periodical is not a receptacle for sermons, neither your age nor your apostolic sirname will make one of yours admissible." "Sir," I responded to this querulous interruption, "it is above twenty centuries since sages taught, and it will probably be about twenty years ere you will have learned to judge of nothing by its name. But, Sir, were you right in anticipating from my subject the very essence of gravity, I can assure you that there is nothing you stand more in need of. Your book is thought altogether too frothy for a collegiate production. And even were it deemed excusable in youth, such as I see around

me, to be airy and gamesome; of me, you must be aware, Sir, that it is expected to come forth laden with meaning and edification." Here brother Frank muttered something about the difference between *laden* and *leaden*. "Therefore, Sir," I concluded, "I will proceed, notwithstanding Mr. Airy's innuendo, to the reading of what you are pleased to entitle my sermon." I commenced, amid countenances expressive of fearful misgivings; but no sooner had I closed, than it was pronounced that the end of my republic had forgot the beginning, and 'Charity' was admitted, *nem. con.*

The enormous evils which *conquerers and usurpers* have inflicted upon the world, are apt to blind our eyes to the excuses of which their conduct is susceptible, and to make us forget that a criminal's guilt is not always in exact proportion to the mischief of his crime.

This tendency is strengthened by a peculiar spirit, which has sprung up of late, in literature and in morals,—a spirit of paradox and Quixotism in literature, and a something in morals akin to fanaticism in religion. The class of men I have mentioned afford a fine mark for this spirit to exhaust itself upon. They are ancient objects of admiration,—and an assailant of the idols may make himself brilliant with the shivered particles which are showered upon him at each blow. Their crimes are all of so glaring a kind, and produce such a deal of evil, simply because of the grand scale on which they act, that it is easy for a sentimental moralist to work himself and his readers into an enthusiasm of abhorrence, over their misdoings,—especially if he incline, like most popular writers, to judge of an action rather from its particular and often incidental results, than from its true nature.

It is no wonder, then, if "these pagod things, of sabre sway," who lie so invitingly open to attack, and are withal so offensive to the temper of our times, have found of late very little mercy. They are just now in especially bad repute, since the most eloquent moralist of the age has taken the lead of the assailants. In the noise of the onset, can the following palliatory words find hearing?

I. The successful soldier is seldom a man of cultivated and liberalized mind. Commonly, he has passed most of his life

since the days of boyhood amid scenes which quicken without enlarging the intellect, and too often harden the heart against pity as well as against fear. Indeed it will be readily allowed, that the camp is of all schools the worst for instilling respect for abstract right, exciting zeal for the interests of communities, or clearing the eye to the moral turpitude of actions which give no direct shock to the sense of honor or generosity. Is the rude soldier, then, when he overlooks the law of nations, or violates, what he cannot overlook, the law of conscience, to be put upon a footing with the philosopher, whose principles have been built up and fortified by meditation—the civilian, who knows the exact limit of the rights both of individuals and of communities—the orator, who can so eloquently expatiate on the enormity of violating those rights—or the poet, who has gazed and dwelled with delight upon virtue, in her abstract enchantment, whether melting in the loveliness of benevolence, speaking in the serene tones of justice, or wearing the martyr-brow of sublime self-sacrifice—shall he be put, I say, upon the same footing with these men, when they turn their genius and their moral power against mankind? Oh no. When learning and eloquence are perverted, to make the worse appear the better reason—when poetry becomes the pandar of vice, and debases her heavenly fires, to inflame in the reckless youth those passions which burn but too fiercely in every human breast—the blackened page should call forth a louder burst of indignation, than the most deeply crimsoned field.

II. In the vicissitudes of a revolution, such is generally the chaotic state of society, so unrespectable does the public as such appear, so uncertain is it often who are the rightful authorities, if such there be, and so doubtful whether a fair expression of the people's wishes can be obtained, or whether they can be enabled to exercise their primal right of determining their rulers,—that a man, deficient in that nice moral discrimination, and that political principle, which the profession, whence leaders and usurpers commonly spring, is so little calculated to nurture, may justly claim a degree of pardon, if he violate an undefended right, or usurp some authority which others have abandoned, and which he perhaps can beneficially exercise.

Cæsar, Cromwell, or Napoleon, might each urge that his

countrymen had convincingly shown themselves incapable of self-government; that they were evidently suffering for want of a competent ruler; that the existing formal authorities, being the creatures of faction, not the representatives of the people, could not be considered the powers 'de jure,' and being the slaves of faction, not the ultimate and independent rulers, were certainly not powers 'de facto.' Such reasoning I do not contend to be a justification of their usurpations; but it does, I think, tend to palliate them; it shows how such men, in such a state of things, might become usurpers, without any very enormous moral obliquity. This possibility is confirmed, in the three instances I have referred to, by fact. Napoleon seems on the whole to have been personally rather an amiable and estimable man than otherwise. Cromwell was, before his attainment of the supreme power, a man of excellent moral habits, as the times then were; and after it, made perhaps the best sovereign England has ever known: indeed late writers seem pretty generally to acquiesce in allowing him to have been as much zealot as hypocrite, as much patriot as usurper. As for Cæsar, he was certainly the most liberal and merciful of partizan conquerors, the most able and spirited of monarchs—the fittest man, in fact, into whose hands a people, incapable of any other relief from anarchy than despotism, could possibly fall.

III. The triumph of a usurper is the triumph of a party. Neither his temptation nor his crime is so selfish as most others are. Now a great part of every man's affection for his country consists of his affection for his friends and party. We live in such a state of domestic tranquillity, that with us these affections have always been identified. But when they are wrenched asunder by the rude hand of civil war—when, against a man's general and consequently weak affection for the community, and respect for its rights, is arrayed not only his own ambition, but his interest in all whom he loves, and his confidence in all whom he esteems—we can hardly conceive how formidable his abstract patriotism must find the encounter.

IV. A throne is an overwhelming temptation. Few, who ever stood in its vicinity, have been insensible to its allurements. Nay, few have viewed its splendor at any the most distant point within the horizon of their path of life, without feeling a desire to approach it, which made them wonderful-

ly indifferent to the character of the interjacent ground. Those who have most vehemently expressed their delight in a hut, and their contempt for a palace, have in general been fortunately placed beyond the possibility of belying these sentiments by their deeds; and perhaps it is not unreasonable to suspect, that they were influenced by that common human weakness, the desire to make a decree of necessity appear the result of choice. Among the sages of ancient Greece, it was the handler of a hoe, and the hopeless squatter in a tub, who most eloquently rung the charges about the vanity of wielding a sceptre, and sitting upon a throne. The truth is, the desire for power and sovereignty is the strongest serious and permanent desire in the breast of man. To it, indolence and pleasure, religion and philosophy, the fiery carelessness of youth, and the stern pride of manhood, have alternately bowed, through every century on record. How shall Alexander refrain? A bright succession of victor's wreaths and sovereign's diadems dazzles his young eye, and hurries him on, with his iron phalanx, over the thrones of Asia: every victory adds a new blaze to the halo of his glory, every battle exalts the hero nearer to a god. How shall Napoleon refrain? A hurricane passes over his country: he gazes, and lo, an emptied throne! *Detur dignissimo* he reads upon its base—a throng of self-raised giant spirits strive with him for the lofty prize—he realizes the ancient monarch's wish, Give me kings for competitors, for now prescription's princes have vanished, and nature's princes are struggling with him for their patrimony—he feels none of that abasement which a great mind feels, even in surpassing those whom rank merely, or vicinity, or accident have made its competitors—if he conquer, it is the conquest of a spirit over kindred spirits—his supremacy is in the might with which his soul is instinct, and he who breathed into him that soul is his anointer. Surely he who tempted the Corsican to usurp, and the Macedonian to conquer, came not in the form of the grovelling serpent, but displaying the yet proud glories of the ruined archangel. And is it seemly, that such men as these should be very abhorrently condemned by those who have never felt a stronger temptation than that to idleness or foppery, to petty dishonesty or boyish licentiousness, and to that perhaps have yielded? Methinks, when we are about to heap our mite of execra-

tion upon some of these comet luminaries of history, already "damned" by their whole species "to eternal fame," it might be well for us to remember the words with which Scott concludes his biography of the last of the race—"It is scarcely within the capacity of those whose steps have never led them beyond the middle path of life, to estimate either the strength of the temptations to which he yielded, or the force of mind which he opposed to those which he was able to resist."

MOMENTA LANKIANA. No. II.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;—
The wall on which we tried our growing skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, yet not destroy'd,
The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw.

Cowper.

"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life," observes Dr. Johnson, "he will soon find himself alone;" and so true is this remark, that there is no one who has not had friends, from whom he is now separated—companions, whom he may never meet again. Each change of time brings with it the loss of old, and the gain of new friends; each change of place, a different medley of acquaintance, with whom like the former he is to pass a part of his life, and who, in a similar way, will fall off, to be succeeded by another set. There is, as it were, a constant flux of companions, and so uncertain is life, that we are not able to fix upon any of our acquaintance, with whom we can say we shall pass the evening of our days. In our friendships, as in every thing else, we have forgetfulness, for the past; uncertainty, for the present; and ignorance, for the future. Is there any gray-

haired man, who can point out the playmate of his boyish days, with whom he gamboled in infancy—worked in manhood—" and is now tottering about, and gossiping away the evening of life? Ah, there are few, who are thus happy: it is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus tranquilly and evenly, side by side." Even we, who are yet in the beginning of life, can look back with fond regret, to a time when we knew those, whom we shall never know again.

These reflections were called up in my mind, upon receiving a letter from my old schoolmaster, a venerable clergyman, whom I have not seen for four or five years, and who has now given up the cares of a school, and has crowned, in his declining years, a "youth of labor with an age of peace," and found that "blest retirement, friend to life's decline," for which the poet sighs. "That you do not forget your old friends," says he, "is really gratifying; for you will find, when you reach the evening period assigned to us on earth, that there is a thrilling delight in considering that there are those, who cherish kind thoughts of us. When you get upon the downhill of life, you will find that the ranks of friendship are wonderfully thinned. Of those, who start with us in the race, a large number stop by the way; of those, who become the objects of attachment in early manhood, the greater part are scattered, and, in the selfish occupations of life, have little time to cultivate our regards—of those, who were far ahead of us when we commenced our course,—*not one* is left. I was always very much struck with the force of a venerable old man's remark just before he died: 'I have seen three worlds die.'—The old, when he was a child; of the next generation, none remained; and he had followed nearly all of his companions in age to the grave."

But although thus numerous are our companions—although thus changing our acquaintance—our first and earliest friendships, like our first loves, are those which, through all the vicissitudes of life, and all the wear and tear of fortune, remain indelibly fixed upon our memories. There is something so simple and purely unsophisticated in the actions of early childhood, that they never fail to make deeper impressions upon us, than the hollow and interested speculations of after life. We smooth down their rough character, and strike off

insensibly the unpleasant edges, and polishing every thing, through the mist of time, have only in view a gilded prospect of a happy existence. Many a time may you meet with some old man, whose bowed-down form, wrinkled visage, and silver hairs, might lead you to forget that he was ever young, who, in the wreck of thoughts and dotage of age, will yet with a flush of pleasure recount the little exploits that he and his companion urchins have performed; and while the recollection of his numerous and ephemeral acquaintance has passed from his mind as 'a tale that is told,' will still retain the history and memory of the friends of his boyhood.

Placed at a boarding school, with others of my own age, I had an opportunity of observing those little peculiarities in my companions, which, as the boy is said to be the prototype of the man, have in general influenced their after conduct. It is but a few years, and we are now widely separated; in different localities, with different pursuits, with different friends. The last time I heard from one of these, he was complaining of his present situation; he had always been a discontented boy. Another, who had been a great speculator and bargainer, is settled down as a merchant at Port-au-Prince; while a third, who showed his ingenuity at school, in building boats and handling tools, has just commenced the engineering business. Dick West, eternally playing with powder and shooting cross-bows, is now stationed at the Point; and his old friend Harry Hatstene, whose delight consisted in Commodores and sea-fights, is sailing a midshipman on the broad Pacific. One old schoolfellow is a lawyer, another a printer. One, who was a melancholy lad, has changed his direful name, and gone to college. Tom Rant, who had constantly a tale at hand, and rhymed discordantly, is turned into a half famished, garrety, devil-author; and poor Hawkins, who was ever a sickly boy, is wasting away in a consumption.

It was a beautiful evening, last summer vacation, that I stopped in a small village by the Hudson, tired with my day's travel, and lack of aught to do. Upon asking the ruby-cheeked landlord, if there was any amusement in the town, he directed my attention to a play-bill, which signified that a company of strolling players had taken possession of a ruined barn, and would that evening enact Douglass, the part of Norval by a young gentleman, his first appearance on any stage.

I was soon seated with a crowd of the patronizers of the drama, anxiously awaiting the uplifting of a tattered, patched green curtain, of many colors. As there were but five or six in the whole company, each undertook several of the characters, and the play was cut down to half its size, beside being otherwise so mangled and disfigured, as to be without resemblance to the original. How often had I heard poor Gilbert spout, 'My name is Norval'; how much did this resemble him; I could not be mistaken—it was he. "Speak louder," cries one to my embarrassed friend. Embarrassment was succeeded by confusion, and he was at last hissed off the stage. Carrying the poor fellow with me to my room, he gave me his history. He had, in disgust to the counter, run off, and become strolling actor.

I well remember the day that I incurred a lasting reproach to myself, and lost—a friend. He was of a wild, reckless, roving character, and, on a threat of punishment, persuaded me to aid him in running away. It was a fine May morning. We arose with caution, as we all slept in the same room, and made silent preparation for his departure. This part of the building was old, and the window, opening into the orchard, was not very far from the ground. He jumped down upon the green—his bundle followed—a last adieu, and all was silent; but I could observe a faltering in his step, as he looked for the last time upon the loved and well known spots, where he had spent so many hours of boyhood. I caught a glimpse of him, in the gray twilight, as he slowly bent his way through the shrubbery, and then lost sight of him for ever. He went to sea, and the vessel was homeward bound, when in a storm he was washed overboard. 'Alas! poor William!' sighed I, as I dropped a tear to his memory.

THE ORPHAN OF ADE.

Below the hill the sunbeams fall,
And evening spreads o'er the castle hall;
And the night-hawk's song
Is chiming along,
And the boatman's lay,
At the close of the day,
Is heard beneath the convent wall.

And over the lake now sweetly swell
The softened sounds of the vesper bell;
And its echoes are
So long and far,
That the wild geese rise,
And the young duck flies,
And spreads his wings to the woodland dell.

The myriad worlds beam clear and proud,
Like spangles gay on a sable shroud;
And the soft sunbeam,
Now flits like a dream—
From the lake, to the isle
With its convent pile,
As meteors dance from cloud to cloud.

From the chapel of stone, and the deep-toned choir,
The white-clad nuns to their cells retire;
And the convent's still
As the noiseless hill,
And the warder old,
With his chain of gold,
At midnight quenches the beacon fire.

But deep in a chamber hung with black,
On an ebon throne with a golden back,
The Abbess sits,
And her brow she knits,
As she orders the guard,
With their corslets hard,
To tighten the cords of the torturing rack.

Their blazing torches flit and flare,
And beam on a form that is passing fair;
No mother's son
Could have seen that nun,
And have felt no charm,
Whose snow-white arm
Was racking in agony there.

Her lips in torture were fixed apart,
And she seemed a lifeless form of art;
The lashes lie
O'er her hazel eye,
And her nut-brown hair
Flowed softly fair
On her breast that heaved o'er a bursting heart.

And harshly the Abbess commanded once more
Her victim so tender, all sprinkled with gore,
Quick to discover
The name of her lover,
Who swam o'er the lake
To the green-wood brake,
That 's fanned by the breeze on the sloping shore.

Save the wave that flowed with the sound of a rill,
By that stone-built hall, 't was solemnly still;
No sound was there
From the maiden fair,
Though her lips betrayed
That she inward prayed,
And though tears from her eyes distil.

"By the mass, an the story be false or true,
Proud Alice, thy silence thou dearly shalt rue;
Stir, varlets, and bring
To the highest the string,
Or quick will I see,
If the constable's tree
Will have aught of effect upon you."

Those soldiers had followed, for many a day,
The banner, whose rule was to 'conquer and slay';
But their feelings, though cold,
And their bosoms though bold,
Though bloody their hand,
That cruel command
They could not, or would not, obey.

"Ye cowardly knaves of a cowardly band,
Are ye children or fools who thus timidly stand?"
The Abbess exclaimed,
With anger inflamed,
As she sprung to her feet,
And rushed from her seat,
And twitched the cord with her own right hand.

Be blasted these eyes, ere they see such a sight!
May my reason and breath wing their last long flight,
Ere from maid so fair,
Such a shriek I hear,
That curdled the blood
Of those who there stood,
And damned the remembrance of that sad night!

And oh may that fiend of a woman be curst,
Who unbended could see the warm blood burst
From the clear blue vein,
Like purple rain,
And sprinkle the floor,
And the sill of the door,
That alway thereafter was covered with rust!

Who could hear the soft limbs of so lovely a maid,
Thus cut off from succour and all human aid,
To quiver and quake,
And crackle and break,
And not feel the dart
Of a pang through her heart,
Nor her eyes in their sockets to startle and fade!

Who the lights in the heavens could fearlessly brave,
And fling the fair Alice within the blue wave,
Yet see not the form
Of the prince of the storm,
Or spirit of evil,
Or ghost or the devil,
To grin with delight over Alice's grave!

* * * * *

'T is a lovely morn, and the darkness flies
Where the streaks of light in the East arise;
And the rosy dawn
Now tints the lawn,
And a purple flush,
Like a rising blush,
Is mantling over the Orient skies.

The dazzling wheel of the fiery car,
With the nails made each of a shining star,
Rolls up on high,
'Midst the azure sky,
And broad and bright
It sheds its light
On the isles of the lake and the mountains far.

Three hundred tents are on the plain;
Three hundred horse, with oats and grain;
Three hundred men
Are in the glen,
And as many rays,
With liquid blaze,
Stream from the spears of the soldier train.

A purple tent, by the water's side,
Is seen where laves the crystal tide;
A pavilion gay,
With gaudy array,
And a palfrey white,
With a saddle light,
Is there as if for a tender bride.

The chieftain sits in the painted boats,
And over the lake the music floats;
As they row to the isle,
With its convent pile,
The boatman's oar
Is faster or slower,
To chime with the mellowly warbling notes.

As the eagle darts through the liquid air,
So flies that bark in the waters clear;
With the tints of the bow
The ripples glow,
And gaily fly
The rudder by,
And kiss the light of the sun-lit glare.

The boat has touched the landing-place,
And the Abbess, with her muffled face,
On the step-stone stands,
And bold demands
The name of him
In warrior trim,
And why he rides with a warlike race.

'T was Clarence, the Earl of Percy's son;
Clarence, who yields the palm to none;
Clarence the Knight
Of the truncheon bright,
Who rides in the glen
With his band of men,
By the will of the Pope, to claim a nun;—

To claim the beautiful Orphan of Ade,
By the will of the Pope, and the will of the maid;
For oft in the night,
By the moon's pale light,
He had swum o'er the lake
To the greenwood brake,
And plighted his troth, 'neath the juniper's shade.

And Chivalry's flower, and Chivalry's pride,
Is assembled to meet her at eventide;
From castle and tower,
And garden and bower,
Fair Ladye and Knight,
Distinguished in fight,
Are gathered to welcome the beautiful bride.

But the Knight may go back to his well guarded tower,
And the Ladye return to her garden and bower,
And the bridal train
Disperse again,
For the Abbess did fall
By the convent wall,
And fainted away at that dread hour.

But Clarence swore by his crosslet red,
That the wretch had better have been with the dead,
Than his anger to brook
Or his vengeful look,
Who should even dare
To injure a hair
Of the ringlets that curl upon Alice's head.

And an agony sad, and a maddened gloom,
O'erspread him at her pretended doom;
When he heard the sound,
To slowly rebound
From the sloping dell,
Of the convent bell,
That tolled, as they said, over Alice's tomb.

And those four soldiers, the stoutest and best,
Were pinioned and bound at the Abbess' behest;
In a dungeon wide
They rotted and died;
And in the Abbess' power,
Was Alice's dower,
And the secret locked up in her own—own breast.

Young Clarence sorrowed for a space,
And then did clanging war embrace;
He soon forgot
Poor Alice's lot,
And it 's sung in rhyme,
How he died in his prime
In the far-famed hunt of Chevy Chase.

But the Abbess—she lived in a horrible mood,
And her food appeared to be poisoned food;
And night and day,
Wherever she lay,
She dreamt that her back
Was stretched on a rack,
And weeping she wept out tears of blood.

And when the pale moon was full to the view,
And her beams rode by on the sweet mildew,
At the deep midnight,
Did a maiden in white,
With never a sound,
Go paddling around
That island so green, in her little canoe.

And the birds would suddenly stop in their song,
And the owls would gather with fear in a throng;
And even the breeze
Would pause in the trees,
When that maiden in white,
By the moonbeam's light,
Would solemnly, silently paddle along.

Years passed on, and the Abbess died,
And the old walls fell by the water side;
And that isle so fair
Is barren and bare,
And the night wind moans
O'er the moss-grown stones,
That are laved each day by the crystal tide.

But even yet, when in the sky so blue
The moon shines bright through the sweet mildew,
In the midst of night,
Does a maiden in white,
Without one sound,
Go paddling around,
As she sits in her beautiful little canoe. F. A.

MISANTHROPY.

THE author of 'Pelham,' in his history of Sir Reginald Glanville, says, that 'some time hence it will be a curious enquiry, to ascertain the causes of that acute and sensitive morbidity of mind, which has been, and still is, so epidemic a disease.' That such a state of feeling is far more prevalent than is generally supposed, we have no doubt; and that little trouble has been taken to investigate the causes of its existence, is accounted for by the fact, that in all matters, but particularly in those connected with mental philosophy, we look back on the past, and forward to the future, far more than we reflect on the present. To us, this has long been a subject of deep interest, and though our notions may be crude and undigested, we shall venture a few remarks upon it.

The state of mind to which our author alludes is commonly termed Misanthropy. There are different kinds of it, which develope themselves in various ways, and strike us at once as distinct both in their nature and action. The principal, however, are two. One degrades the being, in whose breast it has taken root, below the beasts; shows him as made up of selfishness, ingratitude, and all the evil passions of which our nature is capable. The other casts a dark gloom over the mind, chills the warm current of the affections, and causes the eye to look with cold indifference on every object that meets it. The former is peculiar to men of active and scheming intellects, whose whole souls are absorbed in the pursuit of some worldly object, the gratification of their ambition, their avarice, or their revenge—the latter is common only to those of a serious and contemplative cast of mind, whose ill-directed energies have failed to compass their ends, or in whom early disappointments have engendered scepticism and distrust. Of the first class, Richard the Third and Iago are prominent examples—of the second, the most striking, perhaps, that can be produced, either from fiction or real life, are Byron and Rousseau.

In Richard, it was not so much the execution of Buckingham, for the first act of a usurper is to ruin those to whom he owes his elevation—it was not that he murdered his brother Clarence and his two nephews, for such things are common

in such cases,—that branded him as the utter despiser of all the laws of God and man. The total depravity of his character was not half so glaringly displayed in the bloody train of assassinations by which he mounted the throne of England, as in the easy indifference with which he rent asunder every bond of natural affection; slighted and insulted the mother that bore him; made the most sacred of all connexions to promote his schemes, and broke it by a murder, to give place to a new one, to further the same ends for which the first was entered into. These were the acts that proved him the incarnate demon,

> "Hell's black intelligencer,
> Only reserved its factor, to buy souls,
> And send them thither."

Iago possesses, in common with Richard, great subtleness and ready wit, but the theatre of his action is much more confined. The object of his machinations is less self-aggrandizement than revenge; and he scruples not to infuse the jealousy into his noble and confiding lord, which he foresaw would act so like a quick and deadly poison. Many of the means used by him are low and contemptible; proving, however, that though he had less energy of character than Richard, he knew equally well the springs of human passion, and was as insensible to every obligation of honor and truth.

Byron was by nature a man of quick and violent passions, which were unsubjected to salutary restraint in early life, and could never afterwards be brought under his control. An imagination that might have soared to the highest heaven of invention, was often directed to the most degrading objects. We see but faint indications in his youth of those feelings which afterwards so entirely engrossed his soul. The ill reception of his works among the critics of the day, was perhaps the means of first bringing them out; for after that time his sensibility became gradually more morbid, and easily wounded by the slighted insult, from whatever source it came. Disappointment in love piqued his pride, as well as injured his better affections. In time the quickness of his temper was superseded by a stern, settled apathy, from which few occurrences could rouse him. His mind, in after life, resembled a dead lake, reflecting only frowning precipices, and dark masses of

clouds, through which the clear sunlight could seldom penetrate.

Rousseau's character was originally different from Byron's, and so were the causes which brought him to his peculiar cast of feeling. He was a dreamy and abstracted enthusiast, dwelling amid the wild creations of his inventive imagination, and forever in pursuit of some ideal image of loveliness, that constantly eluded his grasp—some ignis fatuus, that lured but to leave. The creatures of earth could not but dissatisfy him, and hence

> "His mind
> Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
> For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
> 'Gainst which he raged with fury strange and blind."

Life lost for him its relish; he became indeed the "apostle of affliction," and dragged out a weary, fretting existence, amid baffled hopes and ruined expectations.

It is evident, that the writer whom we first quoted does not allude to the kind of misanthropy, displayed in the two first of the characters which we have attempted in some measure to analyse. Such men as Richard and Iago would now find but small room to bustle in. In the present age, though they might be at heart equally ready to adopt the means best adapted to the accomplishment of their ends, they could never carry them out into action. Or, if they did, dethronement and the block would be the fate of the one, and the other be deemed a fair candidate for the gallows. He refers exclusively to that state of mind which we see so strongly developed in Byron and Rousseau. We have said, that it almost universally belongs to persons of strong sensibilities and tender feelings—and now proceed to state the reasons of its present prevalence.

It may, we think, be in a great measure traced to the existing state of society. Every thing is now constrained and artificial. The author writes less from the free impulse of nature, than for the more subordinate purposes of gaining a livelihood, or eliciting the applause of his contemporaries. He collects a mass of materials, that determine the nature and size of his structure, which oftener resembles a modern saloon than one of those glorious monuments of art, which for-

mer ages have bequeathed to us in their most durable and beautifully proportioned styles of architecture. And so it is in every other profession. There is at this time nothing of the simplicity of savage life, or of the wild excitement of the earlier periods of the world. The gay and gorgeous creations of romance have melted away, like mists before the morning sun, and we can think of them only as beautiful dreams. All is now changed; we can see nothing as it really is; a thick veil is thrown over thing which conceals its real nature, sometimes even from the closest observers. And hence it is, that those who come forward under such auspices, with all the glowing freshness of youth, find few in the great world that can sympathize with their raptures, and shrink back within themselves, to nourish feelings of distrust and coldness to their kind. Many also, forgetting that what was accomplished by genius in a former age, mediocrity can now in most cases effect; and, mistaking the warm aspirations peculiar to their time of life, for indications of the higher orders of talent, are apt to imagine, when engaged on a favorite theme, that they have struck out something original; and the after-conviction, that the ground has been preoccupied and left, comes like a chilling frost upon their spirits. The influence of early disappointment of any sort, on a young man of an ardent and aspiring temperament, is ever withering enough; and more particularly so, when it is a disappointment in an object, for the attainment of which there was a reasonable degree of probability. Philosophy has no antidote to lull him into forgetfulness; and if it had, it would be unfelt and unheeded. For it is an affliction, over which such an one loves to brood to very sickness, though every fresh recollection bring with it a new addition to his misery. And if, perchance, his mind should recover its wonted tranquillity, ever and anon "there will come a token like a scorpion's sting," for a time to throw it back into its former gloominess. Oh, there is a blighting mortification in the idea that the heart has yielded, when it should have burst—that the fire has been quenched that should have dried our life-blood—that the storm has passed over, and we have been content to save our life on the wreck of the goodly vessel to which we had trusted. And for what?—To prolong a miserable existence; to have all the feelings harrowed up into agony; to realize that

the past is nothing but a tissue of melancholy remembrances, and that the future must be a series of sad disappointments;—these are the certain attendants on him who has tasked his powers too heavily, and finds at last their comparative weakness.

The general tone of the popular literature of the day, too, favors the extension of the mental malady of which we are treating. Göethe, Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Lord Byron, exert at this moment an astonishing power over the reading part of the community, and through them on every class of society. And in what are termed the lighter styles of writing, Tom Moore's early Poetical Works, Vivian Grey, and more particularly the Pelham Novels,—can compete with, if not surpass in influence, the splendid creations of the gigantic genius of Scott!

GEOFFREY LA TOUCHE.

PASSAGES FROM A DIARY.

BY CHARLES SHERRY.

Feb. 16th.—WHAT an absurd thing it is to write a Diary; to chronicle one's incoming and outgoing, getting up and lying down, breakfast and dinner, tea and supper. It is pleasant, however, to keep an occasional record of many passages of life, which have given us present amusement, or promise pleasure in their recollection. It is peculiarly gratifying to our self-love, to meet with some pages of an old journal or scrap-book, the circumstances of whose composition we perfectly remember, and compare them with what we should now feel or write on the same subjects. Our opinions and sentiments change as imperceptibly as our chirographies. We love to look over our old opinions and sentiments, and the more feeble and unmeaning they are, the better we are pleased with them. Like the 'down of darkness,' our self-complacency is smoothed till it smiles.

19th.—Called upon Mr. Teufel. It is singular, what strange compositions have been put together, and christened men. My friend most certainly falls within the circle of humanity; but a very few more peculiarities had excluded him.

He is one of the most capricious and whimsical of beings, altogether inconsistent and inexplicable. He has a striking disregard of truth, and tells the most palpable fables unblushingly. He declares himself a large contributor to the reviews: when his highest efforts have been paragraphs for the papers. Every kind of slander, tittle-tattle, tale and embellishment, drops from his lips with the utmost sweetness and sincerity.

I was amused with the information picked up from Mr. Teufel. He told me he had it from the best authority, that Forrest was to appear on his benefit-night in the character of Paul Pry; that at Washington, the authorship of 'The Toadstool' was attributed to Mr. Eaton, of the War Department; and that there was considerable talent in the last number of the 'American Monthly.'

20th.—Sat down after dinner to finish an article for the Collegian. Mr. Lamb called in, to get rid of his own afternoon, and to spoil mine. He is the very prince of bores. The vagrant act ought certainly to be put into stricter execution. For my own part, I think time-killing should be made a capital crime; or at least punishable with a long imprisonment. Petty larceny is an act of virtue compared with it. Mr. Lamb stole three hours from me, and I can obtain no redress. If he had lifted my pocket handkerchief, I could have rid the community of his presence for a six-month.

21st.—Heard of the elopement of Miss Sniffle. Time was, when it would have gone to my heart; but it is singular how men and manners alter! Once I should have sworn to die a bachelor, if I had imagined this lady contemplated a change of state; but now it only leads me to think that I have as good a right to be married as she. I have just been told that the gentleman-lover is called Smith. If I had been intending to assume another name, as a mere matter of taste, I should have preferred Sherry to Smith. However, madam, just as you please!

23d.—Mr. —— insisted on my presenting some of his verses to the Club. What can the fellow mean? Does he think I have no conscience? The rejection of his specimen poem, half as long as the Æneid, would not that satisfy him?

25th.—A malicious acquaintance, who takes pleasure in such things, has been at the trouble of collecting all the criti-

cisms on the Collegian, and sending them to me per mail. The budget, saving the postage, was a very acceptable present, and put me in excellent spirits. It is pleasant to be praised and quoted by men of sense, but how much more agreeable to be abused or slighted by blockheads!

27th.—I have just received from a friend, to whom we have been before much indebted, the following enigma, containing an answer to that in the first number of the Collegian. Am pleased to weave a silken thread into my own cotton tissue, though it may be very much out of place.

ENIGMA.

It came unheard, and darkness veiled its birth,
The child of heaven, yet only seen on earth;
It lay half hidden in the folded leaves,
The sleeping floweret round her bosom weaves,
And when the moonbeam touched it from afar,
It shone and sparkled like a fallen star;
But ah, it trembled in the breath of day,
And softly faded like a dream away.
Such was its fate—and thus, without a stain,
It came to earth, and sought the skies again;
A rosy cradle, and a golden shroud,
Born in a flower, and dying in A CLOUD.

THE SUMMONED.

"Ferdinand of Spain died in an awful manner. He had ordered the brothers Carvajal to be precipitated from a rock, on suspicion of murder; the brothers protested against the sentence, and claimed the privilege of a defence, but in vain. Upon which they summoned him to appear before the tribunal of God, at the end of a month. In thirty days from that time, the monarch died."

THE destiny is on thee, king, thy web of life is spun,
Thy royal tale is fitly told, thy race is fitly run;
The sceptre crumbles in thy hand, the crown upon thy head,
The waning moon shall summon thee to slumber with the dead.

A spirit tone, presaging woe, is on the midnight air,
And phantom shapes the mysteries of other worlds lay bare;
A voice is in the silence of the quiet summer sky,
In every sound an oracle, that tells thee thou must die!

Go, monarch, clad in humble weeds, before the altar bow;
And pray to Him, the holy one, to shrive and save thee now;—

Forsake the path thy haughty foot in former time hath trod,
Shrink from the common eye of man, and give thy days to God.

For they are numbered—prophecy in fearful accents spoke,
When from the wronged and innocent, the solemn warning broke;
Though, in the hour of pomp and pride, a king might little heed
The doom by mortal lip proclaimed, by heavenly power decreed.

Helpless and hopeless—bitterly hath terror stirred his soul;
Dark thoughts of unrequited sin back upon memory roll;
Remorse is writ upon his brow, and sullen-eyed Despair
Hath stamped his deep and deadly seal in burning letters there.

The days roll swiftly on their course, the hour foretold is nigh;
Masses and prayers and choral hymns for a prince about to die!
In Valencia there is mourning heard, and music's solemn strain—
The Summoned slumbers coldly with the buried kings of Spain!

VACATION STROLLINGS OF GEOFFREY LA-TOUCHE.

No. II.

West Point.

READER, I last parted from you at West Point, well pleased with the idea of having completed my day's sail, and being safely replaced on dry land. My first course was to proceed immediately to the hotel, and see if any of my friends were near me. What was my surprise at seeing the name of Francis Airy written out in his neatest characters! I was perfectly delighted. It was right pleasant to meet any fellow-collegian, and particularly the merry-musing-inspired Airy. On inquiry, I found he was within; and, preceded by a gentleman-usher, started off instantly in the search for him. As I climbed up the third pair of stairs, the belief that he must be in a poetical vein came over me; and remembering that it was impossible to calculate on a very warm reception, if he were in this unnatural state of mind, I dismissed my attendant, and giving two or three gentle taps, which were unanswered, opened the door noiselessly and advanced unnoticed to the centre of the apartment. Slowly he turned round in the direction in which I was approaching, and when my eye caught his, he looked vacant awhile, and then as

wild as a coot. I burst into a long, loud, glorious laugh, at seeing him in such a plight, which recalled him in a degree to his senses; for he shook me by the hand, and requested me to take a seat. Accordingly I did so, and amused myself with running him on his ridiculous grimaces, and absurd personal appearance, as the best means of bringing him to a conviction of his relation to me as a descendant of Adam. A few starts—a few attitudes—a few diabolical grins—and Airy was himself again. Thus, being at length on a level with myself, we passed our time in amusing chit-chat, recounting recent incidents, and calling to mind old adventures, until the bell summoned us to the dinner-table.

The weather in the afternoon was fine. The sultry heat of the morning was changed for the refreshing coolness of a north-west breeze, just strong enough to put the tree-tops into their graceful motions. We were not long in determining upon a ramble; and leaving the direction of it to my friend, I anticipated with pleasure a gratification of taste rather than my curiosity.

Our first visit was to the monument erected to the memory of Kosciusko. Its situation is strikingly beautiful, and reminds us strongly of Byron's description in the opening of "The Giaour." As you sail up the river, it is distinctly seen on the very edge of the bank, which descends abruptly to the water-side, covered with underwood and moss-grown rocks. I do not remember the exact height of it; I should say, however, that it was between twenty and thirty feet. The proportions struck me as perfect, and the whole as classical and appropriate. It is of marble, carved with great simplicity, and calculated from its form to outlast many that are gaudier and less deserved

From this we turned our steps toward the burial-ground. The greater part of the walk was through a thick wood that precluded the possibility of seeing it until our arrival. I had heard much about it from travellers, and formed in my imagination an idea, that I was afraid might possibly be unequalled by the reality. But it proved not so—I had done it no justice. It is the loveliest spot I ever visited; and rendered particularly so, by the associations that are ever connected in my mind with places dedicated to such holy purposes. There are not, indeed, many there who have laid them down

to the last dreamless sleep; but they are mostly those who have been cut off in the age of ardent hopes, impassioned feelings, and aspiring ambition. The plain slabs, which bear the names and merits of the deceased, are tributes of affection from their bereaved class-mates. I had rather rest under one of them, than have my bones pressed by the proudest mausoleum that heartless formality ever reared over the relics of the great ones of this world.

The view from this point is not so comprehensive as many others, but in my opinion it is the most captivating. You appear to be enclosed within a range of mountains that entirely shut you out from the rest of the world. As you look round, the whole scenery is of a cast to give a most sublime and yet luxurious tone to the feelings. I have sat there for hours together, watching the scarce perceptible ripple of the wave, gazing on the mountain-side, or following with my eye the light clouds, as they chase each other over the heavens. There is a want of distinctness in wide-spread prospects, which to me is rather unpleasant than otherwise, except for a few moments. And if I were to be confined to one exclusively, I should not hesitate a moment which to choose.

Our stroll was protracted to a late hour, and though it was attended with much fatigue, I suspect neither of us regarded it when attended with so much enjoyment. I had intended to go to Albany, but so much preferred spending my time and money where I was, that the fifth day still found me there. In the afternoon, however, I bade farewell to Airy—and took passage for New-York. I never visited a place with more pleasure, or left one with more regret, than I did West Point. Those who are fond of bustle and excitement, might complain of monotony while resident there; but I come not under that class, and consequently felt nothing of it. The chief attraction is natural beauty, and all who are lovers of it will find ample exercise for their taste. For myself, if it should be my ill fortune never to see it again, I could at any time recall its slightest peculiarities, so indelibly are they impressed on my memory. It is now many months since I was there, and yet I have at this moment before my eye, the minutest features of that varied landscape, as plainly as when studying them from my favorite retreat.

CATILINE.*

My bitterest curse upon thee, Rome!
A curse upon the craven race
That deign to make thy towers their home,
Thy marble tombs their burial-place.
A curse on every living thing
That crawls within thy gate:
To me it would a solace bring
To know that thou wert withering,
To see thee desolate.

In youth I fondly burned to write
On glory's scroll a lasting name;
One that disgrace might never blight—
A watchword in the ranks of fame.
And to the last, that fairy dream
Would still my hours delude,—
Still would a transient, sunlit beam
Of future glory brightly gleam
O'er my heart's solitude.

The vision that in youth was seen,
I feel may not prove real now;
I scorn the laurel, that has been
A circlet for plebeian brow!
That this dimmed gift should yet be mine,
Can never and shall never be;
As bright as aye each flower must shine,
As green as aye each leaf you twine,—
Or 'twere no boon for me!

My bitterest curse upon thee, Rome!
Soon may thy sculptured honors fall—
Ruin destroy thy stateliest dome—
Thy glory find oblivion's pall!
Among thy fallen temples soon,
Among thy childrens' tombs,
May wild beasts stalk, unharmed, at noon—
The howling watch-dog bay the moon,
Guarding deserted homes!

* This piece appeared some time since in one of the Boston papers.

Straight to the battle-field I go—
My faithful steel drinks deep to-day—
He scarce will find a craven foe,
Who bars the lion from his prey.
The festal bowl with blood is crowned—
My faithful few, pledge deep—
Ruin to Rome!—one solemn round—
Ye—whom in life one tie has bound,
And in the last long sleep.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

No. II.

A month has elapsed since our first number was presented to the public.—Again have piles of dark manuscript been transformed to fair-typed sheets, and again are Notes and Notices demanded to close the pages of No. II.

The courteous reception of our past exertions by those whose good opinion we only desire, has dissipated most of the anxiety which attended our first appearance; and, encouraged by their approbation, we can regard superficial censure and flippant raillery with stoical indifference.

Perhaps the greatest amusement we enjoy in our editorial retirement is, to hear the wise remarks of our friends on our last—to listen to the criticisms they bestow according to the dictates of their taste, and observe the timid mildness with which they condemn, for fear they should unfortunately censure a piece to its—author. Some employ themselves in unravelling the mysteries of the Editorial Fraternity, and personifying its members; while others unceremoniously pronounce the Club—a phantasy, and have the boldness to assert, that the article from Westphalia can be but—a ham. We lament sincerely the poverty of their imaginations.

For the benefit of these curious but incredulous individuals, we will again withdraw the veil of mystery, which covers the arcana of the Club, and grant them a view of the fraternity in full meeting. If they discover, in the sober and stern features of Father Luke, and the compact and substantial frame of Geoffrey, any thing which declares them mere creations of the brain; if in Templeton's exterior they observe aught which has not the semblance of reality; if in Airy, Sherry, or myself they mark that which does not befit beings of this sublunary earth, then they may persist in absurdity unreproved, and call us what they will.

At the appointed time, all save Sherry had taken their accustomed seats round the green table. Father Luke, from deference to his age, was established at the head of the table, in one of

those venerable oak-chairs, or rather thrones (θρόνοι as he denominates them,) which not unfrequently grace a college room, and one of which our kind hostess, at his earnest request, had procured. This added a venerable dignity to the stateliness of our veteran brother, and exhibited him to the greatest advantage. On his right GEOFFREY had accommodated himself to a curiously wrought, but remarkably firm mahogany chair, upon which he declared he could move freely, without fear of its demolition. For GEOFFREY, in any interesting description or ludicrous narration, is very vehement. On the left was SHERRY's vacant seat, and next sat AIRY luxuriating in a cushioned rocking-chair, and pouring out a plaintive ditty to the moon. This, however, I was not able to transcribe, its sublimity rendering it rather obscure. On the other side, TEMPLETON was engaged in examining No I., and lamenting over several typographical errors, which he discovered, and for which he intended to reprimand the corrector of the proof, as severely as his gentle nature would permit.

It was long ere the expected SHERRY arrived. LOCKFAST and LA-TOUCHE had concluded a long discussion upon the different representations of St. Magdalen. AIRY had exhausted his poetic vein and was beginning to converse rationally. TEMPLETON had ceased his lamentations, and I cut up at least five quills before three gentle editorial taps announced the arrival of the recreant SHERRY. He entered, and began, with his usual "modest assurance," a score of excuses, which were accepted, after a sound rating from LOCKFAST, on the advantages of punctuality.

As soon as LUKE's words had been properly digested, and SHERRY taken his seat, the business was commenced by the reading the following communications:—

"A Comparison of English and German Literature."

"The Pleasures of College—or, An Answer to LOCKFAST's 'COLLEGE LIFE.'"

"Periodicals and Magazines."

"Montano and Sylvia, a Pastoral in four parts."

"Translation from the Spanish of Yriarte."

AIRY produced a critique on Coleridge's Works, some dozens of epigrams, sonnets, and odes, besides an epic poem to be continued through the five numbers.

LA-TOUCHE, with an eye which betokened the approach of merriment, drew from his pocket sundry notes and epistles which he had received upon the "COLLEGIAN." These he read in his peculiar manner, and with such an expression of countenance, and such a tone of voice, that he afforded infinite amusement, and entirely overcame even the gravity of FATHER LUKE. This sage, however, declared, in a decisive voice, that his thoughts and time were sufficiently occupied in the preparation of his own productions, without engaging in the examination or reading of others' effusions.

TEMPLETON, with great zeal and energy began a most lengthy and profound Disquisition, from a friend, on "Party Spirit and Sectional Prejudices." This he was very anxious should have a

place in the pages of the "COLLEGIAN," and spoke with his natural enthusiasm in its favor, maintaining it would give a character to the second number, in which the first was wofully deficient; namely, an attention to the moral improvement and mental elevation of the reader. Although LUKE also advocated its admission, TEMPLETON was compelled to hear its condemation to "Oblivion's receptacle," as FRANK AIRY denominates the basket for rejected communications. GEOFFREY then, to comfort TEMPLETON and let his favorite die an honorable death, proposed the immediate singing of the dirge, which was usually left till the business of the evening was over.

LA-TOUCHE. Bring the wicker basket nigh,
Piled with prose and verses high.
LUKE. Deeply groaning—
AIRY. Like the surge,
TEMPLETON. Much bemoaning—
SHERRY. Chant the DIRGE.

CHORUS.

Rest, oh rest! Thy life is o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of coming fame no more.
The wicker basket knows not waking!

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Thee, no one will think of naming,
While you rest for ever here
You will meet no critic's blaming!

Sleep! who ne'er wert born to weep,
Sleep! and know not groans nor sighing;
Sleep thy long eternal sleep
Within the wicker basket lying.

Rest, oh rest! Thy life is o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of coming fame no more,
The wicker basket knows not waking.

Business concluded, Mr AIRY jumped up, and began, in flowing metre, an extempore effusion on CRITICISM; so melodious, alas, that it fell upon my ears like the sound of a flowing stream, and ere I was aware, a lethargy had overpowered me. TEMPLETON informs me that FRANK had spouted three hundred lines, when

waxing warm, his energetic manner awakened the reader's humble servant. It was past 12; the lights burned dimly; the members were grumbling, and AIRY with enthusiastic gesture was bearing down all opposition. My automatic pen began to move, from the moment I caught the sound of his voice.

AIRY. ——————ve I say it cannot be.
No brothers no—upon this rolling sphere,
There 's no such thing as CRITICISM fair.
For as I lay beside a gushing stream,
My eyelids closed, and in a dream,
Methought I saw a matron, I avow,
With Criticism pencilled on her brow,
Who erst did dwell in Plato's learned shades,
And wandered 'mid the Grecian colonnades;
Who paced with candor on the early stage,
And lighted up the sophist's glowing page.
I saw—and lo! her face was deadly pale,—
Her eye, a wasting fire,—her voice a hollow wail,—
Her wings were drooping,—in her eye a tear,—
And flowing was her much dishevelled hair;
And close behind appeared a motley band,
Who gave pursuit with goosequills in their hand.
Their pointed pens the flying matron feels;
She flies them still; they follow at her heels.
Now Satire's shafts fly 'venomed through the air;
And Malice follows with her bosom bare;
And in the rear are Ridicule and Mirth,
Uniting, all, to chase her from the earth.
Nor vain th' attempt. For, ah, with swelling cheeks,
The Puffs pursue in every path she seeks,
And blow until, some scornful glances given,
The classic Matron 's puffed away to Heaven.
Thus Criticism went.—No more the sage,
With energy divine, will lash the age.
No more the sophist, with judicious pen,
Will criticise the teeming works of men.
The modern critic—

LUKE LOCKFAST. Is your beardless fop,
Your scribbling quibbler from a grocer's shop—
Your very boy who rhymes his love-sick lays,—
A baby-judge—oh, these degenerate days!

FRANK AIRY. No interruption,—LUKE,—I do entreat,—

The modern critic—
LA-TOUCHE Has a leg and feet
Of monstrous size, like Hercules of old,
With which he daunts the boldest of the bold;
A Neal-ish, growling, barking, snarling cur,
That tries to put you down with "Nonsense, Sir!"
AIRY. Distraction! GEOFFREY! Do but hear me speak!
The modern critic, brothers,—
TEMPLETON. Is a weak
Review'r, who tries your essay by its name,
And writes a critique to increase his fame;
Who 'll try—for cash—to bruise a work with cuffs,
For cash,—to swell it with his windy puffs.
AIRY, (*Stopping Templeton's mouth*)
Heaven and Earth! The modern critic is—
SHERRY. A famished author, with a half-starved phiz;
A slender man, in brown from ears to toes;
With black-rimmed twinklers on a Roman nose.
AIRY. Oh No! No! No! That 's not the thing I mean,
My critic is a girl of sweet sixteen;
A lovely maiden, with a speaking eye,
Who 'll read a tale with many a heart-felt sigh.
With ruby lips I 'll paint my pretty sage,
And ringlets curling o'er the lily page,—
LUKE. O shameful scandal! (*hiding his face in his hands*).
TEMPLETON. Scandalous indeed!
AIRY. A critic who for others' pain will bleed,—
A critic lovely as a summer fairy.—
SHERRY. Infatuated man!
LA-TOUCHE. Poor raving AIRY!
AIRY. A critic who will read but never doubt!
SHERRY. Infuriated being!
LOCKFAST. Scandal!
OMSES, Turn him out!

At this juncture poor Mr AIRY precipitately rushed from the Club Room. It was rumored about next day, that he had been heard ranting in the College yard, and finishing the definition of his Critic, to the great nuisance of the soporific Sophs. How this may be, we do not pretend to say, having related the affair just as it took place, without malice or extenuation.

THE

COLLEGIAN.

No. III.

APRIL, 1830.

CRITICISM.

We had thought of sending out a long, serious, and stupid essay on criticism; but our conscience is still tender, and we reflected that it was unfair to oblige people to pay for what we could not ourself advise them to read. It is unpardonable to be purposely dull. If the remarks that follow, then, are in a less grave and magisterial tone than the subject may seem to require; if our premises lead to conclusions, less regularly than mathematical demonstrations; our readers will have the charity to ascribe it partly to accident, and partly to design.

We have no idea of joining in the common cry of distressed authors, against literary censorship. Criticism, when fairly and liberally exercised, is an art entitled to all respect and consideration. Ability to judge correctly on subjects that fall within the province of taste and judgment, supposes the possession of some of the highest qualities of mind. It frequently requires more talent, and a greater variety of talent, to judge well, than to write well. To understand the harmonies of a work of genius; to comprehend its design, in all its relations; to feel its beauties, to detect its faults; demands a full developement, and an accurate balance, of all our powers. It requires original susceptibility, much observation of men and things, a discerning and discriminating power, and a proper confidence in the results of our own reflection. A philosophical critic

must also be a man of elevated character; to raise himself above local and private partialities, and the narrow schools or systems of the time in which he lives; to resist the influence of incorrect popular opinions; and to suffer no political, religious, or private prejudice to sway his deliberate judgments. Is not such a critic less frequently to be met with than a great orator, philosopher, or poet?

Disposed, then, to pay all respect to the art, and to rank it perhaps much higher than most of its practitioners would be willing to do,—it is our intention to offer a few remarks on the different kinds of popular criticism, and its gross abuses.

It would be making altogether too solemn a matter of it, to apply the term *oral criticism* to the strictures which are circulated in fashionable assemblies. After the usual topics of health, weather, and friends, are got over as safely and comfortably as possible, those members of society whose faculties remain unimpaired after such an exhausting exercise, and whose mental vision embraces a little wider horizon, may hazard a remark on the poem, novel, or work of art, that is at that time exciting the most general interest. Now it is more than probable that there will be neither propriety nor sincerity in the discussion which follows. In society, the aim of most men is of course to be agreeable rather than accurate, to be polite and amusing rather than to be liberal or just. They are prone to praise and flatter, where they can expect favor by so doing; or to ridicule and abuse, if an opportunity for spirited sarcasm or acceptable abuse present itself. But even this censorship, however unfair, might be looked upon with some degree of patience, if confined within proper limits. It immediately degenerates into personalities. Works are left for authors, and pictures for artists; and a conversation which began with criticism, ends with scandal.

Of an order still lower than conversational criticism, is that of the newspapers and magazines. Not to mention that a majority of those who have the management of such affairs are incapable of forming a correct opinion on matters of taste, there are a thousand circumstances to influence the judgment of the really intelligent. Most public journals are enlisted in the service of particular men, principles, or sects. As works then proceed from a friend or an enemy, as sen-

timents expressed agree or militate with peculiar creeds, they regard them kindly or unfavorably. Unjust blame or commendation is looked upon as a matter of course; and the grossest misrepresentations and most evident falsehoods are circulated with as little respect for the purposes and proprieties of criticism, as for the good taste and good sense of the public. These remarks may apply most particularly to the daily and weekly British press; on which we can place no dependence for information as to the current literature. Those papers which are not pledged to a party, and do not judge a book by the politics of the author, are owned or supported by wealthy publishers; and puffs of a new work are as regular items of expense as the printing and paper.

The criticism of the quarterly reviews is influenced in a great degree by similar circumstances. The supporters of these works are undeniably men of distinguished talents, learning, and reputation; but is easy to explain in what manner even such men may be unduly influenced in their decisions. Superior to the mean inducements that act upon minor critics, they take juster and more liberal views of literary merit; but they too have their favorite schools of poetry, philosophy, and religion to support; political principles and systems to which they must require conformity. They are sectarians or partisans. Political prejudices, however, operate with much less force on literary criticism in our own country than in England, where the subjects of party discussion are more clearly defined, and parties themselves more settled and permanent.

All these writers are too apt to forget the legitimate objects of criticism. It is hardly fair, when we reflect upon the matter, to condemn a beautiful poem because it was written by a tory; or to decry a spirited novel, because its author is a fop. A man may entertain dangerous political notions, and yet write a very pretty sonnet. Foppery is contemptible, but a dandy may with reason be less proud of his ideas than of his person, and array them in very neat and modest habiliments. We are far from saying that a mind does not contract a taint from wrong political principles, or personal foibles; or that this taint may not be communicated to its productions. An author may be chastised for the character he assumes on paper, and if he expose

any of his absurdities may be lawfully ridiculed. But farther than a writer displays himself, the critic has no right to expose him. We have no more to do with the moral or personal character of an author, whose writings are unexceptionable, than with the moral or personal character of any other man; and as little right to make it the subject of public discussion.

There is some good even in the most unfair criticism. It excites inquiry, and keeps alive an interest in literary subjects, that operates favorably both on writers and readers. The principal evils resulting from it may be comprised in a few words. It elevates weak authors to places they have no right to occupy, spoiling men who might have been really reputable in the lower trades and callings of life, and slept peaceably without having fool or blockhead carved upon their monuments, and shouted over their dry bones. Or it may disappoint and destroy true genius by subjecting it to ill-timed ridicule, and underserved abuse. For men of splendid powers are sensitive as to the reception they meet with from critics, not because it gives them a different opinion of their own merits, but as it may influence their reception with that world, whose praise is the guerdon for which they have condescended to struggle.

We hardly intended when commencing this article, to wind up an essay on criticism in general, with a thought or two on college criticism in particular. But it has occurred to us to ask why college productions are received, both abroad and at home, with such jealousy and distrust. It would seem, from the strictures our own labors have met with, that they are liable to the most inconsistent objections that could possibly be alleged against the crudest compositions. They are at once too heavy, and too light; too labored and too careless; too dull and too smart; too ignorant and too knowing. Every damnatory epithet in the vocabulary has been applied to them; and it is quite astonishing that we are not very much annoyed by such treatment. Even to a person not particularly sensitive, it is a sad thing to be assured that his poetry is peculiarly like his prose, and his prose peculiarly indifferent. But a thousand arrows may be showered upon the shield of vanity, without piercing its triple brass!

Ramon, the Rover of Cuba. The personal Narrative of that celebrated Pirate. Translated from the original Spanish. Boston. Richardson, Lord, & Holbrook. 1829.

This is the title of a small volume which has lately made its appearance, among the host of publications with which the press is teeming. We have had no opportunity of seeing or hearing what sort of a reception it has met or is likely to meet with; but judging from the character of the book, we should say that it was so ill suited to the public taste, that it would have but small chance for distinction. There is a braggadocio recital of cold-blooded murders, which is rather disgusting than otherwise; and a number of contradictions in the character of the hero, which we can in no way reconcile. These faults would be enough to condemn it at once, if they were not occasionally relieved by redeeming beauties. There is frequently a vividness of conception, and a strength of expression, that make the reader forget, in some measure, the deformities which are too often forced upon his attention. On the whole it is a tolerably fair specimen of its kind, and the publishers may not lose money, though the author can gain but little reputation by it.

Apart from the merit or demerit of the work, we should be sure to take a pleasure in perusing it; for we have ever had a strange *penchant* for pirate-life. There is a wildness and an excitement in it, belonging to none of the more legitimate and pacific occupations. Byron's "Corsair," Scott's "Pirate," Mr. Dana's very beautiful poem of the "Buccaneer," and Cooper's "Red Rover," which has been so harshly judged at the tribunals of taste, have each in their turn been read and re-read by us. Neither have the monstrous exaggerations of the newspaper, nor the published confessions of some luckless wight, who has sailed under the black flag, and been betrayed, by his own carelessness or the force of circumstances, into the hands of justice, been deemed entirely unworthy of our notice.

Yet it is not merely for the gratification of an idle curiosity, or a love of the excitement which such tales generally

produce, that we seek after them. Our object is, to study the shades of a character so totally different from the every-day patch-works of humanity, that are constantly to be met with. Nor are we alone in this sentiment; there are many, we believe, who can enter into it fully with us. For, of all the characters in real life, there is not one more striking, nor more likely to engage the feelings and imagination. The lonely adventurer of the pathless ocean carries with him our ardent sympathies; but the pirate, who to all the hardihood of the seaman unites the ferocity of the savage, excites a deep and thrilling interest. He has at once disowned all fellowship with his race; he is suspicious and distrustful, even of those who are his companions in guilt; he stands forth unassisted, unguided, friendless man; an enemy to his kind, a revolter from his God—warring at once against the strength of man, and the most powerful material agents of the Deity. All the nice and tender sensibilities of his nature have been eradicated. Love and pity, hope and fear, are alike strangers to his breast. Neither visions of glory, nor the prospect of disgrace, can for one moment dissipate the dark, thunder-fraught cloud that shrouds his heart. He is entirely the creature of the most tremendous passions, carried to their fullest extent.

This is not a mere phantom of the brain,—the embodying of a fanciful conception. It is a picture taken from real life, and one whose colors even the rain-bow hues of imagination cannot deepen or vary;—one of the most grand and startling that can be presented to the mental vision. It shows us what human nature can effect when putting forth its full strength; and those who are the promoters of better causes, and act from higher motives, than the pirate, may imbibe from a study of the character, something of his energy, zeal, and resolution.

GEOFFREY LA-TOUCHE.

TO A CAGED LION.

Poor conquered monarch—though the haughty glance
Still speaks thy courage yet unbroke by time,
And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread
Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime—
Fettered by things that shudder at thy roar,
Torn from thy boundless plains to pace this narrow floor.

Thou wast the victor—and all nature shrunk
Before the thunders of thine awful wrath,
Her wildest monsters eyed thee from afar,
Fearless and trackless in thy lonely path,—
The famished tiger closed his flaming eye,
And crouched and panted as thy step went by.

Thou art the vanquished—and insulting man
Smiles at his triumph o'er a mightier thing;
His nerveless arms thine iron sinews bind,
And lead in chains the desert's fallen king:
Are these the beings that have dared to twine
Their feeble threads around those limbs of thine?

So must it be—the weaker, wiser race,
That wields the tempest, and that rides the sea,
Even in the stillness of thy solitude
Must teach the lesson of its power to thee,—
And thou, the terror of the trembling wild,
Must bow thy savage strength—the mockery of a child.

THE CANNIBAL.

I had a strange and fearful dream,
It lingers in my brain,
I 've tried to blot its traces out,
But I have tried in vain;
I would not for an angel's crown
Have such a dream again.

It was a dark and stormy night,
And I was all alone,
When suddenly upon mine eye
A ghastly splendor shone,
And a fiery figure stalked along,
And I heard a hollow moan.

He was a shape of giant size,
  He looked all gaunt and grim;
It seemed as if my locks and bolts
  Were but as threads to him;—
I always double lock my door,
  For I am short and slim.

My tongue it cleaved unto my jaws,
  As it were in a vice;
My heart lay cold upon my ribs,
  As any lump of ice;
My knees they rattled fearfully,
  As men do rattle dice.

He opened wide his earthquake jaws,
  And up his arm he flung;
Then I did give a feeble cry,
  And to the bed-post clung,
For he had mighty lion teeth,
  And a flaming, forked tongue.

He said he was a cannibal,
  And that he walked by night,
And that he once had been a man,
  But now he was a sprite,
And that he knew how I was young,
  And came to take a bite.

And then he pinched my meagre cheek,
  And felt my shoulders spare,
And growled and grumbled over me,
  And pawed me like a bear;
Then I did think of all my sins,
  And tried to say a prayer.

He swore it was full many a day
  Since mortal flesh he saw,
And now he thought a burning coal
  Was lying in his maw;
With that he gnawed me with his teeth,
  And clutched me with his claw.

Then I did try once more to shriek,
  And sight and hearing fled,
But I could feel him munching me,
  As people munch their bread,
And poison breathing from his lips,
  Like vapors from the dead.

When he had done his meal he flung
My carcass in a sack,
And shouldered what there was of me,
As pedlars do their pack;—
I woke,—it was my breakfast-time,
And I was on my back.

PASSAGES FROM A DIARY.

By Charles Sherry.

March 4th.—Troubled with the blue-devils, to whom some day I must pen a tributary ode. To aggravate my distress took out my old correspondence with Miss Sniffle. How differently her letters read from what they used to! The hand-writing is wretched,—and all these sincere promises of everlasting love, appear cold, meagre, and miserable. But when I think that she neglected all opportunity of cultivating her mind, I do not know that it is much to be wondered at. But at any rate these misspellings are entirely unpardonable; and on second thoughts it really does appear that she has altogether too much contempt for Lowth and Murray;—strange that I never noticed this before! There is a good deal of variety in her orthography, however; for here is the same word spelt in three different styles on the same page. She carried her prejudices against correctness altogether too far. Here is some of her copied poetry,—in the most cramped and crooked hand, and blotted by some trivial mistakes. For by the quiver of Dian, by the tongue of Juno, by the pincushion of Minerva, she has written "Cupid's wing," by an unlucky omission, "Cupid's wig!" There they go—letter by letter—one after another—into those lambent flames. How fortunate that I have given them a calm perusal; for what would my executors have thought if they had found among my papers, a correspondence with so illiterate a character!

10th.—Called upon La-Touche, and found an aggravation of tragic horrors seated upon his ruby countenance, as upon a throne. He was suffering under the infliction of a fiddle,

which was suffering severely under the hands of an unskilful performer. La-Touche was quite upon the high horse, as he has an excellent ear for music, and is a young man of a very violent imagination. He thought it a spirit from a distant sphere, sent to punish him for his wickedness; and that he should be terrified at such a circumstance, is not at all to be wondered at, for he is a wicked creature. I talked him into rationality again, and the demoniac glare of his eye subsided into a quiet stare. "I have been to the room whence those sounds issue," said La-Touche, "but I have been denied admittance. If however, as I do not believe, they came from an instrument played upon by human fingers, I will lie in wait for this marrer of melody, and bastinado him to the perfect satisfaction of my rage." Thus speaking, he drew himself up to his full height of five feet ten, and seized upon the cudgel which, in its graceful suspension, forms a distinguishing ornament of his apartment. I desired him to give up his purpose of vengeance, and to recreate himself with a little conversation; and as the sounds of the instrument ceased about that time, he dropped into a lethargic acquiescence with my wishes.

I then began a dissertation on instruments; and more particularly on that class called fiddles. Mr. La-Touche took the word from my lips, and continued,—"A violin, Mr. Sherry, is as magnificent an affair in the hands of a master, as it is excruciating under the fingers of a novice. It is capable of the most exquisite harmony, and the most direful discord. No one should attempt to play upon it, who is not blessed with a peculiar inspiration from nature. If in his earliest days the infant will be soothed only by the sound of a fiddle; if the first object he cries for is the fiddlestick; if he insists, before he is a twelvemonth old, upon grappling manfully with the instrument; if from his early youth he attempts to conform the members and muscles of his body to the necessary gyrations; if he can devote all his nights and days to it;—there is some hope that in the course of a great many years he will become a reputable performer. But how can I speak so calmly? The recollection of these horrible sounds will haunt me for years. I have been cursed for the last half hour with subjects for melancholy that will continue with me till I am a grey-haired man."

I quieted his rising indignation, and remarked on the introduction of drums, fiddles, fifes, and flutes into the college buildings. He thought the circumstance quite a nuisance, especially when the instruments in question were subjected to the inveterate perseverance of beginners. I told him they did not disturb me at all.

"Disturb you at all—with your miserable apology for an intellect. You know that you are entirely deficient in musical sense—the finest and noblest we are inspired with; you can't distinguish a penny whistle from a German flute; and even with these miserable deficiencies, can you tell me that you are not annoyed to death by these diabolical caricatures and aggravations of discord?"

Mr. La-Touche had become quite personal, and very insane, and I saw safety only in a rapid retreat.

15*th*. A beautiful day, and I indulged myself with a walk into the capital. I met a great many things about the streets, which come under that class of animals called Fops. How peculiarly despicable—these baboons, ourang-outangs, puppy-dogs,—complete in every requisite but the tail. Is it possible that any rational being can affect the character?

16*th*. Forgot to mention a sorry calamity, which came near being my ruin. In returning in the afternoon from the city, I was accosted by a well-dressed, fine-looking man, who thought it a very pleasant day. I looked at him in blank astonishment, and told him, as my deliberate opinion, that it was a very pleasant day indeed. This meeting took place on the draw of the bridge. I stood a minute, to let the gentleman choose his sidewalk, and myself took possession of the other. My friend, however, was not to be disconcerted. With astonishing coolness he retraced his steps, and manifested his determination to enjoy my conversation, by placing himself at my side, and resisting my earnest endeavors to get rid of him. I walked slow,—I walked fast; but my unknown friend could adapt himself to any length or swiftness of pace. I stopped and looked over the railing of the bridge; he seemed to have his time entirely at his own command, and to have as much inclination to gaze upon the water as myself. I looked upon the clouds, to teach him that I did not recognize his presence; I made faint attempts at a whistle, but he did not attend to

me. He had only a word or two to say, when his attention was excited by some remarkable object; but his remarks seemed to be uttered solely for his own private gratification. We past over the bridge, and I became seriously anxious. He stopt occasional pedestrians, and inquired of them in a very insinuating tone the way to certain specified places, but could never find a person who had ever before heard of them. By the best fortune, about a mile this side of the bridge, I met a couple of my very good friends, going out on their afternoon walk, and without looking to the right or the left added myself to their company. I thought my companion would stop with me, and insist upon an introduction. But he passed on, and when, in a minute or two I looked up to see where he had gone, I could find no trace of him. I could not imagine who he was, or what had become of him, but on second thoughts I am satisfied that it was either Mr. Hock or the Devil.

17*th.* Called upon the Skeleton, and found Mr. La-Touche with him, very pale and haggard from his late sufferings. He was in miserable spirits, but made a pun on the occasion that rendered him quite happy. "I advised him," said Geoffrey, "to alter his name from Bon-*a-parte* to Bon-*in-toto*." I remonstrated with him on the vileness of the joke, and the absurdity of exposing himself thus in a public place; but he was insensible to my reproaches, and continued fondly chuckling over his wretched conceit.

19*th.* Conversed with Miss Pertlet about the Collegian. She thought it on the whole a miserable affair; whereupon I bowed very low, as I considered her censure a compliment. I should have felt wretchedly if she had praised it; for she is no more a judge of writing than Lockfast is of horseflesh.

20*th.* The editor calls upon me for copy, and I am obliged to send part of my private Diary. How sorry it is to expose one's secret thoughts in this manner; but my worthy friend assumes a threatening attitude, and declares there is no alternative.

ACTORS.

We were reading the other day in that oldfashioned book, Anacharsis' Travels, that Polus, a great tragic actor at Athens, earned sometimes a talent, 225 pounds, in forty-eight hours. At a time when there was so much less of the circulating medium than at present, this sum would amount to a yearly income, such, probably, as no other man in the state obtained by his professional exertions, and very few from their own industry seconded by the revenues of their estates. Now, however the fact may be explained, it is indubitable that great tragic acting has been nearly as lucrative ever since. From the days of Sophocles to our own, it has commanded greater emoluments than the exercise of any other liberal art. Nay more; in Rome, where they could produce neither great actors nor writers in tragedy, we find their tragic pantomimists becoming the richest men in the city. Now in a civilized community, money is the representative of all the comforts, pleasures, and advantages, in a word, of all the good, which is transferable. The quantity, therefore, of this medium, which any man can command by his efforts, is a fair measure, though not perhaps of the intrinsic value, most certainly of the difficulty, of what he does, and of the degree of enjoyment he confers.

This measure appears especially just in the actor's case, when we consider how open his profession is to competition. Nothing but a real, innate want of the ability need prevent any man's rising to the highest rank on the stage. There is no long course of professional studies or preparatory training, far travels, and consults with distant masters, to be gone through, for which time, or opportunity, or means, or patience may be wanting, and which so narrow the circle of competitors, and thus lower the standard of excellence in the other liberal arts. No proud hope need be crushed, no young aspirant excluded from the arena by poverty, or accident, or untoward circumstances. Unlike its sister Sculpture, whose disciple despatches his hard-earned and anxiously collected all to an Italian quarry, for the material of his first, and to him all momentous essay—toils day

and night, with the devotion of youth and genius, on the block within whose yet formless lineaments is wrapt up the secret of his fate—and perhaps at last, by a fatal motion of the chisel, shatters the palladium of his existence, and strows every hope, with the marble fragments, to the ground;—all unlike this, the stage presents a field where every man, with a little hard study, may fully and fairly display all the capacities of his nature, and be certain, by continued exertion, to raise himself to the highest point at which those capacities will sustain him.

Here, then, we have a profession, already large, and entirely open to any who may wish to enter it: an ardent throng is already in the lists; there are no bars without to new accessions, nor within to a fair, naked, universal competition; and we have seen above, that a rich and most alluring prize is proffered for decided eminence and manifested greatness. What now must we conclude, if nevertheless this greatness and this eminence have, in fact, been very rare; if we find that Greece, Rome, France, and England have not together produced a score of great tragedians*—hardly so many as either of them has produced of orators, painters, musicians, or architects? What can we conclude, but that first-rate tragic acting requires a rare combination of powers, and genius of a high stamp,—that a great tragedian, in short, is a very great man?

This testimony of the history of acting is in exact accordance, we think, with the opinion of the art to which any reflecting man would be led by his own observation. To say nothing of the many requisite bodily endowments, whose proper rarity is doubled by the necessity of their union with mental powers equally rare,—it is evident that the complete personification of the greatest dramatic characters requires not only a passion-kindled imagination, capable of comprehending and making its own the whole conception of the poet, with more intenseness and distinct-

* We use *tragedian*, for an actor of tragedies,—*tragic poet*, for a writer of them. And here it may be well to state at once, to avoid the necessity of the farther use of epithets, that throughout this piece, in speaking of tragedians or actors, we intend exclusively *great actors of great parts*.

ness of emotion than is ever required in the mere reader, or always, perhaps, in the mere writer,—but an almost intuitive insight into language and human nature, and an acute power of induction, to enable the personifier to conceive truly and fully the character he is to represent, from the single medium by which the poet has set it forth, and thus enable himself to express it by many other media of his own—look, gesture, and utterance.

The actor must be susceptible at once of the strongest and the most delicate emotions of our nature. He must be master of the heart,—able to sound each of its varied and unnumbered strings, "from its lowest note to the top of its compass." He must look through and through both the poet and the poet's creation. He must spread a wing of genius and soar to the highest heaven of the poet's invention, and at the same time bring into action the utmost power of analysis, to explore the depths of the hero's soul. Thus only can he seize with certainty upon the prominent points, and distinguish the slight, finishing shades of that he is to delineate. In short, what Macpherson says of translating, may, with less hesitation, though not perhaps with perfect truth, be applied to acting—"A translator who cannot equal his original, is incapable of expressing its beauties."

When the actor is thus qualified for his task, compare the exhibition he gives of his conceptions, with that of the painter or sculptor. Either of the latter presents you with the bodily manifestation of a spirit at some one instant of its existence. The actor sets before you a spirit in all its workings, through a long train and climax of agitating scenes. The sculptor, too, embodies and manifests this spirit in marble,—the actor in himself. Nature must have provided the latter both with the capacity for the conception, and the material for its developement; but if the sculptor have the conception within him, the physical world will supply the rest. Thus the actor must depend more exclusively upon himself; both the sources and the rewards of his success are more thoroughly his own. Besides, is there not something essentially nobler in expressing one's self by what God has not thought unfit to be the organs of the immortal principle,—the soul-stirred and stirring gesture, the *os hominis sublime*, and that richest current in which

the fountains of sound ever flowed, the human voice,—than to gather from the surface or extract from the bosom of the earth, the inert and perhaps ignoble matter by which to help our imaginings into the light.

But perhaps the rare and lofty talent requisite for the profession we are extolling, will be more readily acknowledged than its beneficial influences. We certainly have not space to enter into a proof of the excellent moral and mental effects of good dramatic exhibitions. Had we, however, it were of no use; for we have not the vanity to suppose that we could convince what have always proved wholly unconvincible—bigotry and impotence. What but the most arrant bigotry can refuse the tribute of admiration to the expansive and elevating nature of the tragic drama? What but some sad internal debility, or some obtuseness of the senses, can help appreciating the services of the tragedian—to the educated classes, in making doubly impressive all that is great and good in this drama,—and to the lower classes, in making them acquainted with the finest poetry, by the only possible means which can bring it to their level—in raising them, spite of their condition, to be partakers of a rich intellectual banquet, which they survey with as much delighted wonder, and by which they find their whole system as much exalted, as we may suppose those few olden mortals to have done, who were raised by a benignant Jove to the table of the gods.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

The shade of Deborah, as I live! Deborah, my ancient and puritanic aunt, who was gathered while I carried a satchel! And, gracious heaven! beside her is the form, the awfully venerable form of the unfathomably learned ———. Ah! they approach, with countenances at once *in sorrow and in anger!* They ope their lips. Mercy on us, aunt, what a dreadful cold you have caught in the grave! She upbraids me in a tone to which the direst she ever uttered when alive, was music. "How dare you—those wicked, drunken acting men and women—Rome—Paris—of Babylon—for certain you are possessed—ah, the good old virtuous times, when there was no theatre,"—are all the accents I can distinguish. And now the other,

my childhood's pedagogue—he that the likeness of a flowing wig hath on. "Very improper in a young man to advocate a profession which has been resolved by our wise and learned fathers a public nuisance." His forefinger is warningly raised, his head—

> *Nay, never shake thy woollen locks at me.*
> *Avaunt, and quit my sight!*
> *Unreal mockeries, hence!—Why so; being gone,*
> *I am a man again!*

Restoring, therefore, our lamp and inkstand to the equilibria from which they have been thrown during the agitation excited in us by this obstinate prosopopœia of imagination, and picking our dropped pen from the sheet which it has sadly blotted in its fall, we will proceed as fast as may be; but not certainly without attempting some reply to complaints thus impressively urged upon us; especially as they are not unlikely, perhaps, to find an echo in the living, unimaginary bosom of some discreet and respected reader.

If then the objection be, that what we have advanced is false, it will be known or can be shown to be so; and the editors of this publication will not refuse their pages to a refutation, if creditably written, of any thing advanced in them. But if, the justness of our views being undenied, they are assailed as audacious, of pernicious tendency, controverting the rooted sentiments of the ancient and pious, we would have the assailant to know at once that his day is gone by. Truth is no longer unwelcome on any subject, or from any source. If venerable censors wish to impress the public with what we deem their prejudices against the acted drama, and if anxious mothers wish to prevent their sons from running on the stage, we assure them, they cannot effect their object by trying to hide what is noble or useful in the tragedian's profession. It cannot, should not be hidden. Let them show, if they can, that the evil predominates over the good, or that the evil is anywise necessary. But let them not forget that prejudice can never be either of individual or of public service, and that that most certainly is prejudice which startles at free inquiry. It is sad enough to see an old man, encumbered with a crew of cherished whims and bigotries, and shrinking from the path of inquiry, lest some one of them be wounded by each new inlet of

light; but is it not far sadder to see a young mind thus miserably hoodwinked and beset? Who is to show a fearless confidence in the truth, if not *the young student?* And where is he to show it, if not in a publication like the present, which rests on his own responsibility, and is exclusively his own work? If our friends wish us to write at all, do they not wish us to write and think for ourselves? In the recitation-room, we will say what the text-book says; at public exhibitions we will endeavor to make our performances accord with the tastes and the opinions of those who assign us our parts and present us to the public; but in the anniversaries of our own clubs, and in the pages of our own magazine, we may certainly be permitted "to act out honestly our whole characters," and to show ourselves, what we are every week pronounced in the pulpit, free agents. We are sent here to become thinkers, and not, we would humbly suggest, either parrots, to repeat on *all* occasions the words of our teachers, or owls, to shrink from the light.

Presuming, therefore, to disregard the murmurs of offended prejudice, and all mere ejaculatory upbraidings, we would say a word on the single objection into which all that can be urged against us, bearing the semblance of reason, must finally resolve itself—namely, the miserable moral characters which many tragedians have borne, and the disgrace which they have thus brought upon their profession. That such has too often been the case will not be denied; but that it has been universal or general, will by no means be allowed, while we can repeat the names of Garrick, Talma, Kemble, Booth, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Duff; while we recollect, too, the honorable stand which the tragedians took in ancient Greece—entrusted with the most important embassies, swaying from the *bema* the popular assembly, and absolutely required, before they were permitted to enter the profession, to be free from all stains of character which could unfit them for filling the highest offices of state, or discharging the holiest functions of religion.

With such facts before us, have the comparatively few instances of a contrary tendency a right to be deemed indicative of anything essential to the actor's life? Are they in reality more numerous or more flagrant than the

abuses to which other noble occupations are liable. What more severely and graspingly intellectual, than the efforts of the great advocate; yet what more despicable, and more common, too, than the paltry mischief of the strife-stirring pettifogger? The highest post in our nation—the most glorious prize which the world presents to political talent and virtue—has it not even now become dedicated to the brokerage of petty offices, and the promulgation of bad grammar?

Indeed there hardly seems need of labored proof to show the wisdom of estimating a station or an employment from a consideration of itself, not from the vices or absurdities with which it may have been disgraced by persons in any respect unfit for it. And as to the peculiar temptations of the stage, we look upon them simply as conferring additional honor on those who have been able to resist and surmount them. The great female performer has the yet further honor of soaring above that narrow sphere of exertion and influence to which certain antiquated notions of propriety, now passing, we believe, with many comrades to oblivion, have hitherto too much restricted her sex. Ay, a woman, who, like the accomplished actress now upon the Boston stage, to whom we have already referred, is at once the educator and the maintainer of her family, and extending the influences of a brilliant, delicate, and cultivated mind beyond the exemplary fulfilment of every private relation, makes them the sources of a rational and refining enjoyment to thousands—shines forth amid her sex, "Ut inter ignes Luna minores." We know very little of the road to earthly honor, or the road to heaven, if such a woman deserve not well and highly, both of her fellow-beings and of her God. Will the grayest bigot pretend to compare with her, one of those notable housewifes, of a century since, who restricted their industry, with such amiable feminine retiringness, to making puddings and knitting socks, and evinced the lofty religion of their souls, by accompanying every allusion to the future with an upturned eye, and an "If I live till then"? Out upon them! They were of a lower race. O.

VACATION STROLLINGS OF GEOFFREY LA-TOUCHE.

No. III.

Return to New York.—New York.—Arrival at Boston.

My afternoon's sail was any thing but pleasant. The decks of the boat were literally thronged with people of every description from the four quarters of the globe. Neither was the appearance of the cabin very inviting. One glance was sufficient to discover that all the chairs and settees were occupied by men who had evidently paid their compliments to the trencher and bottle far too assiduously. Besides, the atmosphere was misty, and my view necessarily very limited. Nor was I in a humor to amuse myself with scrutinizing my fellow-passengers; if I had been, the time might have passed less wearily. As it was, I was obliged to have recourse to my last and universal expedient for repelling dulness, a reading of the newspapers; and with these, I contrived to while away the tardy hours until my arrival at New York.

My second stay at this place was protracted considerably longer than was my original intention; and yet I know not why, for I am by no means partial to a city life, under the most favorable circumstances, and during my sojourn, there was comparatively little to interest the stranger. Many of the inhabitants had departed on their annual excursions of pleasure, so that there was but little display of beauty or fashion. Business was dull, and consequently the bustle and excitement attendant upon that were in a great degree hushed. Travellers were constantly coming, but only to go again in a day or two. Thus what are generally considered the chief sources of enjoyment in a city, were cut off. Still I lingered on, without any particular object, save to loiter up and down the streets, walk through the public buildings, and pry into every thing new and curious. What displeased me most, was to see the bad taste and bad policy displayed in the frequent use of marble for many of the public and private buildings. It is ill suited to the climate, and soon becomes very much soiled by exposure to the weather. The front of the City Hall is dingy, and the cornices and carv-

ings greatly defaced by the dust which has collected, and been cemented by rain. I cannot say, either, that I like the prevalent architecture. It is Corinthian, occasionally elegant, but oftener tawdry. There is nothing in the exterior of the whole range of the public edifices, that can compare with the portico of the Tremont House. I must needs ask forgiveness for expressing this partiality, since I do it wilfully; knowing that comparisons are generally 'odorous,' particularly Yankeeish, and decidedly condemned by CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

August 23. Left New York for New Haven. Passage dull enough, on board a boat that labored through the water at the rate of from six to eight miles an hour. Of passengers, too, a most motley collection. Nothing happened worth mentioning, till about an hour before our arrival. At that time I was seated in a corner of the cabin, with a old number of the North American before me. A man of about forty years of age had been eyeing me very sharply for some moments. One would have thought, from his manner, that he had lost his pocket-book, or some other valuable, and suspected me to be the thief. Not liking his scrutiny much, I made bold to demand the cause of it. "I beg a thousand pardons, sir. I thought there was some resemblance to Mr. ——, of Boston, discoverable in your features; may I ask if he is in any way related to you?" "We stand, sir, in the very curious relationship of father and son." "Permit me, then, to introduce myself as Mr. ——; one who has the honor to number himself among your father's warmest friends."

I now remembered hearing the name mentioned at home once or twice, but never with any very endearing epithets attached to it. Its proprietor originated in an obscure village in the western part of Massachusetts, had entered a counting-house in Boston when about eighteen years old, and after staying his time, had gone abroad to seek his fortune. During his absence he had amassed considerable wealth, and at his return purchased an estate within twenty miles of the metropolis, for a permanent residence. His vanity prompting him to make a figure if possible, he would have liked to stand for representative of the town, but he was too illiterate even for that. After many schemes had

been formed, and rejected as impracticable, he at last came to the resolution of setting up for a violent sectarian, and a decrier of ardent spirits. The consequence was, that his fame was soon widely spread; begging societies of every kind invited him to membership, and, by dosing him with flattery, contrived to relieve him of five thousand dollars per annum.

As the conviction of the man's identity came over my mind, I resolved on improving my chance of acquaintance with so distinguished an individual. Accordingly I made many professions of delight at seeing him, and even went so far as to inquire after the health of his family, a question which I seldom venture to ask a country gentleman. To this common-place civility, he concluded an answer in about half an hour, and then went on to say that he was extremely happy to learn that the students of Harvard University had formed themselves into a society for the suppression of intemperance, and hoped we should soon publish a report of our proceedings. "Undoubtedly, sir; those same reports do a vast deal of good—the societies would be nothing without them." "I agree with you perfectly;—by the bye, tell the publisher to send me three dozen copies when it comes out, if perfectly convenient to you." "Perfectly, sir." A dead pause ensued, which he at length broke by asking me with what feelings I anticipated my departure from Cambridge the next week. My reply was, that I did not graduate for a year to come. "Excuse my forgetfulness, I was thinking you were in the Senior Class;—at any rate, when you do leave, I suppose you 'll carry the day in the Valedictory of course." "There is none given out till the degree of A. M." "Ah—indeed —I was ignorant of that. Then at any rate you 'll take the first oration." "I 'm afraid not,—my health"—— "Oh! ah! yes, I heard you had been unwell." "Yes, sir, I shall be obliged to put up with the second part." "Well, I 'm sorry for your disappointment." "It dashes my spirits a little occasionally; but I console myself with the good old Dutch maxim, that 't will be all the same a hundred years hence." "So it will, my boy, so it will. But I suspect we are at the wharf, by the noise above; good bye—I must go instantly and take carriage for Middletown, to *sit on*

a committee that meets there this evening—good bye." I parted from him with a blessing on his empty head upon my lips, and the ghost of the NAVY CLUB full before my eyes.

I was not much behindhand of my busy friend. On quitting the boat I rode up into the town, and finding it was but a quarter past four, resolved to make the rounds immediately, and be in time for the seven o'clock stage. I visited the much and justly celebrated collection of minerals in the college; snatched a short look at the beautiful burial-yard; walked through the chief streets, and returned to the hotel in season for a hasty meal before renewing my journey. At a little after seven, I was again on my way, and between eleven and twelve, at Middletown.

24th. Rode in the morning to Hartford. Before dinner went to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. This display of human infirmities was rather shocking to my mind. It would seem that those who enjoy the advantages of the institution paid dearly for them in being objects of public exhibition. Advanced in the afternoon as far as Springfield.

25th. I had made no stop at New Haven, Middletown, or Hartford, nor did I wish to at Springfield. Nothing can be duller or more stupid than a half-town, half-country place; and with this feeling, and a desire of getting home as soon as possible, I was very ready to undergo the fatigue of a sixteen-hours' ride, to arrive in Boston that day. Fatiguing indeed, it was. We started at three o'clock in the morning. Even at that early hour there was little of a morning coolness in the air. My only hope was that the tender mercy of the stage-driver would admit but six passengers. In this I was disappointed. He belonged to a hardened race of beings, and took his full quota of nine inside and two on the box. However, there was one consolation, in that there was none of the fair sex among them, *et par conséquence* no babies nor bandboxes. Quieted by this reflection, I soon forgot my anticipations of misery in a profound sleep. How long I had remained in this happy state, before I was roused from it, I cannot exactly tell. At any rate, I waked but to weep, as the poet says; for a little knotty fellow, who had fixed himself on my right hand, in a back-seat corner, was remonstrating loudly with

the driver, who wished him to give up his comfortable situation to a daughter of Eve. I joined my afflicted companion in a double-bass groan, but our united endeavors could effect nothing, and we were obliged to yield the point. The day was beginning to dawn, and I could distinctly see a female figure advancing from the tavern door towards the stage. Her outer garment was a grey cloth riding-habit; so far, well. But as she came nearer, I absolutely shuddered on discovering through her veil, that she wore green goggles, and that her hair was of a hue which her most partial friends could hardly denominate auburn. On recovering from my fright, I addressed a little conversation to her, and was convinced by her every phrase that she was most decidedly a *dark blue.*

And here it may not be improper to enter into a short discussion on the subject of those curious phenomena, commonly stigmatized with the odious epithet of blue-stockings. I have seen a division of them, in some writer or other, into two classes,—viz. light and dark. This I do not exactly like. In my opinion there should be three at least,—light blue, dark blue, and black-and-blue. The light blue is extremely fascinating, particularly if she have talent and beauty. She will talk to you with much life and spirit of French and Italian literature, of the last novel, and also of matters of theatrical taste. The dark blue will speak of the political articles in the last Edinburgh and Quarterly; feel for the present state of her country, and prophesy on the probable breaking up of the Union. The black-and-blue (it is seldom we meet with one, thanks to our good stars,) will bore you with her vague conjectures about a north-west passage, lament that the sources of the Nile and Niger have not yet been discovered, and look forward with pleasure to the publication of the great French work on Egyptian Antiquities.

This classification was the result of my reflections during the interims of conversation with my fair neighbor. I hope it will be found correct, and be generally adopted by our readers.

At seven we stopped at the breakfasting-house. None of my fellow-travellers had anything very remarkable about them, except the one whom I have before mentioned

as losing his seat. He had been literally made a cushion for the driver, and was now trying to get the creases out of his coat and pantaloons, with the greatest assiduity. He bustled about considerably, made many complaints, and was evidently endeavoring to show himself off for *quite the thing*. It is easy enough to fathom such characters, and I was well convinced that he was one of those shallow things which at certain seasons infest stage-coaches, and make such a strong impression upon the simple and credulous. In fine, I should have known him for a Cornhill shop-keeper, even though I had never seen him behind the counter.

Our original party of twelve was here separated into two coaches. Nevertheless the intense heat, and the clouds of dust that were raised, united to make the ride to Worcester the most uncomfortable and wearisome one I have ever taken. We got there between one and two o'clock. I was taking my seat at the dinner-table, when the hotel-keeper presented me with a card, saying that a gentleman had requested him to give it to any one wearing his college uniform, and to direct him to his chamber. As my eye glanced over it, I was somewhat astonished at reading the name of Charles Sherry. How could he be here? Worcester? This is no place for him! Something serious must have happened! I'll go up instantly. Upon the word, a-hungered as I was, I dropped my fork, and said I'd follow him. As the chamber-door opened, I found that the windows were darkened, and every thing betokened sickness. Last, though not least, the sight of Sherry in bed brought the truth home to my mind. When I addressed him, he appeared to know me, but at the moment to be too faint for speaking. On seeing him thus, I resolved to stay till he was better. In the course of the afternoon he began to revive. I gathered from him some particulars of his illness. He told me that he had set out on a pedestrian expedition to Northampton;—that he had been desirous of making Worcester by the *fourth day*, but that his legs failed him, and he believed he had been partially sun-struck; for at about ten o'clock he had fallen down, after completing his ninth mile, and been taken up and brought by his present landlord, to the place where I now found him. He

did look miserably indeed—a perfect wreck of a human being. He was paying hard for the spirit of romantic adventure that had led him to walk. And yet 'twas monstrous that he should have thought of such a thing. His little legs can hardly support him on Saturdays, over the ground between Cambridge and Boston—no wonder that they served him thus poorly in his utmost need.

28*th*. On the way home. The sick man, partially recovered, sitting by my side, mightily pleased with the idea of being in a gig. This and many other circumstances make me fear that he said truth when he told me he was "partially sun-struck." Ever since that time, his manner of speaking and thinking has been strangely incoherent. Even to the present moment I am doubtful whether he has entirely recovered his mind. Look at his writings in the "Collegian"—can they be the productions of a person in full possession of his intellectual faculties? *

TO MY COMPANIONS.

Mine ancient chair—thy wide embracing arms
Have clasped around me even from a boy;
Hadst thou a voice to speak of years gone by,
Thine were a tale of sorrow and of joy,
Of fevered hopes and ill-foreboding fears,
And smiles unseen, and unrecorded tears.

And thou my table—though unwearied time
Hath set his signet on thine altered brow,
Still can I see thee in thy spotless prime,
And in my memory thou art living now;
Soon must thou slumber with forgotten things,
The peasant's ashes and the dust of kings.

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* Here end the "STROLLINGS," which are *une histoire véritable* of a summer excursion, suspicions to the contrary notwithstanding. We are happy to learn from LOCKFAST, that he contemplates giving an account of his travels the last six-weeks' vacation. We have suggested to him for his title, "THE PEDESTRIAN PEREGRINATIONS OF FATHER LUKE."

GEOFFREY LA-TOUCHE.

Thou melancholy mug—thy sober brown
Hath something pensive in its evening hue,
Not like the things that please the tasteless clown,
With gaudy streaks of orange and of blue;
And I must love thee, for thou art mine own,
Pressed by my lip, and pressed by mine alone.

My broken mirror—faithless, yet beloved,
Thou who canst smile and smile alike on all,
Oft do I leave thee, oft again return,
I scorn the syren, but obey the call;
I hate thy falsehood, while I fear thy truth,
But most I love thee, flattering friend of youth.

Primeval carpet—every well-worn thread
Has slowly parted with its virgin dye;
I saw thee fade beneath the ceaseless tread,
Fainter and fainter in mine anxious eye;
So flies the color from the brightest flower,
And heaven's own rainbow lives but for an hour.

I love you all—there radiates from our own
A soul that lives in every shape we see;
There is a voice, to other ears unknown,
Like echoed music answering to its key.
The dungeoned captive hath a tale to tell,
Of every insect in his lonely cell,
And these poor frailties have a simple tone,
That breathes in accents sweet to me alone.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

There was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth-fold,
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king—
The people were not democrats then,
They didn't talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,
And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared—quoth the giant, "Be still,"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,
As big as the State-house dome,
Quoth he, "There 's something for you to eat,
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away;
The boys and their mother set up a shout—
Said he, "You 're in, and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went—and he growled a tune,
As he strode the fields along;
'T is said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story 's false or not,
It is n't for me to show;
There 's many a thing that 's twice as queer,
In somebody's lectures that you hear,
And those are true, you know.

* * * * * * * *

Hark! on the common there is a row!
The giants are fighting there;
There are two parties in politics,
And they 're having the matter out in sticks—
What funny oaths they swear!

Now go it, my little man in green,
You 're lightest by a ton;
Another slap on his knowledge-box—
There he is like a slaughtered ox—
It was right bravely done.

And there is my honest country friend,
Afoul of a cockney big;
Ah, cockney! wo to your lantern jaws,
He 's been through a training of clapperclaws,
That was a knowing dig!

* * * * * * * *

What are those lone ones doing now,
The wife and the children sad?
O! they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too,
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw,
They tumbled as thick as rain.

* * * * * * * * *

Giant and mammoth have past away,
For ages have floated by,
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,
And every plum is turned to a stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
You 'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

ETCHING AND SKETCHING.

By Charles Sherry.

It was midsummer. A thought on such a vile method of passing over the ground, was the only suggestion of my philosophy, as I arranged myself on the back seat of one of these vehicular conveniences that, by the association of contrast, are styled "Accommodation Coaches." After having been jolted an hour or so over the pavements of the city, and been six times deprived of my seat by the successive admission of six feminine passengers,—we had received the addition of three male travellers, and were rolling rapidly over one of the wooden bridges that offer such magnificent entrances to our neighboring capital. I then began to reconnoitre. I was delighted with the general lack of ideas that seemed to be the virtue of my companions, as it relieved me from the necessity of uncomfortable articulations. They had nothing to say for themselves. The lady in black was as dumb as the lady in white; and the lady in white was as dumb as the lady in black. The corpulent gentleman composed himself to a slumber;—the tall man to his snuff-box;—the clergyman to his last sermon and his next;—

and myself to the window of the stage, and the passing scenery. The country around was beautiful, as the road for some distance bordered on a splendid sheet of water, beyond which an occasional country-seat, rising among the green trees, added much to the beauty and attraction of the natural scenery.

But few incidents occurred to mark our journey to the little village of my destination. During a great part of it, I was seated in the very centre of the stage, a quiescent nucleus of the dust, which, flying around me in volumes, entirely deprived me of my vision, hearing, and reflection. From the best I could learn, there was little said and very little done by any of my fellow-passengers. At evening, I descended from the stage at my appointed resting-place, fatigued, and vexed at an instance of abstraction which had occurred in the appropriation of a couple of newspapers, that I had intended to run through at the supper-table. I presume that one of my fellow-passengers was a politician, and took the liberty to relieve my pockets of them. With my weariness, and the assistance of certain nostrums prescribed by my kind hostess, I contrived to effect a very respectable slumber.

On the afternoon of the following day, I was witness of a village burial. Of all the customs in which the simplicity of our day and country is decidedly superior in romantic effect to the pomp of ancient times, I know of none more remarkable than the disposition of the remains of the dead. The grand display of torches and statues, the noise of music, the tumult, the weeping, and rending of garments, which marked the funeral of the Roman noble, served to distract the thoughts from the occasion to the spectacle. There is no feeling excited by such display, in accordance with the solemnity of the grave. The very sight of a crowd must go far towards dispelling that serious thought which would otherwise rise in the breast of the most unfeeling. The sorrow which in a few mourners seems concentrated and deep, is no sooner diffused through a large number, than it seems light and trifling—so small is the individual proportion. But when, as in our villages, none but those

immediately interested, have a share in the honors of the tomb, how touching, how eloquent is the still, solemn simplicity! The sad sincerity of a few true and faithful mourners speaks more vividly of the tomb and the things thereof, than the pulseless and soulless sorrow of the multitude.

I can hardly conceive of a simple ceremony more affecting than a funeral in a New England village. There is nothing that brings home to our mind the thoughts of another world more strongly. The hollow and dismal toll of the bell, re-echoed from a thousand quarters, falls with a gloomy weight upon the ear. The coffin, with its decently composed pall, is borne slowly to its last resting-place, followed by a few mourning friends, in their simple habiliments. As it passes, the husbandman ceases from his toil, and leans on his spade to gaze upon it, and learn his own weakness. The smith pauses at his forge, and reflects that his own ponderous and sinewy frame may before the day closes, be cold with the chill of death. The little children cease from their sport and are awed into stillness, till the last mourner has disappeared. But it is only a passing shade, for the sorrows of infancy are as fleeting as the joys of manhood.

The quiet gloom of the place of graves—the simple prayer—the slow dropping of the clods upon the coffin, which makes the coldest and sternest hold his breath,—every thing connected and associated with these simple duties is in the highest degree affecting. We feel that death is around us in its most impressive shape. Velvet palls and marble monuments cannot hide its terrors, nor does the simple turf speak too nakedly of them.

I shall never forget the singular sensation which thrilled my frame as I read a simple sentence some thoughtless schoolboy had written on the gates of a retired and decaying burial-ground. The mere words, *Gone Home*, chalked in rustic characters, affected me more deeply than I was ever, before or since, affected by language. I was most strangely overwhelmed by them. I had lately lost a dear friend, and my mind was in a proper state for such reflection. I could not help thinking how much more they implied, than had occurred to the frivolous thoughtlessness of him who had placed them there. In the sandy and

desolate precincts on whose entrance this inscription was placed, how many had made their last resting-place. The wise and the brave, the sage and the soldier, after their perils and counsel, had here found a Home. The mariner who had been buffeted about on the ocean, and returned in his old age to die among his native hills, after the storms and vicissitudes of life, had found here a Home. The wearied in body and wearied in mind had found a Home and a refuge from the toil that weighed down their frames, and the anxieties that wore out their spirits.

I was fortunate enough, after a day or two sojourn, to fall in with a brother collegian. We were both much pleased at our accidental concurrence, for I found my companion a youth of merry vein; and it would be no great stretch of self-flattery to suppose my own society not altogether indifferent to him. Neither of us was much addicted to sporting of any description; so that riding, walking, sailing, conversing, and the chequer-board, were our only resources to while away the tedium of a week in the country. As for books—there was the public library with its score of volumes; but I seldom read more than the names of novels, and the title-pages of the Misses Porter's fictions were already much more familiar to me than I am willing to confess. But, without these desperate aids, we contrived to kill time very reputably and effectually.

Among other means, a visit to a beach some four or five miles distant from our residence, was a circumstance not soon to be forgotten by one tolerably attached to his neck, and exceedingly annoyed by violent and dangerous exercise. After riding two or three miles over perhaps the worst attempt at a road in the civilized world, we parted with all traces of a path, and plunged into a cluster of sandy and rocky hills. The vehicle in which we were seated had been in better days a chaise, but was now merely the relic of one. We were every minute in the most imminent hazard of our limbs. It was really an absurd matter, when I reflect upon it, to expose ourselves in this crazy style, to such unsatisfactory peril. The perpendicular ascents and descents that we encountered, are serious affairs to look

back upon, and I am only astonished that we arrived at a stopping-place in safety. We left our carriage at a fisherman's hut about a mile from the sea-shore, and completed the remainder of our journey on foot.

An extent of dry sand is worse if possible for walking than for riding, and consequently on reaching the water-side, we were not a little fatigued. The day was a quiet one, and the ocean rolled its broad waves calmly and almost noiselessly to the shore. A number of boats were floating lazily on the water; and a few sportsmen were scattered over the beach, frequently startling, and occasionally shooting, the rapid sea-birds. Huts had been erected at convenient distances on the beach, to afford some slight shelter to wrecked mariners in a storm, and to add to the picturesque desolateness of the scenery, in the sunshine.

On returning to the hut where we had left our vehicle, I was struck by the peculiarity of its situation and appearance. It was removed miles from any other habitation—a low half-painted cottage, surrounded by some dozen apple and plum-trees, with accomodation for a few winged and unwinged domestic animals. The blunt seaman who occupied it met us on our return with a very hearty welcome, and insisted upon our taking a cup of tea or a glass of punch with him,—an invitation that we did not need much urging to accept. On entering our host's apartments, I was astonished by nothing so much as the appearance of a young girl, simply dressed, but of a most exquisite beauty. The mother was a very respectable, matronly-looking character, and the father as well-knit and noble a son of Neptune, as ever ploughed the ocean;—but the daughter—though I am singularly reserved in my affections, and very little given to romanticizing—there are probably half a dozen sonnets on the subject, carefully folded away among my valuables. It turned my head for a week, and if, during my stay in the vicinity, I had been able perfectly to restore all my bones to their peculiar sockets, I would willingly have consented to hazard their second displacement, to rest my eyes again upon so lovely a vision.

After tea, we took a short walk about the premises, and having conversed a while with Miss Mary, the male population adjourned to a punch-bowl. A finer fellow than our

mariner never trod deck. He amused us with his adventures, which he related in a spirited and unique style, till very late in the evening. We had no fears of the high mettle of our steed, but other considerations made us feel a little blank as we seated ourselves on our return ride; and though we escaped entirely from any accident by field or flood, I am disposed to consider it as very little short of a miracle. If I ever again go within ten miles of this place, I will not fail to pay a visit to the fisherman's daughter; though from the nature of the sand-hills in that vicinity, and their propensity to keep continually moving, I should not be surprised to find that they had swallowed up my friend's house in their progress.

Only one more incident marked our quiet week. We had despaired of finding any occupation for the most delightful August day that ever shone, when it occurred to us that if a boat, barge, or raft were to be obtained any where within a circle of a five-mile radius, we could ascend some distance on a very pretty stream that ran through the centre of the village.

We obtained a slight skiff, and trusting to the skill of my companion, I accomodated myself as pleasantly as possible to its frail proportions. After sailing about an hour, we reached a retired part of the river which was particularly beautiful. It was so narrow at this passage that the trees which overhung it on either side almost interwove their branches. Tall scarlet flowers were flaunting among humbler weeds and brush, on both banks; and our course was impeded by the broad leaves of the fragrant water-lilies. Birds were darting among the branches about us, displaying brilliant plumage, and warbling their rapid songs. A spirit of quiet joy seemed to have been breathed over all nature; the sky, in its unclouded serenity; earth, in its green beauty; and the waters, as they rolled and sparkled over their silver sands. Our course was arrested about sunset by some falls, which we thought could not be very safely or conveniently passed. It was accordingly reversed, and we floated

quietly down the many-winding stream, in a soft moonlight, which tinged everything with its delicate hues.

All this is among the *have beens.* It is pleasant, however, to run over these agreeable recollections, even when pent up within a room eighteen by sixteen, our feet upon a fender, our pencil rapidly marring a delicate sheet, and liable ourself to be summoned every moment to a recitation or prayer. And here, reader, we must part; for by way of comment upon my last sentence, the bell is calling me to vespers.

THE WANDERER'S TALE.

THE sailor-boy sinks in his hammock to sleep,
And the mermaid in grotto of ocean bewails,
As the good ship is hastening over the deep,
With the south wind to swell out the curve of her sails.
The brine of the sea dashes up from the prow,
And her wake is marked out by the glimmering glare,
As a meteor will rush on the heavens' broad brow,
And leave in its passage a light in the air.
The dolphin plays round and gives chace to his prey,
And the wild-shrieking gulls are perched high on the mast,
The sea-birds are resting their wings until day,
But the ship in her beauty is speeding on fast.
The breeze is refreshing, and wafts on its wings
The sweet bloom of the south to the bosoms it fans,
For the passengers sit at the stern, where there sings
With his low, sailor notes, the stout watch of the sands.[1]
They sit—and, as wont, to beguile the slow time,
The song and the story go merrily round,
And their words are retold by the breeze's low chime,
And the lay that is sung in the billows' sad sound.
They tell of their capture by fierce, robber hordes,
Or conjure up goblins that used once to be,
Or relate the wild legends the ocean affords,
And the marvellous tales of the fathomless sea.

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1 *The watch of the sands.* The helmsman at night has an hour-glass running before him in the compass-box, to mark the time.

Some whisper the pranks of the Elfins of green,
Or tell of adventures, where erst they did roam;
While others call up the far-off village scene,
And run o'er the darling mementos of home.
There 's a pause—and the low-sounding murmurs go by;
There 's a pause, that is broke by a gloomy-browed man,
Who, looking around with his shrivelled, grey eye,
Thus slowly and lowly, all silent, began.

"To quell a pain—to seek out rest,
I 've wandered to the glowing West,
Where, for the night, Apollo furled
His golden banner on the world;—
I 've been where ope at rising morn
The gates, to show that day is born,
I 've been where reigns the Ice-King stern,
And seen the northern meteors burn,
And shed upon the iceberg frames,
Ten thousand thousand lambent flames:—
But memory's self shall fade away,
As fades at eve the beam of day
Before the night and twilight grey,
Ere from her pages I can blot
The sad remembrance of a spot,
That decks the clime where flowers o'errun
The woods, beneath the tropic sun,
And comes before me, like the gleam
Left on the soul by some wild dream.

Down to the west from his bright pathway,
Declines the brilliant lamp of day;
And soft as the fame from the good man's grave,
Is his light as he sinks in the ocean wave,—
And bright as his deeds is the deepening dye
That flows from the copper-colored sky.[2]
Wide sweeping on my wondering glance,
And laving my feet, is a fair expanse
Of limpid water,—pure as the spring
Narcissus wooed, as poets sing,
And all so clear, that the hawks, as they lie
In the booming air, or swing on high,
Affrighted, start at the glittering show,
Of themselves in another far world below!
Blue mountains rise from the edge of the tide,
With forests of palm, so deep and wide,
And their leafy boughs where the fire-flies hide.
And the hollows re-echo the wail of the dove,
And the lake is tinged with tints from above;

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2 At sunset in the southern regions, the whole heavens often glow like burnished copper.

And beneath an oak there lies afloat,
On her silver breast, a birchen boat.
Oh! never were water, and earth, and air
As that lake, and mount, and sky, so fair!
I flung myself in the buoyant bark,—
When quick as a twinkling eye,
We shoot from the shade of the oak tree dark,
And away like light we fly.
Away, away, our course we take,
And rapidly on we dash,
Away, away, o'er the waving lake,
Like the vivid lightning-flash!
I turned my head, but there rose no mast,
Nor breathed there the breath of the slightest blast!
But back in the stern of the skiff appeared
A strange, tall man, with a grisly beard;
And his skeleton form is thin and frail,
And his cheek is wan, and his lip is pale;
His long, white hair is streaming by,
And a fierce light shoots from his shrunken eye.
We are rushing on with a wilder speed
Than e'er was made by oar,
Away, away, by the wood and mead,
That fringe that sweeping shore.
Nor do those arms appear to tire,
Round which tight muscle twines,
Nor dimmed the least is that fierce fire,
That red in his eyeball shines.
Forfend, good Heaven! Oh, who is he,
That tugs at his oar so strong and free?
And why does he gaze with vacant stare
So deeply down in the waters clear!
Oh that I could but tell again
The lovely scene that I saw then,
Where far, far down in the glassy stream,
There grew a grove of trees that seem
Like the fairy trees of the Cadi's dream.
An orange grove lay far beneath,
And its leaves of green round the branches wreath,
And from many a verdant cluster's fold,
Peeps out the beautiful fruit of gold![3]
But we, far above, with a hand so strong
Across those waters ride,
And away so fast, we 're borne along,
At the foot of the mountain-side,

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3 This is not fiction. This lake was suddenly formed, probably from the bursting of some streams of water in the mountains, in one of the West India islands, and covered the orange-trees, as above described, presenting an extraordinary and beautiful sight.

That sounds like the sounds of a thrilling song,
Swell up as we onward glide.
The lake is passed,—we pause once more;
My ferryman rests on his pensive oar:
There down below, in a sheltered cove,
Is a cot at the edge of the orange grove,
And over the door is the branching vine,
And the blue grapes mix with the red woodbine;
Around the lawn is many a brake,—
And all far down in that silver lake.
The maniac looked, and he heaved a sigh,
As he gazed beneath with a gloomy eye;
And fast the big, warm tear rolled down
That furrowed cheek, so wan and brown.
A tear! the nectar dew-drop, given
To mortals from the realms of heaven,
That they may have a sign to know,
Ay, and to feel—another's wo!
I feared that man! But oh, far worse
Had I deserved, than deepest curse,
Had I not tried to soothe the smart,
That seemed to sting that broken heart.
He groaned anew, when I asked him why
The tear-drop lingered in his eye;
And his fairy story did unfold
He fancied half of what he told,
But I will tell the tale, as he
Told it in accents low to me.
'See you,' he said, 'that hollowed grot?
See you that mead—that white-washed cot—
That oozing spring, with wild flowers wove—
That myrtle walk—that orange grove?
'T was mine,—and with my child and wife,
There I did lead a happy life;
And where you see that path-way run,
At break of day, and set of sun,
I've trudged, with pruning-knife along,
Humming some old, familiar song;
And there, upon that velvet lea,
Have I sat beneath the citron tree,
Thrice blest as lovely Mary smiled
So sweetly on my cherub child,
That gamboled there, my cot before,
When eve had come, and toil was o'er.
And often then, on the listening ear,
Would strike sweet sounds from the mountain fair,
Careering clearly on the air.
A child, I 'd heard some fairy tales,
Of these sad melancholy wails;
That they did come from a mountain glen,
Where, far removed from the sight of men,

The fairies skip the downy green,
Within their pretty woodland skreen. —— ——
'T was vesper time, ten days ago,
And Dian shed her mellow glow,
When soft I heard that plaintive sound
Come swelling from the mountain ground,
And felt an aching wish to know
What thing it was that sorrowed so.
I whistled to my faithful Tray,
And slowly, sadly, hied away,
And as I pressed through woods of palm,
I started oft, with false alarm;
But even when my faithful hound,
Whom I through life my friend had found,
Had, fearful of the goblin glen,
With boding moan rushed back again,
I ne'ertheless up, higher crept,
With trembling knee, and stealthy step.
At last I reached a sloping nook,
Where rose a murmuring, rambling brook,
Whose waters, as they onward pass,
Spangle with dew the verdant grass.
And near that spring was a hazel tree,
And round about, in blithesome glee,
With hazel wand
In either hand,
Frisks the tiny fairy band.
For up so high on that fair mount,
Beside the crystal, bubbling fount,
That sparkles by with snowy spray,
When shines the moon with mellow ray,
Those sprightly fairies tread the lea,
And dance around the hazel tree.
But short the time, with prying glance
I saw the tiny elfins dance;
For goaded down the sloping way,
With wasp-stings, by a light-winged fay,
Unwilling, I 'm compelled to stand,
A culprit, in that fairy band.
They range around—with a space for me
Before the king in the hazel tree.
I hardly now can clearly tell,
All that befel me in the dell;
But in my ear some words still ring,
That came from the lips of the fairy king,
Of the starry eyes and the gossamer wing.
"Ten Days o'er orange groves thou 'lt roam,
Ten Days thou 'lt wander o'er thy home,
Ten Days see death where being smiled,
In Ten Days join thy wife and child."

A skipping fay then dropped from high
An unction on my wondering eye,
And stream, and fays, and tree, and night,
All swim confus'dly on my sight. —— ——
How deep despair denied me rest,—
How madness burned within my breast,—
How here I found all I would clasp,
In sight, and yet beyond my grasp,—
How long and fevered here I stood,—
I could not tell you if I would!
Ten days of torment and despair
Have turned to white my raven hair;—
Ten days have changed my brilliant eye
To one of maddened misery;
Ten days I hid me in the brake
You yonder see beside the lake;
But I scared from his nest the warbling lark,
And have made me a skiff from the birch-tree bark.'——

And now the stars and the moon above,
Peer out in the silent night,
And their light flows down like the beams of love,
As they shine so far and bright;
And I hear the moans of the "Mourning Dove,"[4]
Like the plaint of a boding sprite.
The maniac shuddered—and his eye
Beneath its brow gleamed fearfully,
When came those moans from the mountains high;
And his words they choked him in his fear,
As he lowly whispered in mine ear,
And pointed up,—'List! list! 't is there!'
Again those moans, like a sad decree,
Were moaned by the dove on the cypress tree,—
And again did he draw himself slowly near,
And in agony whisper, 'There! 't is there!'
But when once more that sound came down,
So plaintively soft from the woods nut-brown,
Quaking, he reared himself upright,
And the foam from his mouth fell thick and white,
And gleamed in the mellow moonbeam's light;
His curling lips did show beneath,
In madness how he gnashed his teeth,
And his burning soul did seem to rise
Like living fire in his eyes.
He stretched out his arm and his bony hand,
And hurled up his curse to the fairy band,
And back exhausted then he fell;
But his plash in the water broke the spell,—

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[4] *Mourning dove.* The sweet, melancholy moan of this bird is thought by the superstitious to betoken the death of some dear friend.

For a hundred glens on the mountain ground,
Did catch and give again the sound!
He sunk—and rose,—and gasped with pain,—
He sunk—and rose—and sunk again.
And once, as I leaned o'er, when he
Stretched forth his hand convulsively,
I might have seized the hand he gave,
And saved him from his watery grave:
But could not bear, nor ever can,
The death-gripe of a drowning man.
I saw him sinking slowly down,
And from his face so dread a frown
Did strike a horror through my brain,
With mixed remorse and harrowing pain,
That though I live till Hecla melt,
I ne'er can feel the pangs I felt.
With straining oar I cut the wave,
And reached the shore those waters lave;
Then back recoiling as I sprung,
Swift through the waves the boat was flung.
But I rushed on through brake and wood;
Cold on my brow the sweat-drops stood.
I ran and ran, until the gore
Did ooze out from the opening pore;
I ran, and ran—o'er vale and hill;
It mattered not—for running, still
In every bush, and every tree,
I saw that face to stare on me.
I ran, and ran—and the moon went down,—
And on her brow I saw that frown:
I would not for a kingdom's gain,
Run that same maddening race again.

* * * * * * * * *

Ten years have past, and all is done,—
And I have roved 'neath every sun;
But still remorse from that dread night,
Burns in my breast a scorching blight.
'T is said the sprightly fairies wake
Their moonlit orgies by the lake,
On whose clear bosom swans are seen
Gliding above the groves of green.
And once a year, in the autumn time,
The black-eyed maidens of the clime,
With baskets o'er those waters skim,
And gather fruit from the silver brim."

F. A.

SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

DICK, *solus with a Newspaper.—Smoking Pitcher on the Table.*

No murders and no robberies,—speeches—speeches,
Column on column one eternal speech;
Now I had rather read your pirate-stories,
Of men minced up and shovelled overboard,
Your slitting throats, and knocking out of brains,
And such well-spiced misdoings—
[*Enter Tom.*]
Save you, Tom,
How goes your nothingship,—and gentle Julia,
How does she fare,—the lady of thy love.

TOM. Her good old grandam 's dead—

DICK. Why then the devil
May sharpen up his claws to deal with her;
She was a potent vixen in her day.

TOM. Be pleased to tread less rudely on the ashes
Of one that was a woman. You are wont
To speak unfitly of the fairest thing
That stepped on Eden's roses. Why should man
Scoff at the creatures he was made to love?
It is as if the iron-fibred oak
Should tear the clasping tendrils.—

DICK. Save your nonsense
To feed your starving poetry withal;
I hate to see resuscitated thoughts
Come sneaking back to life in ladies' albums.
Pray talk to me as if I were a man,—
Look,—do I wear a petticoat or breeches?
Have I long locks? Is this a woman's foot?
Is aught of silver in these brazen tones?
Fill up your glass,—here 's to thy sanity.

TOM. O beast! you drink as if you were a Titan,
Just hot from Etna. What would Julia say,
If she could dream of such abominations!

DICK. Would she might taste this punch! I much opine
She 'd soon forswear her ghostly milk and water.
O thou art good! 't would vivify a statue,
Could statue but its marble lips unclose:
I would I were upon an ocean of thee—
A bowl my boat—a ladle for mine oar:
Green islands in the ever-blooming south
Should scatter flowers upon thee—and the fires
That roll and flash in earth's unfathomed bosom,
Should keep thee steaming hot. That 's poetry.

TOM. Insensate wretch; can nothing stir thy soul,
But tempests brewed from earthly elements?
No light break through thy darkness, save a gleam,

The offspring of corruption? Is there nought
Can cheat thee for a moment of thy grossness?

DICK. He 's talking big,—I 'll wake the imp within him.
[*Aside.*]

I cannot blame thee—nay, I pity thee
For such unseemly license of thy tongue;
Touched in the brain,—I feared it might be so;
'T was wrong—it was most cruel in the girl,
To play so false a game. Who would have thought it,—
A coach, a parson, and a man in whiskers.

TOM. Oh devil! what! speak, let me hear it all—
Not Julia! Parson! whiskers! tell me all,
And I will love thee.

DICK. Who has spoke of Julia?
Are there no women in the world but Julia?
I was but thinking of an ancient spinster,
Miss Sally or Miss Celia Somebody,
That ran away from Time to play with Cupid.

TOM. Lend me your kerchief—I am much exhausted:
What if I 'd drawn that razor—

DICK. There 'd have been
Another tombstone, and a lie upon it.
I would have dressed you an obituary,
That should be really decent, and have written
With mine own hands a fancy epitaph.

TOM. Come, you are caustic,—but you know my nature.
I 'll show thee something for thine age to dream of,
A token of her beauty and her love;
Look at that auburn ringlet, boy, and think
On what a peerless brow it must have floated!
Her own white fingers did unweave the ray
From the soft coronal of light and beauty.

DICK. Call you that auburn? it is hardly crimson.
There is a something of Aurora red—
A something like to filaments of flame,—
And yet they are not cobwebs in their texture,
Right thick and rosy.

TOM. Ha! what is 't you say?
Take that to help you in your rhetoric.
[*Striking Dick.*]

DICK. Infant! I will not beat thee. Here 's a chair,
And here 's a neckcloth—yes, and here 's a towel,
And I will truss thee like a callow goose.
[*Tying him to the chair.*]
So, thou art fixed, thou paralytic tiger——
I 'm sorry to have been so rough with thee,
How is it, do you call it auburn still?

TOM. Were every muscle beaten to a pulp,
And my bones powdered, I would call it auburn.

DICK. There 's tragedy! It shall be auburn, then.
Hark, there 's a step with something leaden in it,

As one that is not full of merriment,—
I 'll fling my cloak upon you—there, keep still.
TOM. I 'm d——dly battered, an' it please the Tutor.
[*Enter Tutor.*]
TUTOR. Men ye are troublous,—there has been a noise,
As of exceeding vehement discussion.
If ye must talk of controverted things,
Wait till your beards do give you gravity.
[*Exit.*]

NOTES AND NOTICES.

No. III.

"WELL, brothers, what think you of the third Number?" This query we put to our editorial coadjutors, as we threw ourselves back in our chair at the close of the business of our last meeting. We were inwardly exulting, and our tone expressed it, at the conclusion of the month's labors, and at their anticipated success. But SHERRY and LA-TOUCHE had already entered heart and soul into a typographical disputation, and of course turned a deaf ear to our inquiry. LOCKFAST had coiled himself down into the corner of his θρόνος, disposed his limbs transversely on the table, fixed his worn gray eye on the decaying embers of the fireplace, and relapsed into a profound meditation. Our first answer proceeded from a distant and darkened corner of the room, where FRANK AIRY was stretched upon a sick-bed. There he had lain for several days, and throughout the evening, his thoughts mostly abstracted from everything around him. Whenever any one moved from between the mantel-piece and his corner, so that the light fell in that direction, you might behold his limbs and pillows scattered about the bed "in most admired disorder," and his "poet's eye, from heaven to earth in a fine frenzy rolling." Indeed a sick poet is a most unique and delectable sight! Close beside the head of AIRY'S couch, stood his open secretary; on it were pen, ink, and paper, together with a mug of molasses and water, the only drink he was allowed, which GEOFFREY, who delights in all odd or antiquated phrases, insists on denominating *switchell*. From this, "the vessel of his peace," the poor fellow would often during his sleepless nights drink in comfort and inspiration, and then, seizing his pen, make an almost convulsive effort to arrest and commit to paper the thoughts which were whirling through his brain with treble their usual rapidity, waywardness, and extravagance. We have since got a glance at the sheet. It is nearly illegible, and wholly unintelligible. Portions of it may, however, make their appearance in some future number, as specimens of very sublimated nonsense.

At the moment when we put our triumphant interrogatory, the invalid's mind happened to be vacant, and his ears consequently open. "Think of it?" he exclaimed, "why I think it

altogether too tame, prosaic, and business-like. What with your Etching and Sketching, your Diaries, your Strollings, and your Didactics, the Number will be far fitter for a route-guide, the model of a common-place book, or the assistant of a jobbing newspaper essayist, than to recline, for the diversion of cultivated minds and ethereal fancies, on the polished centre-table, or the cushioned toilet. Why, sir, there is nothing rich or imposing in your pages,—no tale of ancient romance—no delicious fiction or dream—not a spice of the lofty metaphysics of the day" (he admires the Germans) "to season your whole lump." The manner of the delivery of this speech, and some rather indistinct accents into which it sunk at the conclusion, showed that MR. AIRY attributed the defect he reprehended, wholly to the circumstance that himself had been prevented by his situation from redeeming the Number with more of his own effusions. His final murmurs had hardly died away, when, from a low seat near the foot of the bed, arose the gentle, yet earnest tones of TEMPLETON, and stole upon our ears. He is FRANK's very particular friend, and during his whole illness has nursed him with the assiduity and tenderness of a younger brother. "I cannot help thinking, sir, the regrets of our dear AIRY perfectly well grounded. I join in them heartily, though reluctantly. Besides, sir, the Number will be found, I am afraid, as deficient in delicacy and propriety of sentiment, as in what my friend calls the rich and imposing. Your poetry—what is most of it, but a string of flippant or burlesque conceits, an outrage upon all feeling and enthusiasm? And, alas, we shall not offend more the sensibilities of our fair readers, than the most cherished opinions of the learned and venerable who may do us the honor of a perusal. For who but the very scum of the earth, Cannibals, Pirates, and Actors, appear to be the subjects of our thoughts and our admiration? Ah! LUKE, it is for want of some of your orthodox paragraphs to sanctify its pages, that the third Number has degenerated into this pitiable plight."

ARTHUR had now waxed so eloquent as to arrest the attention of the two disputants, who were now discussing with great unction the comparative merits of bourgeois, brevier, &c. They are both of them connoisseurs in all the mysteries and minute elegancies of typography, and will start as many *pros* and *cons* on every line in a title-page, as you ever heard propounded at the Athenæum, concerning one of Fisher's or Allston's chef-d'œuvres. They are frequently at swords' points now-a-days, on account of certain passages which have occurred between them in their published works: and their acrimony was now venting itself with uncommon ardor upon a subject which each piques himself on his knowledge of. Their dialogue had become one continued antithesis; assertion was followed by point-blank denial; and every negative, indeed, was completely positive,—as why should it not be, since neither of them knows a straw's worth of mathematics?

Their discussion was, however, as we have already stated, broken off, and their attention won, by the pathetic eloquence of TEMPLETON; and the whole Club now commenced a lively at-

tack on the delinquent LUKE. Animated invective, stinging innuendo, and grave remonstrance were showered for some time on his devoted head, ere he began to show signs of returning consciousness. At last, after a spasmodic movement of the head, and half a dozen winks of the eye, he straightened his back, repossessed himself of his legs, bringing with them to the floor about half the miscellaneous load of the table, and went through all the fantastic demonstrations which usually indicate the translation of his thoughts from abstracts to the less genial element of concretes. He was at length in a condition to feel the full force of the battery which played on him from all quarters; a consciousness, too, of ill desert came over him; and he turned his patriarchal head from one to another of his numerous assailants, with a meek and almost supplicatory air. Silence was accordingly made; and LUKE, after taking a little time to collect himself, commenced, in tones which faltered beneath the smitings of conscience, and the unanimous assault of his friends, but still were not wholly bereft of their wonted authoritative equanimity. The amount of his excuse was, that the addition made to the College Library by the late importation of old works, had been so tempting to him as to have absorbed for the last month, all the time he could spare from prescribed studies. This was declared on all hands an insufficient apology. An ominous and thoughtful silence ensued. At length LA-TOUCHE, his face lighting up with a sardonic grin, rendered unusually sinister by partial suppression, proposed that Mr. LOCKFAST be required, as a punishment of his delinquency, to write an impromptu epigram! SHERRY mischievously suggested "Calvinistic Preaching" (it being the most unepigrammatic matter he could think of), as a proper subject for the sage's labors. It was accordingly voted by acclamation, that Mr. LOCKFAST be required to produce, within fifteen minutes, an original epigram on "Calvinistic Preaching."

Withdrawn to a corner of the room, and toiling in a mental sweat and agony, is the venerable LUKE. During his laborious exile, a little agreeable miscellaneous chat rises, in which SHERRY displays to great advantage his fine taste, his slight but delicate vein of wit, and the countless, nicely-finished miniatures of men and things, which he has impressed on "the tablet of his memory." GEOFFREY too figures, and forms a fine counterpart to CHARLES. He was made for a thinker, but he has never disciplined himself. Humor and sentiment are the only growths of his mind which he has cultiuated. He of course finds the latter more awkward and difficult to express than the former, and less uniformly appreciated when expressed. So that humor, tempered generally with satire to improve its edge, greatly predominates in his conversation. In his room, a solitary lair, he broods for hours over throngs of grotesque images—of which he disburdens himself in the editorial circle, with a most ludicrous and often astounding copiousness. Indeed this unfailing stream of humor seems sometimes to have overflowed all the other stamina of his mind; but one is surprised to see his sentiment and feeling start forth, when occasion calls,

as fresh and sound as the verdure of Egypt from beneath the refluent waters of the Nile.

The miscellaneous chat, which we have said ensued upon LUKE's retirement, soon turned upon a contemplated second edition of "The Collegian." Our more distant subscribers begin already to suggest that it should be forthcoming, after the publication of the last number. AIRY proposed, in a tone in which characteristic enthusiasm contended with the debility of sickness, that to defray the expenses of this second edition, the Club should immediately set about the writing of a tragedy, as a candidate for Mr. Forrest's thousand dollar premium. The idea was electrical. "Charming!" quoth ARTHUR, but in a hesitating under tone: "Well thought, friend!" said CHARLES, with a quiet, civil sort of approbation: "A capital conceit, FRANK, by my fay!" cried GEOFFREY, right heartily: "Prodigious!" was echoed in demi-soliloquy, from LUKE's retreat.—The proposal had reached and transiently impressed even his ear.

And it is really our opinion, that even if ourself were too much engrossed in editorial business to lend a hand, the Club might get up a tragedy which, as things now go, would be deemed quite respectable. The outlines of the plot should be laid out in full conclave. AIRY should furnish all the particularly wild and imposing situations, the highflown descriptions, and the more sublimated specimens of emotion: TEMPLETON should insert all the adieus, and the love-scenes (to be assisted by AIRY, when either lover goes mad), beside all affecting narratives and delicate sketches: LA-TOUCHE should write those speeches and dialogues where blunt good-feeling, or honest indignation and invective prevail, and have the full management of some character of the Philip Falconbridge stamp, mingling wit and bullyism about equally in every thing uttered: SHERRY should spice the whole with satire on the times, smart hits, seasonable inuendoes, and gentlemanly explanatory speeches—together with the prologue and epilogue: LOCKFAST should elaborate the cabinet conferences between the king and his minister, and all penitent death-scenes—pin to each incident its appropriate moral reflection, and write the last sentence of the play.

A general and animated conversation on this subject, was cut short at the outset by FATHER LUKE. The exile now came forward from his nook, with rather an ill grace, but not without something of exultation twisting in the deep furrows about his mouth, at the completion of his distasteful task. A leer was upon every phiz, untempered, unless upon TEMPLETON'S and our own, by a trace of compassion, as the sage read from a scrap of paper which quivered in his pallid fingers, and in no very confident tone, the following Epigram——

> "Why do those ministers we sometimes hear,
> Succeed so ill in making men act well,
> Wh' exhort their listener only by his fear,
> And ever threat him with the flames of hell?

He 's treated like a brute—Why then admire,
If like a brute he acteth in return?
Like the poor horse, who, when his barn 's on fire,
Insists he 'll plunge into the flames and burn."

GEOFFREY thought the abstruseness of this distich quite characteristic of the author; indeed several thoughtful minutes elapsed, ere its point was apprehended by the majority of the company. Then, at length, the compliments were profusely lavished from every quarter, on this unwonted effusion of the sage's pen. He listened to them with great complacency; for he has of late been quite piqued at a distrust of the versatility of his talents, which has been not infrequently intimated by some of his brethren.

It was at this juncture that the poet of the evening, as he reclined in quiet triumph on his own antique seat, made the announcement which Mr. LA-TOUCHE has adverted to, in a note to the third number of his Strollings. Our attention was first drawn to him by a sudden, solitary, and gradually deepening laugh—which, when we turned our eyes upon him, seemed to be agitating his whole frame. For some time he uttered not a word, but sat, rolling, and laughing, and variegating his wrinkles. At length he half articulated, in words broken by sighs of exhaustion, "I think *I* will write some Strollings, after the manner of Mr. LA-TOUCHE!" The idea had arisen suddenly in his mind, and struck him as irresistibly ludicrous. Just as he was about to enlarge, his eye accidentally fell upon the time-piece in the corner. "Ὦ *σέσυ*," (this is uniformly his exclamation of surprise) "can it be eleven? And I have spent but two hours and a half on the Mathematics for to-morrow morning! Verily, brothers, I must depart; I have no time to spare between now and one hour *post meridiem nocturnam*." All remonstrances and solicitations were vain. "I will gird up my loins," he exclaimed, as he hurried on his cloak and hat, "and flee; verily I will flee incontinently!" Accordingly he vanished from a scene, over which we now drop the curtain.

Let not our contributors imagine that we think lightly of every communication which does not find place in our pages. Much has been committed to the wicker-basket, in which we discern great merit. Many a spirited piece lies there, which we should be glad to publish, but that it is on an exhausted subject, or that it is too evidently careless, hurried, or that it is excessive either in length or brevity—and we have no inclination to play the literary Procrustes. Indeed our basket is a most respectable tomb. And as for the Dirge, the account of which in the last number, shocked, we are told, the sensibilities of some of the more timid muses of College, we assure our sensitive friends that it is sung with the most respectful soberness. Indeed, any one who should listen to to the dolorous bass of FATHER LUKE, and the whimpering treble of TEMPLETON, would hardly suspect our strains to be uttered in the spirit of levity or insult.

THE

COLLEGIAN.

No. IV.

MAY, 1830.

MUSIC.

1. *Unwritten Music.* American Monthly Magazine, No. I
2. *The Characteristics of Rossini's Compositions.* New Monthly and London Magazine, No. CVIII.

We presume that most of our readers have seen the papers, the titles of which are at the head of our article. Those who have not, may consider themselves as possessed of a fund of entertainment and instruction for an evening at least. Both are admirable in their separate departments, and have not been consigned to the temporary repose of our shelves without a frequent perusal. The first is remarkable for the exquisite taste, nice perception of beauty, and elegant diction, which characterize the other productions of its author; the second, for the extensive and accurate knowledge of a subject, which is so distinguishing a feature in all the writings of the London New Monthly.

The reading of these articles, united to our own observation, has confirmed us in an opinion, which we have long entertained in secret, that the present artificial state of society has exerted a strange and unwonted influence over the popular musical taste. It is difficult for us to conceive how the science, that may exert such a mastery over the human soul and wield its passions at will, can have sunk so from its high office as to be but the means of gratifying a sort of intellectual refinement, a sickish, acquired, unnatural appetite. And yet

it is so. The compositions of the great masters of the present day are addressed far more to the taste than to the feelings, far more to the head than to the heart.

We do not number ourselves among those who are constantly in search of some peculiarity with which to stamp the age; but we think that no one, who has any acquaintance with our subject will refuse his assent to what we have just asserted. Let him compare the effect produced upon him by the works of the Old Masters, and those of Rossini, Weber, and Boieldieu, and he will see the propriety of our distinction, if propriety there be in it. The former take an instantaneous and strong hold upon our imagination and feelings,—our whole souls are absorbed and spell-bound,—our passions are at the perfect disposal of the mighty magician who has roused them, and when silence succeeds, there is a strange sinking of the spirit within us, similar to that which we experience on being relieved from a great and almost painful degree of excitement. On the other hand, as we listen to the playful, sweet, and fascinating strains of the latter, a most luxurious sensation comes over us. Our fancy is pleased and our taste gratified. A complete Epicurism pervades the whole frame, unbroken by any of the more tumultuous emotions. Nor will it be disturbed by our turning to admire the intricacy and high finish of the piece, and the skill and ingenuity of its author. The mind may range about on the contemplation of these and other collateral subjects, and yet we may enjoy all the immediate pleasure of the performance. There is none of that entire concentration of the interest, none of that arresting of the attention and keeping it undivided, which we have described as belonging, in so great a degree, to the productions of such men as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and others. The same distinction exists between these two schools of composition that draws such strong lines of separation between almost all the styles of writing in ancient and modern days, and we should institute pretty much the same comparison between them.

We have mentioned Rossini, Weber, and Boieldieu as the popular idols of the day. Among these, Rossini holds decidedly the first place. "Wherever his operas have appeared, they have soon rooted firmly and almost exclusively in the public favor, and exerted an inconceivable influence on

musical taste. * * * * In Italy, where the works of Rossini began to make an impression about eighteen years ago, they have succeeded in nearly supplanting the operas of Paesiello, Guglielmi, Mayer, Paer, and even Cimarosa. In Germany, national predilections have rendered their sway perhaps somewhat less universal and exclusive; but, at all events, even there Rossini is the lord of the ascendant. Winter—nay, the incomparable Mozart, are rather tolerated than adored, as heretofore; and even Haydn and Beethoven, although the field which their genius had occupied was not quite the same, have been much less cherished since the intrusion of the Gran Maestro." Nor has France, though she may have been "less fickle towards her native favorites than other countries, been exempt from the Rossinimania." It cannot be denied that a man who has exerted so wide an influence, and been so universally pleasing, must have considerable talent; but the great secret of his success appears to have been his "mercurial and light-hearted organization, which was so well adapted to administer light and palpable musical food." "A buoyant vivacity may be traced in nearly the whole of his compositions, even in those intended for essentially serious situations, where they at times occur out of their proper place. However pathetic, or even tragic, the poetry of an aria, &c. may be, the musical expression imparted to it by Rossini seems, with scarcely any exception, to fall short of the intensity of emotion contemplated by the text." "Hence it is that he has been less successful in the serious and tragic drama than in the comic and romantic." He appears to use "a great variety of expedients to give rythmical seasoning to his airs," and depends very much for the effect on involution and studied antithesis. Now to imagine such a man as Rossini, sitting down with a sort of malice prepense to select what figures he shall use, and in what order he shall arrange them, seems to us to be taking much from the poetry of music.

It is not our wish to decry the popular style of music. In itself it is very well. But we regret the sad deficiency of those bold and marked features which ought to characterize it, and lament that there is so little of the nerve and heart-stirring energy which should give it life and effect. We long for some of those masters of song to rise up and work such

a revolution in music as Scott and Byron have in literature ;—who can throw off the shackles of scrupulous refinement, give way to the free impulses of genius, and, instead of composing with a view to suiting the vitiated appetite of the fashionable, wake strains of harmony that shall strike a chord in the breasts of kindred spirits, and call up an answering echo in every voice of nature.

If we look at the works of those great masters, who have exerted the most arbitrary sway over the human soul, and raised or allayed its stormiest passions at will, we shall find that they have been the closest imitators of nature. And, indeed, there can be no harmony more perfect than that which she is constantly making, nor that can speak more forcibly to the heart or more usefully to the mind. In all her ten thousand voices which are each instant sounding out, we can detect no discord. The breezes have a sweetness in their tones as they make their way among the tall forest-trees, or sweep over the broad plain ;—the waters sing a pleasant song as they ripple against the pebbled shore or roll along in an easy current, with their surface scarce ruffled ;—and there is an unequalled grandeur and sublimity, when the ocean-billows rise to their mountain-height and roar in cadence with the deep-toned thunder and the rushing winds. There is a poetry, too, in natural music, which can belong to no other ; and it is a glorious thought that it is produced by the complicated motions of the great machine of the creation. That there is much harmony in the outer world, which we disregard, for the reason that it greeted our ears when we first started into existence, and that we have listened to it ever since, is probable ; and that there is much which we cannot relish from the grossness of our senses, is certain. Yet there are times when we may disencumber ourselves of our earthiness, to mingle with the universe.—What then is the mysterious connexion between us and it ? Can it be that, in moments like these, we hear but a fuller and deeper swell of the sweet song of the stars ?

PENCILLING.

WELL, this is really quite unsettled weather;
A balmy morning welcomes in the day,
A pleasant noon succeeds, and altogether
The hours glide on as soft as hours in May;
Green earth and brilliant sky at ten at night,
But the next day-break quite another sight!

The spirits of the storm have been about,
Bending the moss-grown cliff and broad-armed tree;
And sick men groan, and pretty maidens pout,
And think it quite as bad as bad can be,
That they must stay at home, and shake and shiver,
Instead of pointing darts for Cupid's quiver.

I too am quite dependent on the sky,
And in a deluge, generally speaking,
Our streets and sidewalks are by no means dry,—
A thing that often keeps me half a week in,
To patronize the blues, and pass my time
In reading novels and in scribbling rhyme.

And as I mar the whiteness of my paper,
With silent step the hours glide swiftly by;
Till in the glimmer of my midnight taper,
Old Time may find me with an unclosed eye;
While thoughts of earthly vanity and folly
Darken around my gathering melancholy.

And in these hours of stillness and of calm,
I 'm very apt indeed to moralize;
My thought flows like the metre of a psalm,
And crowds of ghastly, slow-paced spectres rise;
And I could furnish saws and good advice,
Proverbs and sermons—at the current price.

This quiet, sombre, solemn noon of night,
When earth is in the quietude of sleep,
When in the moonbeam every flower is bright,
And all the stars their silent watches keep,
Is, to my mind, a more agreeable time
Than any other you can put in rhyme.

I live when all the world around is dead,
And read the glorious letters of the sky;
Breathe in the showers of beauty that are shed
From thousand glowing orbs that roll on high;
And in the whispers of the midnight wind,
A murmur of mysterious music find.

My mental vision scans the many things
  Our sterner fathers would have groaned to see;
The routs, the riots, and the revellings—
  Huge bowls of wine for sometime cups of tea!
Sees, too, how modern ladies would perplex
The former worthies of the female sex!

With manners, so change ornaments and dresses,
  And rings are wrought of a much lighter shape;
And Fashion makes strange work with ladies' tresses,
  Some wear them loose, some tie them up with tape—
Some part them in the style of the Madonna—
A mode I cannot like, upon my honor.

And now the thought occurs to me, to give
  A private story that illustrates well
The changes of the times in which we live,
  From those of which our stern-eyed grandsires tell;
Reader, it is a secret tale you see,—
And to be known by none but you and me.

It was a most delightful afternoon,
  Meant purposely for poring o'er romances,
As pleasant as the evening with a moon,
  Or as delightful as the South of France is,
And so I called upon a friend of mine,
Whose name I 'll drop you in a private line.

She was the very prettiest of girls,
  Of a bright cheek and a voluptuous eye;
Of ivory forehead shaded by dark curls,
  And pouting lip of a most delicate die;
Mild, lovely, sentimental and romancing,
Partial withal, especially, to dancing.

How long we talked—I really cannot say,—
  Of what we talked, the lady knows, perhaps;
The pleasant hours flowed rapidly away,
  Though I was careless of their silent lapse;
Till I was startled at the lively air
With which I heard the angel creature—swear.

It is upon my word a sober truth,
  And had you heard the syllables that glided
From the red lips of innocence and youth,
  You would not wonder half so much as I did;
The accents certainly were soft and sweet,
But for a lovely lady hardly meet!

Now had I lived a century ago,
I should most surely, as in duty bound,
Have been astonished, shocked, and frightened so
As to have deeply blushed, and sternly frowned;
But as the times go now, I only gazed
Heartily pleased, though very much amazed.

Well, I have pencilled all my story through,
And fair eyes slumber o'er the lengthened lay;
Perchance though, you would hear a word or two
Of him who speeds you on a happy way!
Who he may be, when born, where taught, how long
He has been wedded to fantastic song!

Enough—that on my yet unwrinkled brow
Old father Time hath never set his seal;
That I have seen full years enough, even now,
To know the miseries that years reveal;
To feel that anguish deep and bitter woe
Cast their dark shade on every path below.

Yet are the days of joy more numerous far,
To him who, in the calmness of a soul
In peace with Him who made him, nor at war
With those whom He has made, sees the years roll;
Borne gently onwards on life's gentle stream,
His short existence passes like a dream.

For him there is a beauty in the flower
That wastes its wealth of perfume on the gale,
A source of joy in every passing hour,—
Deep springs of happiness that never fail;
Woman's bright eye tells pleasant tales to him,
And in its beauty never waneth dim.

I have grown serious when I only thought,
To laugh a lively stanza through or so,
So nearly spring the streams of merry thought
By those of grief that darken as they flow!
Here then, kind reader, finisheth my strain;
And haply we may never meet again.

THE EXILE.

(From the German of Schiller.)

Fresh in the morn is the living breeze!
And the sun beams bright
Through the swaying arms of the dark fir-trees;
And the tops of the mountains,
The forests, the fountains,
Redden and glow in a purple light.
The lark is abroad on her airy wing;
And the wakened woods with melody ring.

Blessed be the hour of early light!
When meadow and stream
With beauty gleam,
And the grass is touched with a silver white!
When the smallest leaf on the fruit-tree top
Is a beautiful nest where the pearl reposes;
When showers of gems from the branches drop,
And the Zephyrs chat and play with the roses!

Light smoke curls high o'er the city's wall,
Steeds are neighing in valley and stall,
And the early birds are far away,
To bathe their wings in the dazzling ray.

Joy to every thing beside,
Woe and ill myself betide.
Peace for me is—where? O, where?
In the grave—and only there!

The morn may waken brightly,
And purple tower and tree;
The evening air breathe lightly,
While men sleep dreamingly;
But in morn's first blush will the death-flower bloom,
And the night breeze sweep o'er my dreamless tomb!

Tales of the Northwest, or Sketches of Indian Life and Character. By a Resident beyond the Frontier. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, & Wilkins. 1830.

It is but seldom that we have the pleasure of announcing a work of real merit and interest from the American press. Our public are so much occupied with the miserable productions of London garretteers as to find little time, and spare little sympathy, for the writers who are so unfortunate as to live and publish on their own side of the Atlantic. A book must be heralded by the purchased puffs of hungry English reviewers, or it stands little chance for favor or circulation among our own literati.

The fact is, that, as a people, we are most shamefully dependent on English opinions. Our newspapers are filled with extracts from English journals; our periodicals are crowded with notices of English works. We are afraid to venture hearty commendation of an author who has not been approved by British criticism. We speak with misgiving and doubt of our finest writers, from a fear that we shall be abused on the other side of the water, and laughed at as not recognising the difference between geese and swans. Compare the French, or even the English notices of some of our great works, with those that have appeared in our own journals, and though we may be proud that American genius has been so worthily honored abroad, we cannot but blush at the timid and hesitating encouragement it has received at home.

If our readers can lose sight for a little while of the fashionable tale-writers of London, we will call their attention to an unpretending volume that has lately appeared in our own metropolis. It is a work of particular interest and value, as a true record of Indian life and character. The caricatures with which our novelists have furnished us, are as much like the realities, as sketches drawn entirely from imagination can ever pretend to resemble certain assumed originals. Our aborigines have been endowed by them with miraculous sagacities, and most wonderful acuteness in all the senses. They are represented as seeing, hearing, and smelling more readily and vividly than any other race

of men that ever existed; and as talking with more metaphor and magnificence than would be tolerated in an oriental monarch.

The work before us is the production of a gentleman who has passed seven years among the Indians and traders on our Northwestern borders. He is familiar with their customs and manners of life, and has undertaken to convey an accurate account of them to the untravelled reader. The Sketches composing the volume are ten in number, which are drawn up with a great deal of spirit, and may be relied upon as authentic representations.

The trait developed in the first story is one of the most singular inconsistencies of the aboriginal character. Among the Indians, captives set at large on their parole are never known to violate it. They will deceive, lie, and cheat in every thing else, but in this they are inflexibly honorable. The sketch is an interesting one, and the following episode, which has no particular connexion with it, is as convenient as any to introduce by way of an extract.

"When I was a *mangeur de lard*, said Champigny, I wintered at Traverse de Sioux, with M. L'Hommedieu. One of our people was Nicolas Gorée, a Quebec man. At that time he was about eighteen, six feet high, with blue eyes and yellow hair. He was not very good at lifting or carrying, but he could jump three feet further than the best of us, and few of the Sioux could keep up with him in a foot-race. All the squaws said he was Weechashtah Washtay (a handsome man), and he was in no wise backward to cultivate their good graces. When any of them wanted a maple knot to make a bowl of, he would volunteer to cut down the tree, and no one was so ready as he to catch an unruly horse for them. More than all, he had a bunch of splinters always ready, *pour courir la lunette*. And though he never boasted, it was thought he was well received on such occasions.

"But the time when he was in his turn to feel the pain he inflicted on the Dahcotah maidens came at last. Sheenah Dootah Way, if her color be excepted, was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw; certainly, one of the most good-natured and playful. If Gorée was chopping wood, she would come and sit on a stump, and strain her eyes with looking at him. When the tree began to crackle, she would start, and cry to him to take care. If he laughed, she too disclosed two rows of teeth as white as ivory. She would mend his old moccasins, and make new ones for him; and once, when he had the fever and ague, she attended him with more than the affection of a mother. He had lighted his match in her father's lodge, and would fain have taken her to his bosom. He applied to her father, but he demanded such a price for her, as

was quite beyond the lover's means. Gorée was addicted to gambling, and being usually unsuccessful, he had spent all his wages, and run in debt besides. Still he might have obtained her, if she had been less attractive; but she was so handsome, that several traders and interpreters had offered her father a much higher price than could be expected from poor Gorée.

"Well; M'Donald, a Scotch trader from Hudson's Bay, cast the eyes, or rather the eye, for he had but one, of affection upon Sheenah Dootah Way. He offered, God knows how many guns, kettles, and blankets, and her father consented, notwithstanding her tears and remonstrances. The old man might have relented; but an eight gallon keg of high wines, promised by the suitor to be given after the consummation of the nuptials, silenced all scruples. The Scot endeavoured to gain her heart with presents of scarlet cloth, silver brooches, and finery; but Sheenah Dootah Way preferred Gorée in his red flannel toque and blanket capot to M'Donald with all his riches. But her repugnance to the match availed nothing. She was invested with a complete new suit by her parents, and carried neck and heels, more dead than alive, to M'Donald's apartment, like a lamb to the sacrifice.

"In the morning, Gorée, sad and silent, went to his daily task of wood-chopping. The new-made bride passed him again and again, hoping to attract his attention, and, no doubt, willing to elope with him. But his feelings had received a deep wound, and in his own mind he accused her of too ready a compliance with the will of her parents. He fixed his eyes steadily on his work, striking his axe into the trees with convulsive energy, neither looking to the right nor the left. When Sheenah Dootah Way found herself totally disregarded, she withdrew into the depth of the wood, as the squaws will do, you know, when in affliction. There she wailed and sobbed the whole day, but after sunset was heard no more.

"M'Donald was at first uneasy, and would have followed her into the wood, but her father, better acquainted with the disposition of the Indian girls, told him to let her alone. 'When she has done crying,' said he, 'she will return and get over her sorrow.'

"Midnight came, and she had not shown herself. M'Donald could be restrained no longer. He seized a torch of birch-bark, and, accompanied by her relations and some of us, went in quest of her. After searching some time, we found her, but, good God! in what condition. In her despair she had hanged herself, with a sash that was a present from Gorée. I need not tell you that such instances of suicide are common with the Indian women.

"Gorée was with us. When he first saw the corpse, his face became as pale as ashes, and he neither moved hand, foot, nor eye, till we took it on our shoulders to carry it away. Then he roused, rushed like a tiger on M'Donald, and dragged him to the ground. 'Villain,' he shrieked, 'this is your—your work;' and he grasped his throat with a force that all our efforts were barely able to overcome. When he found himself denied the boon of vengeance, he turned off into the darkness, and none dared follow him.

"In the night the ice formed across the river, and at sunrise Gorée had not returned. We never saw him again alive; but in the spring, a body was found twenty miles below, on a sand bar. The wolves and ravens had so disfigured it, that, had it not been for the moccasins on the feet, which we knew at once for the handy-work of Sheenah Dootah Way, it could not have been identified. Whether he had fallen into the river, or wilfully destroyed himself, could never be ascertained. I hope the former; for Monsieur le Curé says, 'A suicide has no chance to enter into paradise.'"

The story connected with St. Anthony's Falls has been before told, both in poetry and prose, but never so well as in the sketch of our author. There must of course be a good deal of difference between receiving the story from an imperfect relation, at a distance from the scene in question, and hearing it on the very spot, from the lips of a red man of the tribe, and speaking the language of the sufferer herself. From this story, with a name such as we will neither venture to write ourself, nor suffer our compositor to print, we select the passages that follow; recommending the whole as the most finished and well sustained in the volume:

"There is nothing of the grandeur or sublimity which the eye aches to behold at Niagara, about the falls of St. Anthony. But in wild and picturesque beauty it is perhaps unequalled. Flowing over a tract of country five hundred miles in extent, the river, here more than half a mile wide, breaks into sheets of foam and rushes to the pitch over a strongly inclined plane. The fall itself is not high, we believe only sixteen feet perpendicular, but its face is broken and irregular. Huge slabs of rock lie scattered below, in wild disorder. Some stand on their edges, leaning against the ledge from which they have been disunited. Some lie piled upon each other in the water, in inimitable confusion. A long, narrow island divides the fall nearly in the middle. Its eastern side is not perpendicular, but broken into three distinct leaps, below which the twisting and twirling eddies threaten destruction to any living thing that enters them. On the western side, in the boiling rapid below, a few rods from the fall, stands a little island, of a few yards' area, rising steep from the waters, and covered with forest trees. At the time of our story, its mightiest oak was the haunt of a solitary bald eagle, that had built his eyrie on the topmost branches, beyond the reach of man. It was occupied by his posterity till the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three, when the time-honored crest of the vegetable monarch bowed and gave way before the wing of the northern tempest. The little islet was believed inaccessible, till two daring privates of the fifth regiment, at very low water, waded out in the river above, and ascending

the fall by means of the blocks of stone before mentioned, forded the intervening space, and were the first of their species that ever set foot upon it.

"Large trunks of trees frequently drift over, and diving into chasms of the rocks, never appear again. The loon, or great northern diver, is also, at moulting time, when he is unable to rise from the water, often caught in the rapids. When he finds himself drawn in, he struggles with fate, for awhile, but finding escape impossible, he faces downwards and goes over, screaming horribly. These birds sometimes make the descent unhurt. Below, the rapids foam and roar and tumble for half a mile, and then subside into the clear, gentle current that continues unbroken to the Rock River Rapids, and, at high water, to the Gulf of Mexico. Here, too, the high bluffs which enclose the Mississippi commence. Such was the scene at the time of this authentic history, but now it is mended or marred, by the works of the sons of Adam. It can show its buildings, its saw-mill, its grist-mill, its cattle, and its cultivated fields. Nor is it unadorned with traditional honors. A Siou can tell you how the enemy, in the darknes of midnight, deceived by the false beacons lighted by his ancestors, paddled his canoe into the rapids, from which he never issued alive. He can give a good guess too, what ghosts haunt the spot and what spirits abide there."

The descent of the mother with her child over the Falls is thus related:

"She embarked in a canoe with her child, and, pushing from the shore, entered the rapids before she was perceived. When she was seen, both men and women, among whom her husband was the most earnest, followed her on the shore, entreating her to land ere it was too late. The river was high, so that it was impossible to intercept her, yet Toskatnay, finding his entreaties of no avail, would have thrown himself into the water, had he not been withheld by his followers. Had this demonstration of interest occurred the day before, it is possible that her purpose would have been forgotten. As it was, she shook her open hand at him in scorn, and held up his child for him to gaze at. She then began to sing, and her song ran thus:

"'A cloud has come over me. My joys are turned to grief. Life has become a burden too heavy to bear, and it only remains to die.

"'The Great Spirit calls; I hear his voice in the roaring waters. Soon, soon shall they close over my head, and my song shall be heard no more.

"'Turn thine eyes hither, proud chief. Thou art brave in battle, and all are silent when thou speakest in council. Thou hast met death, and hast not been afraid.

"'Thou hast braved the knife, and the axe; and the shaft of the enemy has passed harmless by thee.

"'Thou hast seen the warrior fall. Thou hast heard him speak bitter words with his last breath.

"'But hast thou ever seen him dare more than a woman is about to do?

"'Many speak of thy deeds. Old and young echo thy praises. Thou art the star the young men look upon, and thy name shall be long heard in the land.

"'But when men tell of thy exploits, they shall say, "He slew his wife also!" Shame shall attend thy memory.

"'I slew the ravenous beast that was about to destroy thee. I planted thy corn and made thee garments and moccasins.

"'When thou wast an hungered, I gave thee to eat, and when thou wast athirst, I brought thee cold water. I brought thee a son also, and I never disobeyed thy commands.

"'And this is my reward! Thou hast laughed at me. Thou hast given me bitter words, and struck me heavy blows.

"'Thou hast preferred another before me, and thou hast driven me to wish for the approach of death, as for the coming winter.

"'My child, my child! Life is a scene of sorrow. I had not the love of a mother, did I not snatch thee from the woes thou must endure.

"'Adorn thy wife with ornaments of white metal, Toskatnay. Hang beads about her neck. Be kind to her, and see if she will ever be to thee as I.'

"So saying, or rather singing, she went over the fall with her child, and they were seen no more."

The author asks indulgence for the *manner* in which these Sketches are written, as "the forest has been his Alma Mater." We apprehend that he need fear little on this account. Saving some occasional rudeness of expression, there is nothing to displease the most fastidious. There is throughout a conciseness, that, in these days, is quite uncommon. There is no expansion, or spreading out of material, no studied elaboration of a particular scene or character, that betrays a disposition to economize and make as much as possible of a small literary capital. Actions and situations that would have served some of our writers for a dozen pages or chapters are despatched in as many lines; and there is throughout the volume a lavishness and confidence in the management of his resources, that mark strength and fertility of genius.

TWILIGHT SKETCHES.

(Summer Gardens. St. Petersburg.)

The sun has run his course in pride,
And clouds along his pathway lie,
As if they gathered there to hide
The inward glories of the sky.
A deep carnation wanders through
The river's smooth, unsullied breast,
And earth is blushing with the hue
Reflected from the gorgeous west;
A veil of gold in dimness lies
On a proud city's stately places,
Whose marble palaces arise
To the last sunbeam's soft embraces.
Queen of the North! an eve more bright
Ne'er touched the heart or blessed the sight;
The earth around, the skies above
Were ne'er so full of bliss and love,
And richer hues and scenes more fair,
Ne'er lay beneath the summer air!
A single star comes out upon
The world's unbounded canopy:
How beautiful, when all alone,
It glistens in the dark blue sky!
The tender gloom that twilight brings,
Has fallen on all human things.

A melody of chiming bells
Upon the ear in sadness swells,
Awakening memories that bless
The spirit in its weariness;
O! strong the mastery that can bind
Its magic fetters on the mind,
And wet the cheek and bow the head
Of him to guilt and darkness wed;
And bend him suppliant at the shrine
Of the Madonna's form divine.
Within the rich and massive fane,
Where banners droop, in battle won—
There kneels a penitential train
To breathe its evening orison;

Unblemished Virgin! 't is to thee
They lift the eye and bend the knee!
And who can look upon that face,
So full of deep and earnest love,
And deem a mortal hand could trace
Aught so allied to things above!
Mercy is writ upon that brow—
What marvel men before it bow?

Fair Neva! down thy crimson tide
A thousand mirrored barges glide,
And to the gardens of thy shore,
Throngs of the gay and idle pour—
An undistinguishable band,
Gathered from every peopled land—
The turbaned Turk—the London cit,
Mahometan and exquisite,—
The wand'ring Tartar from his tent,
The honest son of trade from Kent,—
The haughty cavalier from Spain,
His gayer neighbour from Bretaigne,—
The maiden from the Volga's mouth,
The dark-eyed daughter of the South!
The soldier worn with wounds and losses,
And recompensed with scores of crosses;
The gentleman of slender purse
Given unhappily to verse;
The tourist ready to record
Your every syllable and word—
Jotting with eager pencil down
Each empty rumor of the town,
Distorting truths, compiling lies,
And noting Scandal as she flies—
Filling an ominous MS.
With stupid errors from the press:—
The good, the coward, and the brave,
The knight, the critic, and the knave,
The painted belle—the natty beau,
The rich, the noble, and the low—
Gathered from hovel or from hall,
The azure sky bends over all.

* * * * *

Twilight has passed, and the clear moonshine
Runs down the stream in a golden line,
And rushes upon the darkening night,
Like a waveless flood of yellow light!
The perfumed breath of the languid breeze
Scarce sways a bough of the leafy trees,
And stars look out on the quiet even,
Like inlets into the light of heaven.
Night! still, mysterious night! when thou
Art beautiful and bright as now,
I will not join the mingled throng
That pours in heartless mirth along—
Nor gaze on woman's face, when thou
Hast such a smile upon thy brow;
But yield me, heart, and soul, and sense,
To thy most blessed influence!
Words cannot tell the thoughts that brood
Upon the spirit's solitude!

ABDUL ORRINDEC.

That fickle minister of Allah, whom the Franks call Fortune, and picture as a blindfold goddess, seemed resolved in heaping her favors on Abdul Orrindec to show that her hand is not always unsteady nor her eye blinded. He was one of those instances which she delights sometimes to set before the sons of men, to convince them that inconstancy is no necessary part of her nature—that she can pour forth unmingled sweets and crown with an unfading garland. Or perhaps she had consigned Abdul's earthly lot to the ministration of those tender Houris who are now attending him in the seventh heaven, and who had fallen in love with him before he left this world for their native seat.

Be this as it may—his lot was well seen to. He was a fortunate and a happy youth. Son of the prime vizier of our greatest sultan—a wise though indulgent father—he saw smiling around him all the luxuries which wealth and influence could procure. As he bounded through his spacious palace or fairy gardens on the banks of the Tigris,

moving every limb with the agility of an antelope—his neck curving more proudly than the desert serpent's, his eyes sparkling above his cheeks like two stars above the redness of the *Northern Dawn*, enchanted the fair girls who had forgotten their native vales in his delicious grottos; and he saw through the scented foliage the glance of their beckoning arms.

He had a frame at once healthy and delicate. His pure blood, exquisitely sensitive to every delight, sported like quicksilver through his veins.

And Abdul failed not to partake of all the good which Allah had spread around him. The nimble courser, the dancing boat, the cooling sherbet, and the rich red wine; the maiden's bower and the fresh zephyrs laden with music and perfume floating through it—he joyed in all.

But Abdul's soul was large. His eighteenth summer had not flown over him when he was found often alone. No: Hafiz was with him; he conversed with the sweet bards of the days that are gone. His boat often lay still, midway on the broad, calm, sunset-flushed bosom of the Tigris, and their strains were in his ear. A new power woke within him; and he sighed with joy when he found that it could conjure up richer scenes than any within the blue mountains of Bagdat's horizon. He imagined.

And in his palace, he gazed often and long on a marble head, such as the Franks have about their stair-ways and halls. It was one which his father had seized at the sack of Antioch—a head of the great Greek dervise Plato. And Abdul gazed upon it, till Haidee and gentle Lilua grew jealous of its broad still forehead. And ere long the books of the Greeks were in Abdul's palace, and in his choicest shades, and in his boat; and a Greek captive taught him to read them. Abdul thought.

His days were now days of labor. Pleasure was no longer his business. His thoughts were with things afar, and with things past, and with things to come. One evening, as he was gazing from his window upon a noble palm—"Three years ago," he exclaimed, "how was I happier than thou art? I luxuriated in my health and vigor and comeliness, living on outward influences; and so dost thou. But now"—— His eye glanced to heaven, first with pride and then with gratitude.

He had sounded all the joys of sense; but thought and knowledge spread before him an ocean which he might sail for ever and discover neither bottom nor shore.

He saw the merry together in their merriment, and the thinker alone in his thoughtfulness; and he sighed not, but smiled as he reflected that he now found that happiness in himself which he was once obliged to seek in companions. He loved his present pleasure the better that it was his own—that its spring was unknown and untasted by those about him.

He did not envy the gay their smiling and laughing; for he knew from experience that these were the tokens of mere bodily exhilaration. "When I smiled and laughed like the best of you, it was my body I remember that rejoiced; but now that my spirit is taking its pleasures, look into that, if you can, and you shall see it smile."

Thus thought Abdul. Would he have thought and felt and been all this, had he grown up in labor and restriction? Or would he not, when he grew old and rich, have looked murmuringly upon his body, as not having afforded him all the enjoyment it could produce? Disgusted with that application of which he knew only the drudgery, and allured by that gayety and boisterous mirth of which he knew not the shallowness, might he not have resolved to make amends for a youth void of pleasure, by becoming that most loathsome of living things, a sensual and profligate old man?

How little knowest thou, O mortal, of thine own good! It may be well for thee, even to have been born a prince.

O.*

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* We are glad to see that our old correspondent cleaves to us amid the general desertion of those who are more responsibly bound to support our publication. A slight change would make his hero's name applicable to himself. He is an ABDIEL among apostates. We could wish, however, that his communications remained undiminished in quantity as well as in quality. EDITOR.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

If there is any one creature under heaven that deserves our pity more than another, it is the hypochondriac. Of the thousand evils that flesh is heir to, none are so wearing to mind and body as those of the imagination. Poverty, pain, and wretchedness may be borne up against with manly fortitude, or supported with feminine endurance; but the diseases of the mind alike sap the courage and weary the patience. To have the air peopled with the wild creations of an over-heated imagination, to see

"Blue devils and black,
Red devils and grey,"

flitting unceasingly before the mental vision, is adding so large an amount to our heritage of real misery, that human nature, with all its power to do and bear, is almost universally worsted in the unequal struggle, and compelled to bow itself beneath the weight of accumulated misery.

These reflections passed rapidly through my mind on receiving the following

LETTER FROM MR. FRANCIS HOCK.

"My Dear Mr. Editor,

"A week has now elapsed since I had the honor of being chosen a member of the Club that assists you in your higly responsible office of conducting the Collegian. My behaviour during the ceremony of initiation must have appeared very unaccountable to you, as well as to the rest of the company. But, truth to tell, I have never in my whole life had such cause of terror as on that evening. The smooth walls appeared gradually to be changed to the rough sides of a wide prison-house, and then each stone gave place to a huge skull and the sockets of the skulls were not eyeless nor their jaws tongueless. For the eyes burned like red-hot coals, and glared upon me with an unearthly intenseness. A hissing sound, too, as of pent-up winds trying to burst their confinement, came from the half-opened jaws, and breathed on me with the deadly heat of the

Simoom-blast. Smells,* also, like those said to be distilled in the regions of the damned, greeted my nostrils, seeming as they would suffocate me. I could have borne all these and greater sufferings (for I have seen sights and heard sounds in my day, that are allowed to but a few privileged mortals), had not the floor yawned, and a spirit of evil, rising from the gap, advanced towards me. I knew him

'By a power and by a sign,'

and shuddered as if it had been the Arch-Fiend himself. Yet 't was but for a moment. The necessity of preserving myself by flight was my first impulse. I obeyed it, and darted down stairs with the velocity of lightning. Finding myself in the open air was a relief to the oppression of feeling that had weighed upon me, and I felt secure without the precincts of a room, which, at that moment, I fully believed to be unhallowed. But the demon was not the spirit of the room exclusively; for, as my eye fell on the doorway, I saw him standing there with his withered finger pointing at me. I turned from him and ran as if gifted with supernatural speed, through the clouds of dust that were driving on before the tempest. I turned my head once or twice to see if he was still after me, and each time found that he was close at my heels. At length my breath came so thick and my limbs were so wearied with the race, that I was about giving it up and submitting to the power of my adversary, when a sound of waves splashing against a shore fell upon my ear. The light of the moon, too, at that moment breaking out, shone upon a short and narrow bridge, which was but a few steps before me. The thought that if I could gain the opposite side, I should be safe from my pursuer, flashed through my mind. It was electrical. With a convulsive effort of strength I made two or three bounds and cleared the bridge.

"What happened for some time afterwards I know not. The next circumstance which I remember of that night's history, is, that I woke under the open sky as from a long and painful sleep. The clouds were still sweeping over the

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* Mr. Hock forgets that this is an interdicted word. He uses it, we hope, for the *strength* of its expression. EDITOR.

heavens in large dense masses, and there was every appearance of rain. A drop or two at that instant falling on my face, recalled me more fully to my senses. I got upon my feet as well as I could and made my way slowly home, flung myself on my bed, and acted *over again in my dreams* the scenes which I have here related to you.

"This account, Mr. Editor, will, I presume, be deemed a sufficient apology for my behaviour. You are a man of good judgment as well as tender feeling, and will no doubt believe in the truth of the statement which I have here laid before you. A particular friend of mine, to whom I entrusted the secret, had the impertinence to laugh outright, and the brazen-faced assurance to attempt to convince me that it was *only* a dream. May heaven forgive his heartless incredulity!

"Yours, with great respect,

F. Hock.

"*Boston, April* 14, 1830.

"P. S. I had almost forgotten to give you the direction to my present abode, where I shall expect to see you as soon as possible. You will find me by calling at No. 12, ——— Street. It is rather an obscure corner, but I am obliged to retire from the noisy parts of the city on account of my miserable state of health. Inquire at the door for Mr. Green—that is at present my assumed name."

I confess I was somewhat surprised at the contents of this letter. That Mr. Hock was laboring under one of his grossest delusions, I had no doubt; but still I wished to humor him, and resolved to set out for Boston early in the forenoon of the following day. I did so. The sun shining out after a six-days' concealment, was a favorable omen, and I entered upon my walk with much more pleasure than I had anticipated. Though pretty well acquainted with the winding streets of the metropolis, it was with the greatest difficulty that I discovered the house to which my friend had directed me. On knocking at the door, it was opened very noislessly by rather an aged women, of whom I inquired if Mr. Green was within. She answered that he was, and with a prefatory caution about treading lightly, said that she would show me to his apartment.

I found him seated before a large coal fire, bolstered up in a most luxurious easy-chair. At his elbow was a small mahogany stand with a number of phials ranged out on it. The window-shutters were closed, all but a little crack for the admission of light, and every thing about the chamber bore ample testimony to the state of its inmate. He looked thinner and paler than usual, but there were no other signs of sickness about him. As he took my hand, a smile passed over his features, but it soon gave place to their former melancholy expression. I tried to cheer him, though without success. Something appeared to weigh upon his mind that he wished to disclose to me. Glad to give him a chance, I ceased talking for some time. At length he commenced—"You did me the honor of this call, I presume, in consequence of the request in my yesterday's letter. It is a kindness which I feared my limited acquaintance with you, Sir, would hardly warrant me in asking; but from the promptness with which you have complied with my wishes, I flatter myself that it has not proved an irksome task. My chief object in requesting your attendance was, that you might have from your own eyes, a confirmation of the tale I told you, and that I might receive from your own lips a pardon for the conduct, with the cause of which you have already been made acquainted. On the morning of that eventful night, I was taken sick, and feeling a strange presentiment that I should never recover, was transported to this house, which I have often before now made my retreat. I have been growing every day worse and worse; my flesh is fast melting away; and I can feel every separate bone in my body. My fate will shortly be consummated. And yet I do not shudder at it. By my own free will I sought the converse of other beings than those of this world, and if the terrors of that converse have proved too strong for my weak spirit, let it break.

"But I will not burden you any longer with a recital, in which you can feel but little interest. If you are satisfied, I now wait to hear that you have accepted my apology." "Most certainly, Sir, with all my heart." "I thank you." Here he threw himself back in his chair, apparently much fatigued with speaking. I saw it was a good time to retire, and taking up my hat, asked if there was any thing I could

do for him out of doors. "Nothing, I am much obliged to you, but to make my peace with the members of the CLUB, whenever you write to or see them." I assured him that I would, and left the apartment.

Now reader, if this were any body else than Mr. Hock, I should fear for and pity him. But he has had so many freaks of fancy of every sort, that they have become a second nature to him; and I have no doubt that he will shortly recover from this as he has from all the others, and have a very lucid and healthy interval.

SONNET.

YEARS have passed o'er me, lovely Isabel,
Since last I gazed upon thy beauteous face,
So full of Nature's loveliness and grace;—
They could a tale of grief and anguish tell,
Which, even now, from out its secret cell
Would bring the unbidden tear-drop to thine eye,
And waken in thy breast the burning sigh
In memory of one who loved thee well.
But yet I would not that it should be so.
That sorrow ne'er may cloud thy sunny brow,
Nor chill thy youthful spirits as they flow,
Is the warm prayer that I may offer now.
A lonely wanderer on the pathless sea,
Thus wafts his wayward benison to thee.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. I.

A BATTLE PIECE.

SILKEN banners flapping loudly,
On the gale unfurled;
To the death they meet so proudly,
Steed and rider hurled;

Sabre beaming,
Helmet gleaming,
In the troubled air;
Nobly bearing,
Bravely daring,
Every foeman there!

Crest and plume of purple dye,
Armour red with gore;
Trumpet note and warrior cry,
Battle's echoed roar;
Lances flashing,
Bucklers clashing,
Bugles sounding out;
Charging, flying,
Slaying, dying,
Victory and rout!

No. II.

A SUPPER PIECE.

Ducks and turkeys, soups and fishes,
On the table laid;
Quick the many pleasant dishes
Vanish to a shade!
Glass is beaming,
Silver gleaming,
On the merry board;
Wit is flowing,
Bright and glowing,
While the wine is poured!

Wine is rich within the glasses,
Rich upon the lip;
Swift the cordial liquid passes,
Swallow follows sip;
Songs are singing,
Shouts are ringing,
Through the lofty hall;
Toasting, laughing,
Deeply quaffing,—
Let the curtain fall!

THE SCREECHING LADY.

MANY years since a youth and his bride,
Built them a cot by the water side;
High on a beetling cliff it stood,
Girt by a rocky solitude;
She was a witch and a wizard he,
And they spend their days right merily!

Oft they ride on the waters dark,
And shatter the mariner's fragile bark;
Or sail the air when the sky is blue,
In a rapid car of the sky's own hue;
Or dive to the caves of the ocean deep,
And visit the cells where the mermaids sleep,
Or idly lurk in the modest flowers,
Which maidens pluck in the wildwood bowers;
Bearing bliss or scattering wo,
By land or sea, wherever they go.

And they lead a gay and happy life—
Considering they were man and wife.
The gentleman asks a friend to dine,
And smokes his cigar, and drinks his wine;
The lady seldom scolds or frets,
And her pin-money pays her gambling debts;
So years of mutual bliss roll by,
In the spirit cot, 'way up in the sky!

But the brightest flowers are born to fade,
And clouds the sunniest skies will shade.
And so it chanced, one brilliant night,
He mounted his gig with a brother sprite,
And stayed from home till the morning light!
He had been off with a merry crew,
Singing and quaffing mountain dew;
And his wife was wroth, as she well might be,
At the thought of her solitary tea!

The lady frowned—when the husband came
Riding home to his watchful dame;
The lady darkened—and bit her lips,
And looked like the moon in a half-eclipse!
The lady opened her mouth—and spoke,
And volleys of wrath from her quick tongue broke;
"A pretty kettle of fish!" quoth he,
And cast a glance at the raging sea!

His brow grows black, and his eye grows red,
As he stands on the cliffs of Marblehead;
And he looks on his bride with a vacant stare,
And wreathes his hand in her raven hair;
A terrible scream—as he lifts her high,
And she spins like a top between earth and sky!

That scream for many a league is heard,
By the startled beast and the scared sea-bird;
The old cliffs shake, as its echoes wake,
And the troubled waves on the broad shore break;
And far over meadow and valley and stream,
The casing air is a general scream!

And since, at times, by day or night,
In the glare of noon, or the soft moonlight;
When storms are abroad, or the skies are fair,
That voice is heard in the troubled air.
The maiden sleeps, and her virgin dream
Is often broke by that fearful scream.
The old crone sits by her chimney-side,
And the mariner floats on the restless tide;
And it chills the blood in their veins to hear
That terrible voice come shrill and clear.
And the curse, they say, will never more
Pass from the cliffs of that fated shore!

A JAUNT ON FOOT.

Mr. Editor, hearing that you have been deserted by the whole Club, and taking compassion on your forlorn situation, I have written for your pages the following sketch. It is at your service, if deemed worthy of admission. Mr. La-Touche's "Strollings" have proved very generally pleasing: perhaps a similarity of subject may give something of the same interest to my "Jaunt."

Philo-Geoffry.

At 4 o'clock in the morning, not far from the middle of last August, I left Boston for Northampton. What! commence a walk of a hundred and ninety miles—thither and

back, gentle reader—in dog-days! Ay,—for the roads being covered with snow in December, and with mire generally in April—August, hot as it is, is our most eligible vacation season for travelling. Accordingly, about the middle of that month I set out, as I said before, for Northampton, early in the morning, and strengthened by a cup of coffee. What a delicious beverage! It must have been the nectar of the ancient gods. At least I am sure it was a Hebe who helped me to it on this occasion.

Our suburban country, over eighteen miles of which I passed the first day, presents, as every one knows, a succession of the most beautiful and cheering scenes. Who ever walked through a thriving country town, of a summer morning, undelighted? "The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn," the tinkling of that distant sheep-bell, yon blithe-tripping form with the milk-pail, and those dewed meadows laughing in the fresh sun-light, are enough "to create a soul under the ribs of Death."

On the evening of the second day, I found myself at Sterling—about forty miles accomplished in two days. Few travellers would have done more; and yet twenty miles employ but about half a dozen hours; how is the rest of the day to be spent? There's the rub—the great difficulty in pedestrian travelling: you cannot walk half so long as you wake. If "the dog-star rages," walk in the morning and evening, principally; rest at an inn, or, if possible, at a farm-house, during the hottest part of the day; and amuse yourself as you can. The convenience of having in your sack a few *multum in parvo* volumes of your favorite poet, will immediately suggest itself to you. I had not thought to furnish myself. Accordingly, at the half-way house on my second day's route, I was obliged, after stretching myself comfortably on the outside of a bed, to inquire of the landlord, "Whether there was such a thing as a book in the house." Mine host, far from embarrassed at a demand, to which I supposed his ears somewhat unused, replied, "Certainly, Sir," with an air, not only of confident pride, but of some indignation, at the insinuation which my query seemed to contain, of a possibility that he might be unsupplied with the commodity in question. He made his exit—and, really, such accounts had I heard of

the odd, old, interminable, nondescript products of the mind, with which the traveller has been obliged to console his or her self, when shut up by sun or rain in a country tavern, that my curiosity was fairly alive, to see what specimens so prompt a vindicator of the literary honors of his house would produce. After a five minutes' search, he re-entered, and laid before me, as he uttered a few triumphant monosyllables, "Indian Wars," "Darwin's Preceptor," and the second volume of "Cœlebs in search of a Wife." This last, my aunt has since told me, was a standard novel in the days of her girlhood. In perusing its mutilated moiety, and in noting down in a little scrap-book whatever had struck my eye or fancy on my route, I spent the noon hours.

My third day's walk was blessed with a clear sky and fine scenery. In every prospect near the centre of our state, Mount Wachuset forms a most imposing feature; and at every step between Sterling and Barre, I could see it rising broad, blue, and picturesque, from some point in the horizon. Here I extract a page, scribbled beneath an occasional green tree, as I jogged along, from the scrap-book above mentioned.

—"A reclining cow, in one corner of a pen, pensively contemplating the sports of some chickens in another corner—

—"A burial-hill surmounted by a powder-house—death and death's fiercest executioner repose together—

—"A brick-based, yellow-painted shop, purporting, like most of these rural depots, to contain a very accommodatingly miscellaneous assortment—among numberless other articles, hats and dried fish, fancy goods and grind-stones, snuff and crockery, chairs and rum, brooms and tobacco—

—"Green vines and shrubbery, wrapping some ruined house-walls. They have given me the blues—

—"Ah, a chord is struck! Among the thousand images which enter your eye between every rise and set of the sun, do you feel a thrilling consciousness, whenever one enters which impresses itself abidingly on your memory, and is to be brooded over years after by imagination? I do. Yon hill! the farthest visible. From its very edge, rise, by themselves, two tall, slender, ghost-like trees, standing up, still and solitary, against the deep blue of the horizon. Can it be, that

they are two departing spirits of the vegetable world? Will they not have vanished when I shall next pass this way? Most assuredly I shall not forget to look for them, though my eyes should then be dim with age—

—"A beautiful garden on my right. What is a passer-by to do in such a case? If he gaze very admiringly on the bright leaves, the mistress, who is of course looking out at the window, will suspect him of some covetous design. Yet who can be so cruel as to pass with averted eye, while the fair cultivator is expecting from him some marks of surprise and delight at the view of her pretty yard?"

As the day waxed hot and meridional, I espied a finely shaded farm-house, a few rods distant, on a by-road. As no inn was in sight, and I was somewhat wearied and a-thirst, I made bold to knock and request a tumbler of water. No sooner had it been furnished and emptied than I was urged to enter and rest myself; while a white-headed urchin of six stilled his yelping puppy, and a yellow-headed lassie of sixteen eased me of my sack. These preliminaries ended in my passing four hours with the family, during which time I initiated myself into the good graces of all its members, biped and quadruped,—the last class including sundry dogs, cats, and babies. I enjoyed shade and rest beneath their roof, bowl upon bowl of their luscious brown bread and milk, and hour after hour of genuine courtesy, at a cost, at which New England hospitality will always be gladly extended, good natured answers to endless questions. We parted—they, completely possessed of "my whereabouts," origin, and prospects in life—I, full of milk and gratitude. They will never read this acknowledgment; and yet they have elevated a whole people in my regard. Should I live to become a member of civil society, I am persuaded I shall be a better patriot, in remembrance of the kind souls who welcomed me to that retired spot of my country.

Slept that night in Barre, one of the most thriving towns I passed through. It is the Parma of Massachusetts. This circumstance I should have discovered, had I not before been aware of it, by the huge heaps of cheese which were set before me, apparently as the chief edible of the land, wherever I stopped, within a circle of twenty miles. The next town beyond Barre is, I am persuaded, the most despicable in this

nemisphere, always excepting the worst parts of Cambridgeport. It is called Dana, and built upon a sand-bank. Half-finished houses—stinted crops—roads, whose whole material has such a constant tendency to locomotion, that every breeze seems likely to prove as fatal as the monsoon to the traveller of Zahara! Indeed "the abomination of desolation" seems to have established its reign in Dana. I traversed it on a Sunday morning. A solitary mammoth barn, unpainted, decaying, and rickety, which I encountered in the midst of the region, I concluded to be the meeting-house, from the numbers who, according to rural custom, had assembled around it a few minutes ere the service began, to bask in the sun, and interchange their weekly salutations. The road is particularly straight where the church stands, so that I was in full view of this collection for about an eighth of a mile. What with my foreign air, my solitary figure, my travelling gait, and my travelling accoutrements, it may be conceived that I immediately attracted all eyes. Without allowing this conspicuousness to incommode me in the least, I continued to make my approaches, till, arriving directly opposite the church, I faced about and took a deliberate survey of the congregation—that is, of the collected inhabitants of five miles square. After receiving, and returning with perfect composure, an inquisition of several minutes, I held on my way, declaiming in very audible tones, and with suitable gestures, one of Shakspeare's soliloquies.

This you will allow, modest reader, to have been a most desperate effort of *brass*. And indeed the very best result of a pedestrian tour is the acquisition of this valuable quality—none the less valuable, because it sometimes degenerates into impudence, as emulation does into envy. Of all the schools in the world for acquiring this useful accomplishment, a pedestrian tour is, as I have said, the very best. Constantly among inquisitive strangers, and constantly a subject of speculation among them, how can one help becoming, in the course of a week or two, quite indifferent to stares, whispers, and even direct interrogatories? The accoutrements, which I have mentioned as contributing, among other things, to fix attention on me, consisted of a complete suit of brown linen from crown to ancle, a brown linen sack on my shoulders, con-

taining a few articles of clothing, and, in a brown linen case, a light umbrella, used as a walking-stick, when not wanted for protection against sun or rain. Thus equipped I would enter a bar-room, stretch myself on a chest, glance over a newspaper, and make inquiries about directions and distances, with the utmost nonchalance, beneath the unremitting, unvarying, and intense stare of a score of loungers. Consequently, upon returning home I astonished every body by appearing perfectly self-possessed in emergences which had formerly been wont to bring on tremor of the limbs, blanching of the countenance, choking of the voice, and in short, all those signs of approaching dissolution, which a bashful man exhibits, to the distress of himself and friends, once in every twenty-four hours.

Beyond Dana, the country, as far as Amherst, is for the most part hilly, forest-clad, and thinly inhabited. About midway it is quite elevated and commands a broad view. I was at the highest point, just as the sun was setting most gloriously; the sky was clear as sapphire. Having imagined the road annihilated, and a considerable pond in one of the valleys beneath me augmented to a lake, I was exclaiming with Byron,

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
> There is society, where none intrudes,"

when a mounted lady suddenly came in view, not two rods from me, at an angle in the road. Her bearing and countenance showed her at once to be one of those beings who are not to be estimated from the neighborhood in which birth has accidentally cast their lot. My spirits were raised with the exhilaration of exercise and the magnificence of the scene, and in the overflow of boyish enthusiasm, I made bold to address her, and congratulate her on the beauties of the country of which she seemed a native. She entered into the spirit of my address, and without affecting any alarm, she looked me in the face and answered me with charming frankness, and a thorough sympathy. I do not remember her words; her tones and manner I shall never forget. The hills were soon between us. May she never commune with a less

lovely evening, nor meet a ruder traveller, in her solitary rides.

The night was somewhat advanced when I reached the centre of Amherst, about twenty-four miles from Barre, and eight or nine miles this side of the bourne of my journey, Northampton,—which I entered the forenoon of the next day. The semicircle of highlands, within the curve of which you find yourself on approaching Northampton from the east, was the nonpareil of my route, in the way of scenery. I viewed them when the morning mists were just rising from their summits and glowing in the sunlight. Magnificent! "God touches the hills, and they smoke."

I stayed in Northampton the remainder of the day only. The beauties of the village, and the hospitality of its inhabitants, are too well known to need remark here. The Round Hill students, I almost envied their delicious situation. They have shown themselves worthy of it, however. Those who have had the best opportunities of examining, bear witness to their attainments; their subscribing, in such large numbers, to your "Collegian," Mr. Editor, is sufficient evidence of their taste. I was pleased in fact with every thing in Northampton, but the hotel at which I put up. Here, they extortionized terribly; and they seemed to fill the stomach just in the inverse ratio of the speed with which they emptied the pocket. A would-be genteel dinner—a company composed mostly of would-be genteel young ladies and invalid exquisites, with as much appetite as a butterfly,—and a set of most veloce and inexorable harpies in the shape of waiting-maids, ready to pounce upon each dish as soon as it had made its pre-ordained stay of two and a half minutes upon the board!—Imagine the unsatisfied cravings, the writhing and teeth-gnashing of a keen-set youth of seventeen, in such a predicament!

I left Northampton the next morning, and proceeding in a more southerly direction and at a quicker pace than on my advance, reached Worcester, about fifty miles distant, on the second day. I took Mount Holyoke in my course; but, the air being misty, the prospect was not wide, though exquisitely beautiful. In the Album, at the top of the Mount, I found, among other fine things, the following effusion of

some admirer of nature, who seems to have had a very nice eye for the beauty of utility—

> "Hail, lovely Connecticut, who ever hast ran,
> Giving shad to South Hadley, and pleasure to man!"

Spent at Worcester two delightful days, with more than two delightful friends. Let them be sacred from print! This town is quite inferior to Northampton in natural scenery, and perhaps in the number of magnificent, patriarchal-looking mansions; but it has greatly the advantage of Northampton, in being laid out for the most part in one straight and wide main street, in traversing which, you enjoy all the prettiness of the village at one *coup d' œil*. Leaving Worcester at sunrise, I walked thirty-two miles that day; and at ten o'clock the next forenoon found myself at home.

My absence was ten days. If you have noticed my numerals, gentle reader, you have perceived that I walked on the first day but little more than half as much as on the tenth. Yet, I was less tired at the close of the last day than of the first. So much does simple exercise effect, especially in walking.

As the result of my ten days' experience, I would advise any one to perform his journeys, in pleasent weather, on foot —if he be in no great hurry to "arrive the point proposed" —if he like to move now fast, now slow, now here, now there, as the humor may sieze him—if he dislike the trouble of seeing to any other animal than himself—if he have a pretty stout pair of legs—if he be troubled with bashfulness.

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

I HAVE been reading tales of chivalry;
Tales of the gallant knight and tented field;
When man was ruled by glance of woman's eye,
And wore her semblance on his burnished shield;
When for his sword she dictated the motto;
Such a dominion had the ladies got to!

No one can have a greater reverence,
  Than my poor self, for all the softer sex
No one can have a more exalted sense
  Of all their arts and powers to tease and vex
My heart beats pit-a-pat, like any hammer,
Before a beauty,—if she talk good grammar.

But from the instance I 'm about to tell
  Of female tyranny,—you must confess,
If such things took place frequently, 't were well
  To have their influence a little less;
I 'll cite you in as few words as I 'm able
This fact—which seems to me much like a fable.

Rich in a flowing wealth of golden hair,
  The precious beauty of a darkling eye,
Of well turned limb, and features passing fair,
  Of crimson lip and cheek of roselike dye,
A fairy damsel lived in ancient time,
Well worthy of some deathless minstrel's rhyme.

A sage resided in the court with her,
  Of hoary locks and wrinkled cheek and brow;
Whose age exactly I cannot aver,
  And, if I could, it matters little now;
I don't consider it as very weighty;
However, he was something short of eighty.

Now, was it not, or was it, very strange
  That this philosopher should fall in love?
He did—and his attachment knew no change;
  'T was really such as "saints might feel above";
And for my life I can see no objection
The dame could have, to slight his pure affection.

She did, however. Once upon a day,
  The aged man besought her for a kiss,
Told her she was a sunbeam on his way,
  And swore point blank to that lie and to this,
As lovers always do—till she relented,
And kindly to the boon required consented—

On one condition—on his hands and knees
  He must succumb, and in his mouth receive
A bridle; let her saddle him, at ease,
  And ride upon his back;—he gave her leave!
A girl thus made a slave of a philosopher;
A tale of love the stoic cannot gloss over.
Mills tells the full-length story in his way,
And you may read it any leisure day.

THE SPECTRE PIG.

A BALLAD.

It was the stalwart butcher man
That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle Pig must die,
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle Pig
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah! it was the cruel knife
His faithful heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men—
They trailed him all along,
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong;

And round and round the oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And like a mighty pendulum,
All solemnly he swung.

Now say thy prayers, thou butcher man,
And think what thou hast done,
And read thy catechism well,
Thou bloody-minded one.

For if his sprite should walk by night,
It better were for thee,
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher man
That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath,
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes;

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And in his soft simplicity,
Out spoke the tender child—

"O father, father, list to me,
The Pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels,
And fed him with a stick."

It was the bloody butcher then
That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry—

"O Nathan, Nathan, what 's a Pig,
That you should weep and wail?
Come, bear you like a butcher's child,
And you shall have his tail."

It was the butcher's daughter then,
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone—
Fast fell the tear-drops big—
"Ah, wo is me! alas! alas!
The Pig! the Pig! the Pig!"

It was the stalwart butcher man
Made merry with her wo,
And called her many a naughty name,
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,
In vain your tears are shed,
You cannot wash his crimson hand,
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the West,
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs
Were busy with his dreams—
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve—the dead hath heard,
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail,
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord,
  One struggle, and one bound,
With stiffened limb, and leaden eye,
  The Pig was on the ground!

And straight toward the sleeper's house,
  His fearful way he wended,
And hooting owl and hovering bat
  On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
  And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard,
  Pat, pat, along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded boards,
  And two upon the bed,
And they are breathing side by side,
  The living and the dead!

"Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man!
  What makes thy cheek so pale?
Take hold, take hold,—thou dost not fear
  To clasp a spectre's tail?"

Untwisted every winding coil,
  The shuddering wretch took hold—
All like an icicle it seemed,
  So tapering and so cold.

"Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man"—
  He strives to loose his grasp,
But faster than the clinging vine,
  His straining fingers clasp.

And open, open swung the door,
  And fleeter than the wind
The shadowy spectre swept before,
  The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
  And morn rose faint and dim—
They called full loud, they knocked full long,
  They did not waken him.

Strait, strait towards that oaken beam,
  A trampled pathway ran—
A ghastly shape was swinging there;
  It was the butcher man.

VIRGINIAN HOSPITALITY.

THE happy days of our boyhood are looked upon with delight, and every thing which then occurs, however trivial it may seem, becomes hallowed by time. Our little adventures, limited travels, and holyday excursions, we regard with increased pleasure, as we behold them through a wider interval of time. Thus hallowed are those days which I passed while yet young in Virginia, and I shall never forget the hospitality which I there received. It was no conventional formality, but came freely and naturally from the heart. The dignified politeness of the English gentleman commands respect and gratitude, and maintains it by continually keeping before you the extent of your obligation: but the frank and cordial hospitality of the genuine Virginian inspires familiarity and affection, by endeavouring to convince you that in receiving, you reciprocate the kindness. The guest of the former is thought entitled to marked civility and respect; but when under the roof of the latter, you experience not the politeness due to a stranger, but the regard and affection bestowed on a friend. After this prosing, in which enthusiastic admiration of my host has led me to indulge, and which I hope on that account will be pardoned, I will describe some circumstances of my visit, which may serve to develope his peculiar character.

He was a precious relic of a past age, one of those respected veterans, who retain their primitive character uninfluenced and uncorrupted by modern innovations. Preferring retirement and happiness to notoriety and care, his taste inclined him to live on his family estate in a beautiful tract near the Blue Ridge, rather than mingle in the gayeties of the capital.

How well I remember my first visit. As I approached between long rows of noble oaks, I examined with eager curiosity all surrounding objects, to obtain from them, if possible, a prototype of the character of my future host, or at least a foretaste of my coming enjoyment. With no little satisfaction I contemplated on one side the wide extended park, filled with deer, which, startled at the noise of our carriage, gazed intently for a moment, and then bounded away to the more retired part of the wood—on the other, the distant

lake, with its neat fishing-house and painted boats. But before I could fully digest the pleasing train of thought to which these objects gave rise, the voices, to my young ears always musical, of the canine race, saluted me in every cadence, from the long drawn and whining howl of the hound, to the deep bay of the mastiff, and informed me that I was near the dwelling. One of those favorite old family servants, whom you not unfrequently encounter at the South, received me and conducted me to his master.

He was seated in an apartment, such as I had often read of, but never expected to see,—its dark oaken wainscot covered with family portraits, Indian battle-pieces, and sketches of native scenery; here and there interspersed with huge antlers, and tarnished trophies of by-gone exploits in the chase. At his feet lay extended a glossy grey-hound. I hardly had time to make this survey of the apartment before the dog raised himself to his full height, displayed his beautiful proportions, and uttered a short growl, which drew the attention of my host from the book he was perusing. He immediately rose, gave me a most hearty shake of the hand, and such a look as assured me at once of a most cordial welcome.

He was a little above the middle height, and remarkably well proportioned. His countenance was the seat of good humor; in his eye the light of gayety was never dimmed, and his manners were of that winning kind that immediately make you at home. Endless were the amusements which were daily within my reach, but nothing pleased me so much as to listen to the entertaining conversation of my host, and mark how his character displayed itself in all his actions and even in every thought. I soon discovered from his remarks and conduct, that he admired no character so much as Irving's "Squire Bracebridge," and after him he tried to model himself. Therefore he adhered most strictly to all old observances, and never failed to celebrate, with all the attention they formerly received, the festivities and holyday sports of Old England, from the light and sunshiny gayeties of May-day to the more staid, but no less cheerful merry-makings of Christmas. He was unable, however, to school his cordiality into dignity; nay, it was sometimes even diverting to see how entirely his heart and feelings were the guide of his actions; nothing he so much disliked as to have his conduct

ruled by the opinions, or examples of those about him, and therefore, his character not having the same spring of action as most men's conduct, was strongly marked with originality and independence. But his noblest trait was his hospitality, and in this he could manifest his good nature and kindness to their fullest extent.

No stranger passed his mansion uninvited, none entered it unwelcomed. The intelligent tourist, the unsettled schoolmaster, the itinerant preacher, all found there a kind asylum. Such was the estimable character of my host. May he receive this as a grateful acknowledgment and humble record of Virginian Hospitality.

THE LAST LATIN RECITATION.

THE last reciter sits: along the bench
Resounds the echo of quick-closing tomes;
In professorial eye, methinks there glimmers
A something moist; a few kind parting words
Precede the wonted bow: down from their pegs,
Beavers and caps, with no exhilarate swing,
Descend; and Sadness starts to find herself
Half seated upon most ungenial brows,
As silently we quit the Latin hall.
A few, (but they, I ween, were graceless wights,
And in their wayward eyes the chequered board
Dice-dented had more favor ever found
Than lettered page) a few ran boisterous down,
And at the stairway's foot, their tattered torment
Hurling aloft, cried—"One more bore is over!"

I am not of them. Though full oft I 've hailed,
With inward curse, th' inexorable bell
Which summoned me from sweet protracted chat,
Or shadowed walk, or post-meridian slumber,
Or Fiction's fairy-land,—and though too well
Acquaint with agonizing screw and eke
With desperate dead; still leave I not, in noise
And joyousness, the scene where we have bidden
Adieu to Latin: but with fitful step,
Eyes "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

And a heart lost 'mid winning recollections
Of my old schoolboy days.——— ———

Yes, from the Roman page my young mind drew
Its sweetest nurture, and my boyish tongue
Uttering with toil and awe the lordly speech
Of earth's old victors, learned to wield, with freedom
And a familiar, half-contemptuous ease,
Its native accents. There, in that old school,
Whose every cobweb now my mind's eye traces—
Thy tome, laborious Ainsworth, on my right,
And, by it, thine, Lempriere—in skirtless coat,
My boyhood sat. Tasked, yet not undelighted,
I wandered back to that primeval age,
Whose history is romance, and its fable
A heavenly spell. Those strong and lofty spirits
I humbly communed with, who in far worlds
Have now outlived the memory of this.
The Patriot's self-devotion; buried deep
In sombre shades, where reason's feeble lamp
May glimmer brightest, the philosopher,
Toiling to solve great Nature's mysteries
Unto his pallid train; Earth's giant sons,
The rebel mountain-heapers; Nymphs, sweet Nymphs
Of fount or grove, the bright embodiments
Of all that is divine in form and hue
And motion, here below; on all and each
My Fancy hung in love, or hate, or awe.
Thus musing 'mid the thronging images
Of th' elder world,—the poet's rich and wild
Creations, and those noblest sons of men,
History's recorded darlings,—my young thoughts
Expanded, ranged for food beyond the present,
And their fresh sympathies ran not waste amid
The petty mischiefs and the unripe sins,
With which the schoolless vagrant of the streets,
Spending and spent, oft sears his little soul.
Can I then joy to quit the classic guide,
Who, through six years, has led me by the hand,
And held a pure draught to my thirsting lips?

Ah, no! Deserted recitation-room,
Respectful, sad, and slow, I close thy door—
No more within thy yellow walls to work
In weal or woe—no more to see, ranged round
Thy sides, our youthful crew—each fixing fast
Upon th' anticipated paragraph
His anxious eye, and laboring to extract
From the strong grasp of some long, complex sentence
The sense reluctant, and to set it forth
In a new suit of our loose, island words.

Ah, 't is a glorious sight—the young brow bent
In studious meditation, and the cheek
Whitening, its buoyant blood subdued beneath
The short-lived reign of thought, while from the fresh,
Dilated eye, where whim and mirth and passion
Are wont to make their home, glows Intellect!

Farewell then, my old Roman friends, my dear
Still-voiced companions—thy bright, graphic page,
Sweet LIVY—thine too, rigid ANNALIST
OF DESPOTISM, still, clear, and cold as ice
Hiding a rich, deep stream: farewell, great TULLY,
With thy Greek fire, thy broad and lambent flame
Of eloquence—thou too, DELICIOUS LYRIST—
And thou, FIERCE SATYRIST, who dost almost
Persuade us to forgive, for giving birth
To thy indignant strains, the thousand vices
Of a degenerate age—All, all, farewell!

There—mount my upmost shelf; in that dark nook,
Repose secure! And if, while still I dwell
In academic shades, less genial studies
Succeeding (as yon crabbed Mathematics
Infernal and eternal), or the mere
Frivolity of college and seventeen,
Should keep you in your resting-place,—and if
Th' ambitious contests of the noisy world,
Whose threshold I am on, should leave no place,
In riper years, for thoughts of you, within
The all-absorbed soul;—O, then at least
When youth's wild freaks and manhood's cares are o'er,
And my fires slacken 'neath age or baffled hopes,—
Then, then at least, be ye my comforters
Once more, old text-books! Then, in still retreat,
May th' old man reap the fruit of the boy's labors;
And, o'er the yet familiar antique page,
Forgetting petty cares, and shaking off
The dust of his ambition's race or downfall,
Serenely contemplate Antiquity—
Its littlenesses hid, and each grand trait
Seen magnified, behind the classic veil,
Which Time lets fall o'er all the things that were.

AN AFTER-DINNER VISION.

It was on one of those beautiful days in the latter part of last term, which ushered in the month of April, that I placed myself, after dinner, in an antique arm-chair, most curiously hacked by the knives of idlers, firmly resolved to 'busy' all 'bores' and 'loungers,' and (inasmuch as I had religiously attended recitations during the term) to take a general 'miss' on this occasion, and enjoy the 'otium cum dig—' in the true senior style. Accordingly, having disposed my limbs in the most languishing posture possible, I lighted my best Havana, and placing on my knees old Froissart in ponderous folio, immersed myself in his battles and tournaments.—I sat in a deep window, whose closed blinds and retired situation created a pleasant twilight even in the earliest of the afternoon.—The 'sweet South' breathed pleasantly through it, but had toyed with Morpheus as she passed, and their mingled breaths, combined with the dreamy influences around, threw me soon into a pleasant dose. I was reading of a chivalrous battle between Edward III. of England and Sir Godmar du Fay, at the pass of Blāche Taque, when my eyes grew dim; the text indistinct, my cigar dropped from my mouth, and I soon fell asleep. Floating and irregular phantasms of battles and tournaments danced before me for a time, which, at length settling down into a regular form, presented me with the vision which I am now about to describe.

Methought I was in an old castle, belonging to a gentleman of ancient family in the North of England. I was sitting with him on a winter's evening by the fire-side, and gazing with an idle sort of interest at a rich old picture which hung over the mantel. It represented in the fore-ground, a young warrior of noble bearing, standing before a banqueting assembly—a shattered helmet lay at his feet and the sword in his hand was broken—drops of blood were on his face, and he wore every appearance of one late from the battle-field. A figure representing king Edward III. was rushing from his elevated seat with joyful eyes, while a young and beautiful lady was occupied in undoing from the warrior's hands, a massy iron chain which seemed strangely enough to confine them, and

casting upon him a look of such glowing expression, that it seemed to be reflected in and to brighten his own countenance. The back ground of the picture was filled with the banqueting table at which were sitting many a gallant warrior and fair lady gazing earnestly at the scene before them. I requested an explanation of this picture from my friend.

"It is an old family picture," said he, "and there is a tale connected with it which may interest you, if you will have patience to listen." I testified my desire of its relation; and, stirring the fire, without further prelude he thus began—

"It was in the fourteenth century and in the time of our third Edward, that a young knight, called Sir Guy de Lacy, professing to be of noble family, but who was of then unknown extraction, after having signalized himself by several feats of arms in the tournaments of the country, gained the affections of the daughter of one of the chief ministers of king Edward, and was solemnly but secretly betrothed to her. He soon after crusaded, in obedience to a vow he had made long before, and returned—to find her married to an English Earl, rich and high in favor with the king. He sought an explanation from the lady, and found that false stories of himself, his birth, and also a report of his death had been circulated by Ralph de Mordaunt (her present husband), who had, by some indirect means, obtained information of their intended marriage. Her affections had not been estranged from her lover, though she had been constrained to a marriage with his rival, and they now fled together. They were soon, however, overtaken by the followers of Sir Ralph, and the lady was torn from her lover, who, after making a valiant but fruitless resistance, was overcome by superior numbers. The lady was restored to the husband whom she hated, and De Lacy was not heard of for a long time. He was supposed to have taken passage in a ship for Spain and to have perished in the waves. As both the father and husband of Editha (this was the lady's name) were high in the king's favor, it was easy for them to procure a sentence of condemnation against the unhappy lover, and a price was, accordingly, set upon his head.

"Well,—years passed on, and king Edward was engaged in an expedition against the French. Among the several skirmishes that preceded the memorable battle of Cressy, not the least remarkable was the hard fought battle at the pass of

Blāche Taque,* in which Godmar du Fay, with about two thousand French and a number of Genoese, encountered king Edward and his army. You have heard of the event of that battle, but have not probably been informed of its particulars. They have been preserved in an old manuscript, written by one of the first of my family, which has never been made public, as it is not likely to interest generally, but is intimately connected with the foundation of my race. The day would probably have been lost to the English, but for the prowess of a single knight. A gigantic and powerful Frenchman was bearing down all before him, and awed those his arm could not reach by his tremendous size and strength. Already the bravest of the English army had fallen before him, and their courage was fast deserting the rest, when our king rushed bravely forward and engaged hand to hand with the gigantic Gaul. England would soon have lost, in an untimely way, one of her noblest sovereigns, who, brave as he was, was unable to compete long with this tremendous enemy, but for an unexpected and most opportune assistance. His situation was indeed most critical. At the moment when he was in the fiercest of the contest with his foe, a treacherous and cowardly knight of his own army, from some strange and unknown cause, assailed him from behind, and had already raised his arm to strike him on a vulnerable part of his neck, when a shaft from an unerring bow, whizzed through the air, and the traitor fell in the convulsions of death, just when another moment would have completed his foul work. The next instant, he who had done this signal service, a young knight in black armour, having emblazoned on his shield a blasted pine tree, on his crest a stooping eagle, his motto '**I bide revenge,**' rushed forward and engaged the Frenchman. Edward was now forcibly detained by his attendants from participating in the action, and both armies hung in suspense on the event of this single combat. The fight was long and dubious. The almost miraculous skill of the un-

* "Sir Godmar du Fay commanded the pass of Blāche Taque, on the part of the French King, and had arranged all his company to defend the passage. * * * * * * The Frenchmen defended it so well at the issuing out of the water, that the English had much to do * * * * *. There was a sore battle and many a noble feat of arms done on both sides; finally the Englishmen passed over and assembled together in the field; the king and the prince and all the lords; then the Frenchmen kept none array, but departed he that might best." *Froissart's Chronicles*, Vol. I, chap. 127.

known knight rendered him however superior to the supernatural size and strength of his antagonist, and the giant fell. Encouraged at the sight of their fallen foe, the English rushed courageously on their panic-struck enemy, and the victory was complete. In the tumult of the battle, the unknown conqueror of the French knight had disappeared.

"It was evening, and there was brilliant feasting in the royal halls of Edward. Numbers had been sent in quest of the valiant knight who had so heroically distinguished himself in the morning, and many had volunteered a search for one who had so richly benefited his king and country. In the confusion of the battle no one seemed to have observed his arms, device, or figure, so that but little hope of finding him was entertained, if he persisted in eluding their search. The hours passed and nothing satisfactory occurred. A person, indeed, found a golden eagle on the battle ground, which he affirmed had been struck from the helmet of the knight, but his assertion was contradicted by others, and, on the whole, the circumstance was little attended to. You will see, however, that it will be of consequence in the developement of my story.

"Late in the night, several of those who had been sent on the search, were seen entering the castle, having with them a knight who appeared to be treated with a roughness which beseemed a prisoner rather than a distinguished and honored guest. The rumor soon reached the banqueters, that the unfortunate Sir Guy de Lacy, on whose life so high a price had been set by the king, had been taken, and that his captors were bringing him into the presence, to obtain the promised reward. All were silent with expectation, and several persons presently entered bringing with them a knight fettered and strongly guarded. He was placed before the warlike Edward. When questioned as to his name, birth, and lineage, he obstinately refused giving any information concerning himself, but that he was called Guy de Lacy. He was condemned to die. A bustle now arose, at the end of the hall, from some unknown cause, and presently an old knight, who had been attentively examining the arms and device of De Lacy, rushed hastily forward, bearing in his hand the golden eagle which he had found on the battle-field. It instantly appeared that it had been struck from the helmet of the captive knight, so perfectly did it coincide with the rest of his armor; and on its

being replaced and his raising his shield; he was recognised by all, as the valiant warrior who had that day slain the giant. The clasps of his helmet had been unloosed by the awkward replacing of the Eagle, and it now fell off,—when suddenly king Edward uttering a cry of joy rushed forward, at the same time commanding the lady Editha, who sat near, to unloose his chains. It was his own son Alphonso.* This is the scene you see represented in the picture. The lady Editha is unloosing the chains of Alphonso, and Edward is rushing towards them. Nothing need be said of the joy which reigned in the palace that night. The only circumstance, which was necessary to complete the happiness of all, happened on the morrow. It was then, that, on examining the dead left on the field of the previous day's battle, it was discovered that the traitorous knight who had assaulted his king in so foul a manner, when contending with the Gaul, was—Ralph de Mordaunt! His base and covetous soul had been captivated by the promise of a large reward held out to him by the French king. He had undertaken secretly to support his interest, and such had been his course for a long time. For the sake of this bribe, and from the innate treacherousness of his disposition, he had proved a recreant,—and that, at a time when the king was profusely loading him with riches and honor. Need I say more? The lady Editha, without show of mourning for her treacherous and justly slain husband, was soon married to Alphonso, and from their marriage I am descended. But I have been tedious, and I hear the castle bell tolling for our evening meal —let us retire."

I listened—the bell was indeed sounding loudly, and, though this was the first visit I had made to the castle, I thought that in its tones I distinguished something familiar.

"Familiar enough!" said I, drowsily, as I rubbed my eyes, and prepared for vespers—the prayer-bell had awakened me.

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* I have here to apologize for some historical inaccuracies:—they must be laid to the account of the usual incoherence of dreams. It was Edward III. in whose reign was fought the battle of Blache-Taque, and Edward I. who was the father of our hero Alphonso, who died in the year 1284. The facts had, perhaps, been confusedly mingled in my mind, and, consequently, Morpheus tossed them about in a most tumultuous manner. I make not the slightest pretence to any historical foundation for the incidents of my tale, except that of the actual existence of some of the principal characters.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

No. IV.

On the evening of the seventh day of April, a meeting of the Club was held to transact the business of No IV. The members were seated round a large fire, congratulating each other on the great success of our last, and altogether in the merriest mood conceivable. Airy was testifying his joy, by the same antic gesticulations which he uses when raving with inspiration,—La-Touche was giving vent to his feelings in his usual unrestrained, careless way,—Templeton was smiling,—Sherry, contrary to his wont, grinning like a chesse-cat, and Lockfast (this is the first time I have seen him express much enthusiasm) rolling his meagre frame about within the precincts of his θρόνος, pressing with bony hands a couple of spare sides that seemed as if they would burst, as fits of coughing and laughter alternately shook them. I had come in rather late and could not conceive the cause of an excitement so unusually great. It could not be occasioned merely by the success of No. III., for I suspect that there never was a set of Editors so totally regardless of the fate of their publication, as long as they derived entertainment from the conducting of it, as the members of the Club who assist me in my highly responsible office, as Mr. Hock terms it. Be the cause what it might, I could not sympathize with them in their merriment, for the next morning was to commence the vacation, and not a single communication had, as yet, been handed in. The dreadful alternative, therefore, of writing the whole number myself, would be averted only by the bare chance that some of my coadjutors had been considerate enough to contribute a portion of their usually generous quantum. Unwilling to break, with the grating sounds of business, upon the shouts of merriment that greeted me, and yet desirous of putting an end to the painful state of suspense in which I was, a full half hour had elapsed before I broke from the pleasant circle, mounted my lofty seat, and called the meeting to order.

After each member had arranged himself in what he deemed the easiest position, the following speech was delivered by the reader's humble servant.

"Gentlemen,—You will I hope pardon me for calling your attention to what cannot fail, at this moment, to prove irksome, however necessary it may be on my part to allude to it.—I mean the material for our next number. *(The lower jaw of each member falls ten degrees.)* I see by your countenances that you have prepared none, and that the suspicions of your delinquency, which I have entertained, were not ill-founded. *(Murmurs of disapprobation, followed by loud cries of Hear, hear!)* Let it not be supposed that I speak reproachfully. For the favors which you have hitherto so lavishly extended to me, I am indeed grateful; but you must be sensible of the unpleasantness of my present situation. No communications from abroad, and none I fear from you. *(Groans*

of condolence from all quarters.) However, allow me to hope, if my surmises with regard to your having no pieces prepared, are correct, that you will not be entirely forgetful of me during the recess, but devote some portion of your time to lightening the burden of one who now offers you his best wishes for your enjoyment." *(Loud shouts of applause).*

Encouraged by the success with which my speech was in the end received, I made bold to ask the members in turn what they would do for me. SHERRY said he would write a third number of Passages from a Diary, and any thing else that he might think of. LA-TOUCHE proposed a Vision in blank verse, in which he intended to describe his route among the planets to the Infernal Regions, where, being introduced to the Devil by the Demon of Steam, he should sit in judgment on certain characters which were particularly odious to him. AIRY agreed to write a Poem, TEMPLETON an Essay, and LOCKFAST a Dissertation. The readiness with which they all assented to my request, was quite encouraging, and my spirits rose insensibly till I could enter fully into the pleasantry which appeared to have gradually reassumed its sway over the members. The occasion of it was no longer a mystery to me, when LA-TOUCHE rose from his seat and proposed that FRANCIS HOCK, Esquire, should be chosen into the Fraternity. I joined with my whole heart in the shout of assent that was reiterated from all sides. That the gentleman did not belong to college was forgotten or disregarded, and, in a few moments, it was agreed that, as MR. SHERRY was better acquainted with him than any of the rest of us, he should instantly call upon him, make known our intentions, and bring him to the CLUB ROOM. In the mean time that the rest of us would determine upon the Inaugural ceremony and complete all necessary arrangements. A moment after, SHERRY had left us, and in a not much longer time, we had agreed that the room should be but dimly lighted, that each should put on his most lugubrious expression, that LA-TOUCHE should compose an initiatory oath and administer it in his most tragico-comical style.

These preliminaries being determined, each resumed his seat to await the coming of MR. HOCK. In about a half hour, the door was opened, and MR. HOCK, large as life, entered, leaning upon SHERRY's arm. He was introduced all round with the greatest politeness, and after a little general conversation, I motioned to LA-TOUCHE to commence the ceremony. This he did by taking his cudgel from the corner of the room, advancing towards MR. HOCK with a very lowering aspect, and pronouncing the following words with a deep and solemn intonation:

"SIR, our worshipful Editor, whom you see yonder, throned on high in awful state, commands me, a weak instrument in his powerful hand, to do the honors of incorporating thee into a body, the energies of which he wields in guiding Public Opinion. Therefore bend thy knee,—bow thy head,—raise thy hands and

Swear, that thou wilt bring all thy energies to the furtherance of the objects for which the Collegian was originally established—that thou wilt eschew all signs of light-heartedness, all of light-

headedness, in what thou shalt write therefor—that thou wilt think long and seriously of the awful responsibility that rests upon thy head, in taking thy place among us,—a place, to which thou hast so long and ardently aspired, and act always from the soberest and even sternest dictates of conscience, in whatever thou dost in connexion with our Publication."

"I SWEAR,"

was echoed with a voice in whose husky tones fear and delight were strangely mingled.

"Rise then, SIR FRANCIS, rise an ——— EDITOR,"

was thundered out by LA-TOUCHE, and accompanied with such an *impressive* application of his official baton, that the noviciate found it difficult for a moment to recover his balance. When he did, however, he rose, shook LA-TOUCHE by the hand very *feelingly*, and resumed his seat by the side of SHERRY.

We were exchanging winks and knowing signs, after this strange ceremonial, in doubt whether to continue in the sombre mood that sat so ill upon us, when MR. SHERRY decided us by saying that he had spoken for a supper in the name of the CLUB, and that the materials for it would shortly appear. This announcement was hailed with long and repeated cheers. Emptiness of stomach spoke louder than the propriety of keeping up the *ruse*. MR. HOCK was absolutely astounded at seeing the sober conclave changed to a roistering set of fellows. He gaped, looked vacant, and then curious. At length he became conscious of what a ridiculous figure he was cutting, and acquiesced by low cachinations in whatever was said or done.

We did not have to wait long before that son of Bacchus, old F———n, entered, bearing a huge vessel of punch on one side, and a basket of all the necessary accompaniments on the other. The table was instantly cleared of its burden of editorial papers, and an immense bowl, which has been presented to the CLUB, crowned the middle of it. The members arranged themselves in their places, cast but one quick glance round the board and entered into a most eager discussion of the subjects before them. I will not tell how fast and how often the bowl went round,—how MR. HOCK's limited acquaintance with us grew suddenly to the most unreserved familiarity,—how, as the noon of night approached, LOCKFAST first shut his eyes, then dropped his head, then settled down into a corner of his *Sopha*, and refused to be waked,—how LA-TOUCHE grew boisterous, and SHERRY melancholy and gentlemanlike,—how AIRY spouted and how TEMPLETON looked. Suffice it to say, gentle reader, that there was never a better-hearted, merrier revel, and one, than which we cannot wish you a better.

THE above was written immediately after the breaking up of the meeting which it chronicles. It is now the eighteenth day of

the month, and not a line have I received from any one member of the CLUB save HOCK. He wrote me a note, dated May 17th enclosing a

SONNET TO MR. LOCKFAST.

OLD Stoic! in thy venerable face,
Is many a wrinkle permanently knit:
And on thine anxious brow, methinks I trace
Deep lines of sorrow eloquently writ;
Care in tyrannic majesty doth sit
Upon thy features—and no single grace
On thy unhappy phiz can find a place.
Thine eyes' deep sunkenness is rarely lit
By an out-flashing lustre—and the sound
Of thy discordant voice falls on the ear
Like a sepulchral warning from the ground,
Chilling the list'ner with a sudden fear.
Thy legs are long—thy frame is gaunt and spare,
And Death himself might look with envy there.

This is the only one that I have had, out of the many communications that were promised me. And yet there has been no deficiency of them from other sources. The greatest misery of an Editor is not yet upon me. Foreign correspondents have been kind (LOCKFAST will say too kind when he sees his intended "Peregrination" supplanted by "A Jaunt on Foot"), and with their productions will the number be filled. Still, however, it would have been pleasant to have read them in the old familiar hand-writings, till I had conjured up in fancy the authors around me, and seen them giving vent to all their strange whims and caprices, in the usual, free, careless way. I can't do without them. They are a part of myself. Nothing has gone wrong, and yet I have been so troubled with the blues since I parted from them, that I have had no courage to enter upon any thing with the least spirit. To-day has been as monotonous as yesterday, and to-morrow will be as monotonous as to-day. My Diary for the eighth says, "Rose at nine—Breakfasted at ten—Bathed in the delicious East wind, till dinner-time—Lounged at the Reading Room till six—Eat supper at six and a half—Watched the fire till ten, and then went to bed." Underneath this are six lines drawn across the page, and between them five Dittos. Then comes a new clause of "Received a letter from MR. HOCK—what a poor deluded being!" April fifteenth changes to "Rose at eight—Returned from Boston at one, after having hunted all round the City for MR. HOCK—found him in a miserable plight—Four o'clock, determined to write something about him—From four till five mended a pen—From five to six wrote The Hypochondriac." Here the Diary for the sixteenth re-

lapses into a restatement of the circumstances of the eighth instant, and a "Ditto" is the only word under the date of the seventeenth. To-day I have been looking over and arranging the contributions. The fruit of my labor you have before you, reader, in No. IV. May it relish.

Since our appointed day for closing the number, the following poetical contributions have been sent. We have derived so much pleasure from a perusal of them ourselves, that we cannot in conscience withhold them from our readers till a future number.

SONNET.

Night hath spread out her starry mantle high,
And softly sighs the gentle evening breeze,
As it comes onward through the leafless trees,
Waking an echo to its harmony.
And momently across the dark blue sky,
The fleecy clouds touched by the moon's soft light,
Seem like to spirits on their lonely flight
To other worlds, as they go floating by.
Far off upon the bosom of the deep
A solitary bark is borne along,
And, as the whisperings of the land-breeze sleep,
I catch, by fits, the sailor's measured song.—
Soft be the gales that waft thee on thy way,
Nor lowering storms thine onward progress stay.

TO LEILA.

Fair girl! we have wandered together
Through a pathway unshaded and bright:
In the sunshine of youth's joyous weather,
We have threaded a maze of delight:
But the footstep of age is advancing,
And Cupid is growing a bore;
And we must leave waltzing and dancing,
And flirt and talk folly no more.
The world's ev'ry-day common-places,
Have checked the career of romance;
And I cast upon beautiful faces,
A cold and dispassionate glance.

I can see no such exquisite lustre,
In eyes that gleam dazzlingly, now;
Nor gloss in the tresses that cluster
Around a contemplative brow.
I cherish no eloquent token—
'T is rare that I scribble a line—
My heart scarcely ever is broken—
And so, I imagine, is thine.
I heed not the changes of fashion—
Care little for censure or praise—
I seldom get into a passion—
I seldom get into a chaise.

'T is rare that I make any mention
Of operas, parties, or balls;
And I pay very little attention
To visits or troublesome calls.
I am cautious and prudent in scheming—
Have a horror of bailiffs and duns—
Am given but little to dreaming—
And seldom commit any puns.
The spell, that so tenderly bound me,
Is shattered—the vision is o'er—
A change is within and around me—
And Heaven knows what is before.

And Leila, excuse me, but surely
Old Time has been fingering you—
You step day by day more demurely,
And are growing confoundedly blue.
The novels that cumbered your table
Have vanished—their names are forgot,
And fact is now placed there for fable—
And Stewart for Bulwer and Scott.
You have done with the "light and amusing,"
With Sheridan, Irving, and Hook;
And I constantly find you perusing
Some dull and voluminous book.

You take little care of those tresses,
So often the theme of my verse—
You choose the most hideous dresses,
And could 'nt array yourself worse.

Methinks too, those permanent roses,
Which Time does not wither or crush,
Are not such as Nature discloses
When she crimsons the cheek with a blush.
Oh! Leila, the vision is over,
So bright on our spirits, that fell—
And I am no longer a lover,
And you are no longer a belle.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I saw the curl of his waving lash,
And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I knew that he thought he was cutting a dash,
As his steed went thundering by.
And he may ride in the rattling gig,
Or flourish the no-top gay;
And dream that he looks exceeding big
To the people that walk in the way.
But he shall think, when the night is still,
On the stable boys' gathering numbers,
And the ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover about his slumbers;
The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,
And constables cluster around him,
And he shall creep from the woodhole deep
Where their spectre eyes have found him.
Ay, gather your reins and crack your thong,
And bid your steed go faster,
He does not know, as he scrambles along,
That he has a fool for his master;
And hurry away on your lonely ride,
Nor deign from the mire to save me,
I will paddle it stoutly at your side
With the tandem that nature gave me.

AN INVOCATION.

(Translated from the Arabic.)

"Awake! Awake!
Spirits of air!"

"We sleep by day, and we watch by night,
And we flash on the darkness in meteor-light;

But a shade is over the mortal eye,
And it sees us not as we hurry by,
Well do we know that voice of thine,
We hear the word, and we see the sign."

"Awake! Awake!
Spirits of Fire,
Come from the glow of the flames below,
And gather around your sire."

"We come, we come as the lightning flies,
With the treasured wrath of the brooding skies,
When it leaps from the cloud on the murderer's head,
And tears the shroud from the guilty dead,
And rips the sail from the quivering mast
As it rocks on the billow and bows in the blast;
We come, we come, we dare not stay,
For we heard the sound that we all obey."

"Spirits of earth, Awake! Awake!
Your master calls—from your sunless halls,
Come, ere the thunders break."

"We come, we come at the dreadful sign
From the crystal cave, and the golden mine,
Where the gathered rays of the diamond gleam,
And the ruby burns with its crimson beam;
Where, for long ages, our treasures we lock
In the womb of the cavern, the heart of the rock,
We come, for we know the voice that flings
The chain that can fetter our sable wings."

"Spirits of ocean, come around,
For ye have heard the mystic word,
And well ye know the sound."

"We come, we come from the gloomy wave
Where we float along by the sailor's grave,
And cling to the spars of the shattered wreck,
And build our thrones on the voiceless deck,
And where in the bright green ocean ray,
With shapes of the stormy deep we play,
We come, for we know the sounds that ride
Through the howl of the wind and the sweep of the tide."

THE

COLLEGIAN.

No. V.

JUNE, 1830.

LIVING POETRY.

Valley of the Nashaway and other Poems. By Rufus Dawes. Boston. Carter & Hendee. 1830. 12mo. pp. 96.

It is one of the few fine days we have been gladdened with during this capricious month. The leaden mantle which so long veiled the heavens has been rent, and many sunbeams have at last found their way to our green earth. Fleecy clouds are coursing rapidly through the sky, and their shadows are chasing each other over the waving grass. The view from my study window is certainly not particularly varied; being composed principally of green fields and trees, and again of green trees and fields. But the air is pleasant, and a stray bird now and then cheers me with a solitary note, or the glancing wing of a yellow-bird gleams upon some bending twig.

It is the most natural transition in the world from the poetry of life, to living poetry; though as we passed our ivory through the uncut leaves of this beautiful octavo, we doubted a little if we should find in the beauty of words and sentences an equivalent for that which was breathing around us. We like to cut the leaves of a book, as it is a pleasure to be the first one to run through it. A volume is old after it has been read by half a dozen of your friends, or been the subject of a newspaper paragraph. As for novels, you might as well study a last year's Almanac, as read one after it is dry

from the press. They are a short-lived race, and there must be a system of mnemonics invented to enable one to remember the names even of those he reads. It is a different matter with a beautiful poem, elegantly printed, and tastefully bound and lettered. You of course never read one from the circulating library, a thing altogether out of the question. The volume has been given you by a kind friend, or lent you by a pretty girl, or purchased on your own credit, if it happen to be tolerably good with the bookseller; and you accordingly give it a respectable situation on your shelves and reserve it for frequent perusals. This is our own disposition of the volume now under consideration.

In speaking of the living poetry of our own period and language, it is of course out of our power to undertake the most cursory consideration of those great masters of song, who have flourished in England since the commencement of the present century. They form a glorious constellation, and may it long continue to burn in the pure upper sky. From the miserable Hayleys, Masons, Darwins, Della-Cruscas, and Rosa-Matildas—so utterly unworthy of our contempt, and yet in their day so exceedingly popular—it has certainly been a glorious change to the present fine race of English poets. There is a noble roll of them, blessed with the vision and the faculty, able to see and interpret the beauties of the external and intellectual universe.

It appears to us too, that in our own country—Mr. Kettell's three volumes to the contrary notwithstanding—there is an abundant source of written poetry. It would be strange if it were otherwise. The race is not here shut out from the inspirations and excitements of song. It is rather late in the day, to be sure, to talk of the inspiration that would naturally exist beneath the influences of our magnificent scenery and skies. To our eye, however, a mountain is certainly more poetical than a cotton factory; and perhaps there are as many mountains in our continent as there are cotton factories in England. For every petty stream that accumulates strength and rapidity enough to turn the works of a respectable English mill, there is a broad and beautiful river, spreading triumphantly onward through leagues of meadow and lowland, and swelling even the waters of the Atlantic with its fulness. For every English park that can sustain some starveling deer,

there are proud forests; and for every pool that boasts of an occasional inhabitant, there are broad lakes teeming with wealth. In our view of the subject, then, there are more copious sources of the elementary inspiration in our own country than in Great Britain.

The materials for a poetical literature are co-extensive with the human race. The sympathies of our nature, our mutual relations, affections, passions, however unpretending, assume, in the eye of genius, the most interesting shapes. The fairy, beautifully arrayed, speaking pearls and jewels, after the Eastern fancy, is not more poetical than the simple cottage-girl of Burns, lovely, but humbly clad, and singing at her daily labors. All poetry is sympathy. It is heart speaking to heart, or inanimate nature touching a delicate chord in the bosom. When brought down to the common affairs and feelings of life, it forms a beautiful chain running through society, binding together the highest and lowest; communicating by those purer parts of our nature, which are the last to be severed from us or corrupted. It is impossible to make the grossness, the meanness, and impurity of life interesting. But every principle of our nature, which is highly pure and virtuous, however simple, is necessarily poetical; and wherever man exists, there is a study for the philosopher and poet.

There are four or five that stand prominently forward among our own poets, whose works are entitled to a much wider circulation and study than they have ever yet received. There are Dana and Hillhouse, names not familiar to the common ear, but whose writings are designed for a lasting fame; Halleck, whose reputation is merely local, rather than national; Bryant, whom we are sorry to see taking part in the vulgar strife of common men; and Percival, with a heart alive to all the impulses of poetry, surrendering himself with the devotion of a scholar to a life of retirement and study. They have done much and given promise of more.

Among our younger writers there is no one who has deservedly obtained a somewhat extensive reputation, upon so small a number of poems, as Mr. Dawes. He has never been flooding the public with rhyme through the pages of the annuals and magazines. He has never been poet laureate to bodies of corpulent gentlemen assembled to celebrate

public anniversaries, by public festivals; and to print their toasts and their songs in the diurnals, to the edification of all modest diners at home. His talent has been exercised for his own pleasure, and that of his personal and private friends. Some of his earliest productions appeared in the United States Literary Gazette, and were received with a good deal of commendation. The "Spirit of Beauty," and "Sunrise from Mount Washington," certainly gave proof of taste and imagination of a superior order.

The "Valley of the Nashaway" is a descriptive poem of some three hundred lines, and contains many verses and passages of great beauty. There are pictures in it, of whose delineation every one must feel the truth and accuracy. Margaret is generally very agreeable and touching; though we must confess that one or two circumstances, chosen to illustrate her passion, appear to us very unfortunately selected.

For our own part we attach most value to the volume on the score of the minor pieces. Poems of this description form a very valuable portion of the literature of the present period. Schiller and Goethe have produced many of the most beautiful and striking character. Mrs. Hemans will live by a score or two of her most successful efforts of this kind. Wordsworth it appears to us will be longer known as the author of "Tintern Abbey," or the "Solitary Reaper," than of a "poem called The Excursion." Campbell's "Hohenlinden" may perhaps survive his "Gertrude of Wyoming." The few lines "On the Death of Sir John Moore" have built up a reputation; notwithstanding the difficulty of making any impression upon our age, except by extensive and long continued literary efforts. We like this class of composition, for a great many reasons. They are difficult to execute, and it is comparatively rare that you can find a perfect specimen of them. And when any are produced of real merit, they are of easy circulation, and can be with facility carried about in the memory.

Some of the shorter poems in this volume are certainly exceedingly beautiful. There is great variety in the sentiment and feeling throughout. The author's mind is many-toned. In the simple expression of a simple, but strong and faithful affection, as in "Mary Hall"; in the flow and spirit of the "Anacreontic"; in the fervid but subdued passion of

the lines called "Love Unchangeable"; we are sure there are nature, truth, and poetry. We have read over many of these pieces repeatedly, with increased pleasure at every perusal; and cannot conclude our notice without a hope that the present work will be received according to its merits, and that we may soon be favored with another volume from the same source.

We shall make no apology for accompanying our review with the following extracts.

"ANACREONTIC.

"FILL again the mantling bowl,
Nor fear to meet the morning breaking!
None but slaves should bend the soul
Beneath the chains of mortal making.
Fill your beakers to the brim,
Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow;
Let delight,
But crown the night,
And Care may bring her clouds to-morrow.

"Mark this cup of rosy wine,
With virgin pureness deeply blushing;
Beauty pressed it from the vine,
While Love stood by to charm its gushing;
He who dares to drain it now,
Shall drink such bliss as seldom gladdens;
The Moslem's dream
Would joyless seem,
To him whose brain its rapture maddens.

"Pleasure sparkles on the brim,
Lethe lies far deeper in it—
Both, enticing, wait for him,
Whose heart is warm enough to win it;
Hearts like ours, if e'er they chill,
Soon with Love again must lighten,
Skies may wear
A darksome air,
Where sunshine most is known to brighten.

"Then fill! fill high the mantling bowl,
Nor fear to meet the morning breaking;
Care shall never cloud the soul,
While Beauty's beaming eyes are waking;
Fill your beakers to the brim,
Bacchus soon shall lull thy sorrow,
Let delight,
But crown the night,
And Care may bring her clouds to-morrow."

"LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

"YES! still I love thee—Time who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
The heart he could not bow;—
Where love, that cannot perish, grows
For one, alas! that little knows
How love may sometimes last;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
When clouds are overcast.

"The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,
Within its robe of light,
Can never touch a leaf that blows,
Though *seeming*, to the sight;
And yet it still will linger there,
Like hopeless love without despair,—
A snow-drop in the sun!
A moment finely exquisite,
Alas! but only one.

"I would not have thy married heart
Think momently of me,—
Nor would I tear the cords apart,
That bind me so to thee;
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,
As dew upon the roses wild,
I would not have thee know,
The stream that seems to thee so still,
Has such a tide below!

"Enough! that in delicious dreams
I see thee and forget—
Enough, that when the morning beams,
I feel my eye-lids wet!
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall
The darkness for creation's pall,
To meet thee—and to love,—
I would not shrink from aught below,
Nor ask for more above."

ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

I HAD just returned from a delightful walk on this delightful twentieth of May, and seated myself where I could enjoy the pleasant breezes, when the door was opened by our worshipful Editor, who requested that I would write a short communication to save him from being seized prematurely by the Devil. I agreed to do it; and ever since his departure have been puzzling my brain for a subject. At length, gentle reader, out of pure desperation, I have taken the "Athenæum Gallery." Should my task be ill done, lay it, if you please, partly to the dreamy influences around me, that preclude the possibility of making any great exertions, and partly to the antipathy which I have to writing under the impulse of necessity. I had as lief do it, as to read exclusively for information, or study mathematics for entertainment.

We do not hesitate to pronounce this Exhibition much superior to any of the preceding. The pictures are not so numerous but are with a few exceptions very tastefully selected. There are many pieces by the old masters, and copies from their works by modern artists which you may study day after day and yet constantly find some new beauty. Among the best of these we would number the "Descent from the Cross," copied from Reubens by F. de Braekeleer,—a "Head after Guido," by Sully,—the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," by Titian,—"A Dying Seneca," by Vandyck,—"St. Roche and his Dog," and "Landscapes Nos. 15 and 26, with Cattle," by Salvator Rosa.—"The Meeting of Rebecca and Abraham's Servant," by Murillo, has been before exhibited, and received the commendations which it so well deserves.

On the beauties of these and other time-honored pictures, we might descant long and feelingly, were it not that we are called to the more pleasant task of offering the humble tribute of our admiration to those who have done so much towards raising among us the standard of public taste in painting. To Allston we have always looked up with awe and delight. We can hardly conceive of him as being one of our own day and generation. He seems to us properly to belong to other times, and to be a favored son of the land of cloudless skies and glorious recollections; and as we gaze upon his exquisite delineations of beauty and the embodying of his noble conceptions, we find it difficult to convince ourselves that he is both of us and among us. Let it ever be the pride and glory of our country that, while her literature is far in the back ground of what it ought to be, she has yet produced and trained up one disciple of the noblest art, whose name may be sounded together with the names of Raphael, Titian, and Reubens, without producing a discord.

The public has been long and anxiously awaiting the moment when the "Feast of Belshazzar" shall be ready for exhibition. It is one of the noblest subjects that could be taken either from sacred or profane history. The lofty halls of the haughty Babylonian are thronged with the great and the gay among his nobles, and the dance and the song and the wine-cup are going round. At that moment an armless hand is seen to come out from the wall, and to write the mystic characters of his empire's fate before the eyes of the awe struck king. He consults the soothsayers and magicians and wise men of the land, but they can tell him nothing. At last Daniel is called, and as he reads to the astonished and terrified audience the doom ordained by the Almighty to the most powerful and at the same time the most depraved nation of the East, a portentous change comes over the assembled revellers; such an one as will require the highest order of genius in the artist to give us a full conception of. It is rather a singular coincidence that the two rivals, Martin and Allston should have taken the same subject about the same time, but it is still more singular that they have both treated one main part of the picture in the same manner, I mean the hand-writing. All the artists who have undertaken this subject before Martin have been compara-

tively unsuccessful principally on account of their ill management or this part of their picture. They have made the hand to stand out from the wall, and, not being able to give on the canvass the motion which was originally the cause of the sense of a supernatural power in the beholders, have failed to produce the effect intended. * "Martin was the first to perceive that it was not in the bodiless hand merely, or in the unknown letters, that the mystery and the terror consisted,—but *in the sense of a present supernatural power*. To awaken this sentiment, then, though he could not give to the hand a supernatural *motion*, he might yet impart to the already written letters a character of mystery and terror, which would equally excite the sense of a supernatural presence. This he has triumphantly accomplished, by giving vastness of size and a splendor, as though the hand that traced them had guided the lightning over the wall, and left its yet burning fires imprinted there. Having accomplished this,—having raised emotion of a character so awful and sublime,—it was necessary that all the accompaniments of the scene should likewise sustain a character of grandeur and awful magnificence." "Vastness and strength of architecture powerfully excite a sense of awe and grandeur: such an emotion, though differing in kind and degree, is therefore in harmony with that ruling sentiment; and Mr. Martin has accordingly presented us with a hall of dimensions and gorgeous strength unparalleled. But when to the grand and the gigantic we superadd some powerful moral association,—when we give to it the hoariness of antiquity,—when we deepen its solemnity by the obscurity of night,—when, by concealing its limits, we lead the imagination to draw out the vast almost into the infinite,—then, indeed, do we awake to a sense of awe and sublimity, beneath which the mind seems overpowered. How nobly has the artist provided for this feeling by that tremendous tower, which, buried in clouds, and darkly visible under the flaring of the distant lightning, looks grimly over the roofless palace-hall, as if its impious

* We hope our readers will excuse us for making here such long extracts. However, it is a matter of necessity, as we are obliged to take our information on this subject second-hand, since we have not as yet come across even an engraving of this picture. Our extracts are from Article viii. in the June No. of the Edinburgh Review for 1829, entitled, *British Painters—Mr. Martin.*

builders had indeed made its top to reach unto the Heaven! Every thing, in a word, combines to excite and sustain that emotion of sublime and supernatural awe, which is the ruling sentiment, the very soul of the subject."

Allston, we understand, has managed the hand-writing in pretty much the same way as Martin—as to the other parts of his picture we are not informed. The difference, we suspect between them will be that Allston will depend very much for the effect he wishes to produce, upon the management of the figures; whereas Martin, who is by his most partial friends allowed to be very unskilful in the arrangement and finish of his figures, has laid great stress upon the accompaniments, if we might so term them, as the vastness and splendor of the architecture, et cætera, et cætera. The present contest will decide which of these two great artists shall take the first stand. If Allston can produce even no greater effect in his way of treating the subject, than Martin, will he not have achieved a nobler triumph? Is not the artist who identifies the strongest passions and feelings of our nature, with his creations, possessed of a higher order of genius, than he who affects us in the same degree by his management of the dark, the terrific, the magnificent and the sublime in nature?

But we have no room here, even if we were able, to enter fully upon this discussion, and so, reader, we will leave it to you as matter for your own private contemplation and resume our more immediate subject, from which we have so sadly wandered.

Next to Allston, among our artists, stands Trumbull. His only picture in this Exhibition is the "Sortie of Gibraltar," and it is a noble one. He is good in his style, but it is a style to which we are by no means partial.

Doughty has about twenty pictures this year. This fascinating artist, though generally very popular, has had, and still has, many detractors. We confess that his style is meretricious,—that he resorts to many artifices,—and that his landscapes have not the freedom and exquisite touch that characterize those of Allston. Still he has a power to please. In what does this power consist? In his refinement upon nature, and in that air of delicious repose and luxury which forms such a striking feature in all his works.—I profess my-

self to be a great friend to Doughty, and dare be sworn that nearly all lovers of real beauty will join with me in my admiration of him. Were I myself an artist, if I could not be at the top round of the ladder, so as to be able to hurl defiance at all who would sully my reputation if they could, I should prefer to adapt my works to the taste of the many and the generous, rather than to attempt stopping the mouths of some few hypercritical croakers.

Fisher is good, as usual. The neck of his horse, however, in the piece entitled "Interior of a Stable," is very badly foreshortened.

Neagle has his "Patrick Lyon" in again, and this, with his "Pilgrim Soldier of '76," is all we remember to have seen of his. He has a free, off-hand manner of doing things, and generally produces a very good effect.

Inman's pictures are always pictures,—you are never, for a moment, cheated into the suspicion that the figures before you can be endowed with life and motion.

Harding's portraits are capital, particularly that of Col. Wainwright. The Chief Justice either stands *unnecessarily* straight, or else is falling over.

The portraits of the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood and Mr. M. P. Wilder, by Pratt, are excellent.

Sully is good in his way. The child on the shoulder of the Gypsy is rather unfortunately finished.

Codman has a beautiful picture called "The Pirate's Retreat." He is, we understand, an artist of considerable promise.

Salmon, in his dry manner, has done a good many good things. We prefer above his others, "The Land's End."

In the Northeast corner there is a sad collection of nuisances. We leave it to the good feelings of the Committee to remove them as soon as possible.

We had almost forgotten to mention Mr. Alexander. Sincerely, Mr. Alexander, do we beg your pardon, for your portrait of "A Child" is quite pretty; and your piece entitled "Portrait of a Lady,"—I 'm afraid that 's a *ruse* of yours,—I suspect, Mr. Alexander, that this picture is the embodying of one of your fancy-beauties. If the original be not a mere creature of imagination, but a tenant of this black ball of ours, really, Mr. Alexander, we must expect an introduction at your hands, to say the least.

Thus have we gone through our prescribed task. There are a few among our native artists whom we have not noticed, because we are unacquainted with them. Of Cole, and Coles, and Miss Sully, and Miss Goodrich, and a few others we know little or nothing. We said, in our first paragraph, that it was one of the beauties of this exhibition that there are many old pictures in it. It is by no means rendered less interesting by the number and excellence of the paintings sent by our own artists. Let us conclude with hoping, that the rich and influential of our land will give their warmest support to this most deserving set of men, and that the Art may not fall on this side of the Atlantic for want of the encouragement which it merits.

GEOFFREY LA-TOUCHE.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

THERE was a sound of hurrying feet—
A tramp on echoing stairs,
There was a rush along the aisles—
It was the hour of prayers.

And on, like ocean's midnight wave,
The current rolled along,
When suddenly a stranger form
Was seen amidst the throng.

He was a dark and swarthy man
That uninvited guest—
A faded coat of bottle-green
Was buttoned round his breast.

There was not one among them all
Could say from whence he came;
Nor beardless boy, nor ancient man
Could tell that stranger's name.

All silent as the sheeted dead,
In spite of sneer and frown,
Fast by a gray-haired Senior's side
He sat him boldly down.

There was a look of horror flashed
From out the tutor's eyes—
When all around him rose to pray,
The stranger did not rise!

A murmur broke along the crowd;
The prayer was at an end;
With ringing heels and measured tread
A hundred forms descend.

Through sounding aisle, o'er grating stair,
The long procession poured,
Till all were gathered on the seats
Around the Commons board.

That fearful stranger! down he sat,
Unasked yet undismayed,
And on his lip a rising smile
Of scorn or pleasure played.

He took his hat and hung it up
With slow yet eager air,
He stripped his coat from off his back
And placed it on a chair.

Then from his nearest neighbour's side
A knife and plate he drew,
And, reaching out his hand again,
He took his teacup too.

How fled the sugar from the bowl!
How sunk the azure cream!
They vanished like the shapes that float
Upon a summer dream.

A long, long draught—an outstretched hand—
And crackers, toast, and tea,
They faded from the stranger's touch
Like dew upon the sea.

Clouds were upon full many a brow,
Fear sat upon their souls,
And in a bitter agony
They clasped their buttered rolls.

A whisper trembled through the crowd,
Who could the stranger be?
And some were silent, for they thought
A cannibal was he.

What if the creature should arise—
For he was stout and tall—
And swallow down a Sophomore,
Coat, crow's foot, cap, and all!

All sullenly the stranger rose—
They sat in mute despair—
He took his hat from off the peg,
His coat from off the chair.

Four Freshmen fainted on the seat,
Six swooned upon the floor—
Yet on the fearful being past,
And shut the chapel door.

There is full many a starving man
That struts in bottle-green,
But never more that hungry one
In Commons-hall was seen.

Yet often at the sunset hour,
When tolls the evening bell,
The Freshman lingers on the step
That frightful tale to tell.

EXCURSION IN THE NORTH OF ITALY.

(Taken from a Journal. 1828.*)*

Aug. 17*th.* Left Desenzano, and towards evening arrived in Como, a small town situated on a lake of the same name, very much celebrated for its beauty. In a place so small and so much frequented by strangers (particularly by Englishmen), it is often very difficult to find good accommodations; and consequently we were obliged to put up with some inconveniences. Soon after our arrival, we went to visit the environs of the town, which were said to be very beautiful. We began our excursion without a guide, and without knowing any thing of the streets; and as we were not anxious about the way, we walked on without inquiry, looking at the curiosities of the place as we passed them, when, unexpectedly, we found ourselves at the entrance of a private garden; but seeing our mistake, we immediately turned about. One of our party, being very fond of walking, was not satisfied with such an excursion, and left us, to take a longer walk, while we returned to the hotel. We soon arrived at the shore of an artificial harbour, made to shelter small vessels and steam-boats during the night. Round this there was a little walk, from which we could see a great part of the lake.

The sun had just sunk behind the opposite mountains, which bordered the lake, leaving the sky tinged with its golden rays; the reflection of the colored clouds in the calm water, and the dark shadows of the mountains, made a striking and a pleasing contrast.

The moon now began to rise, and with it a light, whispering breeze came up, dimpling the lake with delicate undulations, and dashing the tiny waves against the wall, on which we were leaning. There is something very solemn and melancholy in such a scene as this,—the waves, moon, and darkly-shaded lake, excited in us a feeling somewhat allied to sadness; we stood for a long time, lost in though, when some brilliant fireworks on the opposite side of the lake suddenly attracted our attention, and broke for a while the long-continued silence, till this excitement had died away with the cause of it, and left us again to our own meditations, which were interrupted by a request of my companion for me to sing "Sweet Home." Before I had finished, our absent friend arrived, and we all returned to the hotel to retire for the night, after taking a last look at this magnificent scene.

Aug. 18*th.* Before six o'clock we had finished our early and hurried breakfast, and were going to the little bark which was to carry us on our excursion. We departed from this beautifully situated town in high spirits, and had passed the entrance of the above mentioned harbour, when a great part of the lake lay open to our view. It was Sunday morning; —those who have lived in a country, where the Sabbath is regarded as in America, will have remarked the stillness which every thing around them seems to enjoy; the birds seem to sing more beautifully, and even the shade of a tree seems to vary; but here, where not even the slightest breath of air was disturbing the calmness of this placid lake, there seemed to be something above an earthly abode, uninterrupted as was the scene by "earthborn turbulence." The green sides of the mountains reflected, and, as it were, painted upon the pure water, are said very justly to form one of the most beautiful objects in the world.

The sun had not yet risen high enough to throw his light on the water, but had only reached the tops of the mountains on the western side of the lake. Those on the eastern side

cast their long shadows, as if striving to prevent the sun from encroaching upon their sombre rest. On the shaded side we sailed along, passing the English villas, occupied during the summer, with their splendid gardens, classically ornamented with summer-houses built in imitation of temples and other beautiful models. All this added a good deal to the beauty of the scene. There is something extremely delightful in seeing a beautiful country-seat situated in so fertile a garden, in the shade of mountains covered with rich green, thrown open at an early hour of a summer's morning; and this added much to the charm of the scenery. Amongst other objects which met our view, was the large and beautiful palace of Queen Caroline, who has now exchanged splendor and magnificence for a small spot in the cold sepulchre of the "House of Brunswick."

We had by this time reached the object of our excursion, the villa of Pliny,—a large edifice of grey stone. built in the antique style, with a broad piazza formed over the entrance, which was approached by flights of heavy stone steps, based in the water. There is here a curiosity which has attracted the attention of many philosophers. It is a fountain which runs alternately six hours, increasing three, and decreasing the other three, till it entirely stops. There have been many reasons assigned for this peculiar circumstance, but the true cause I have never learnt. After taking a look at the garden, which had been rather neglected of late, we returned to the piazza, to enjoy a most delightful prospect. The different shades of the water, the palaces, and villas, together with small, white houses, scattered about among the green vineyards, with here and there a small, white row-boat passing at a distance, its oars dipping with regular pulsations in the quiet water, made this the most charming scene I have ever witnessed.

We were now obliged, though with much reluctance, to leave this beautiful spot, to meet the steam-boat at a neighbouring village.

DIGRESSION.

"In recurring to the fate of Alexander Selkirk, the imagination reverts to the distress of Philoctetes on the desert island of Lemnos."—*Bucke's Harm. and Beaut. of Nat.*

Mr. Editor,

Like many of the human family, I am unfortunate enough to have a most vile and villanous habit of running off from my subject at every convenient turning-place, and wofully digressing from any topic of conversation in which I may be engaged, to the great inconvenience of my friends, and detriment to myself in the opinion of all. Now as I dislike nothing more than notoriety or singularity, I have endeavoured, to the utmost of my power, to free myself from this tormenting habit, which has led me into more blunders, and placed me in more disagreeable and ridiculous situations, than I could tell or should wish to make known. While at school, I once received a severe castigation, for descanting about Atalanta and the golden apples, when I was questioned by my pedagogue in regard to the robbing of an orchard; and subsequently I was dismissed by my mistress, and challenged by her brother, for an insult alleged to have been offered to her, in flying off at a tangent from a proposal, to Roman marriages—Cato the Censor,—Heathen Mythology, —and Juggernaut idolatry. A thousand other apparently trifling, but in reality tormenting little misfortunes occur to me daily, in the indulgence of my unhappy propensity, which have led me to follow the example of that illustrious, quaint old gentleman, Burton, who writes to cure his disease; for I doubt not but that the compendious and adhesive style of my writing, will in time lead me also to keep near my topic in discoursing. Besides, I know not how I can better employ myself during this wet East-wind, than by offering a few remarks upon my unfortunate habit. And indeed this will be of some service, even if it but serve to relieve the ennui which has oppressed me for the last fortnight, during which time, I assure you, I have not quitted the arm-chair, before my blazing hearth, until yesterday brought me an invitation to the ball in town. Your seven friends the Misses Dawson were there,—each one in a different primary color;

ticoats, and in such a mood I can plod for hours and hours through the dusky, tattered leaves of old, parchment-bound volumes in the library, devouring every musty line with the greedy eagerness of a prying antiquary. Once I happened, at such a time, to get hold of a folio book of travels in America, in the early time of the colony. The writer was a Frenchman, and first went to Canada, travelling through the Lakes down the Mississippi, and back the same way. He made a curious prophecy, when he arrived at about the present site of St. Louis, where he says, that in time that spot would be the seat of a mighty empire, that would stretch its arms to the East and West, the North and South. His map is dolefully deficient, making a distance of but two or three hundred miles from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and covering the finest part of Georgia and the Carolinas with an immense inland sea. Another traveller, of the same date, makes a shrewd conjecture in regard to the lakes, which he connects with the Pacific by an immense arm of the sea running up from the Gulf of California, and supposes them to be inhabited by very enlightened nations of Indians. It has struck me as very singular that in the many and various suppositions advanced about the origin of the Aborigines of America, no one should have thought of the real locality. It must appear fully demonstrated that they came from the interior of the earth, through the cavity at the pole, which was made mention of by that renowned and enlightened philosopher Capt. Symmes, whose recent death has put an end to an expedition which would have immortalized him, and bestowed a blessing on mankind. Each sympathetic mind reverts, with melancholy reflections on the mention of the demise of this great man, upon the late sad tragedy acted at Rochester, where one of the stars of the age lost his life in trying a philosophical experiment; Cæsar's name may be forgotten, but Samuel Patch's still will flourish, untarnished by the corroding rust of time. Few geniuses have lived with *greater depth of understanding* than this philosopher. By the bye, I must remark that I do not make it a regular practice to joke, esteeming a pun that hurts another's feelings a most vile and scandalous piece of mischief. This has been my opinion ever since I made a severe joke upon one of my friends, who *cut* me in return, and harassed me for a month by his coldness and indifference. Confusion to wily, witless

wits, and puny, Punic pugilists! By the bye, Mr. Editor, can you give any reason for the word *pun* coming from Punic? I have often thought of this strange derivation, which I suppose to have taken place from the Carthaginians being *double-tongued.* (See Livy). I wrote, as you desired me, a piece of poetry ycleped, "Marius lamenting over the Ruins of Carthage," but I find, upon looking over it, that he has bolted off suddenly from Carthage, and digressed to a horrible extent; discovering him after a chain of links sharpening his whittling knife in a corn-field. And here I must remark that of all disagreeable things in this world, not even excepting a woman's rattle, a genius for digression is the worst, as I have stated before. After having explained, in the above pages, as concisely, clearly, and briefly as possible my distressing case, I hope that you and the Club, in their infinite goodness, may give their opinions and advice.

DELORAINE DIGRESS.

THE MEETING OF THE DRYADS.

It was not many centuries since,
When, gathered on the moonlit green
Beneath the Tree of Liberty,
A ring of weeping sprites was seen.

The freshman's lamp had long been dim,
The voice of busy day was mute,
And tortured melody had ceased
Her sufferings on the evening flute.

They met not, as they once had met,
To laugh o'er many a jocund tale,
But every pulse was beating low,
And every cheek was cold and pale.

Then rose a fair, but faded one,
Who oft had cheered them with her song;
She waved a mutilated arm,
And silence held the listening throng.

"Sweet friends," the gentle nymph began,
"From opening bud to withering leaf
One common lot has bound us all
In every change of joy and grief.

"While all around has felt decay,
We rose in ever-living prime,
With broader shade and fresher green,
Beneath the crumbling step of time.

"When often by our feet has past
Some human freak of nature's whim,
Say, have we trimmed one awkward shape,
Or lopped away one crooked limb?

"Go on, fair Science, soon to thee
Shall Nature yield her idle boast,
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,
But thou hast trained it to a post.

"Go paint the birch's silver rind,
And quilt the peach with softer down,
Up with the willow's drooping threads,
Off with the sunflower's radiant crown.

"Go plant the lily on the shore,
And set the rose among the waves,
And bid the southern bud unbind
Its silken zone in arctic caves.

"Bring bellows for the panting winds,
Hang up a lantern by the moon,
And give the nightingale a fife,
And lend the eagle a balloon.

"I cannot smile—the tide of scorn
That rolled through every frozen vein,
Comes kindling fiercer as it flows
Back to its burning source again.

"Again in every quivering leaf
That moment's agony I feel,
When limbs that spurned the northern blast
Shrunk from the sacrilegious steel.

"A curse upon the wretch who dared
To crop us with his felon saw—
May every fruit his lip shall taste,
Lie like a bullet in his maw.

"In every julep that he drinks,
May gout and bile and headach be,
And when he strives to calm his brain
May colic mingle with his tea.

"May nightshade cluster round his path,
And thistles prick, and brambles cling,
May blistering ivy scorch his veins,
And dogwood burn, and nettles sting.

"On him may never shadow fall
When fever racks his throbbing brow,
And his last shilling buy a rope
To hang him on my highest bough."

She spoke—the morning's herald beam
Sprang from the bosom of the sea,
And every mangled sprite returned
In sadness to her wounded tree.

A SATURDAY-NIGHT.*

Mr. Editor, Do you wish to hear a very piteous tale? I will tell you one.

I have enjoyed my Saturday even more than usual. Before coming to college, I loved home, as every truly civilized being does, above every other place. But since taking up my abode here, and being at home but one day in seven, it has seemed to me that I enjoy it seven-fold. To-day has been what all the world,—that is, Boston students and their friends—know that three Saturdays out of four are—wet. So I spent the day (*videlicet*, since 12 o'clock, that being the hour of the morning at which we get into town now, on our weekly holyday,) *inter parietes*. Skimmed the seven days' quota of news-papers—chatted with "the folks"—heard, according to custom, all the family incidents of the week—read two letters which had been received—looked at the "Rewards of Merit" of all the little ones, pared all their finger-nails, and told them three cock-and-bull stories apiece—played sundry games of chess and twice as many of back-gammon with my cousin (I might have been more distinct in French, by saying

* This piece was communicated for our March number. It was unfortunately mislaid, found its way into the wicker basket, and has not been recovered till within a fortnight. We sincerely beg Mr. Domal's pardon, and hope that our temporary and unintentional neglect will not prevent his favoring us once more with some of his effusions. Editor.

cousine)—and ate two meals (we are all human), which were rendered doubly grateful to my palate by their direct antithesis to thy abominations, O Commons-hall! Tea is over. Seven o'clock. Conversation grows more and more interesting. We talk about nearly every thing worth talking about under the sun—gayeties and gravities, novelties and antiquities,—the last including college jokes. Every thing and every body seems more and more domestic and dear; home seems more my home than ever. Twenty minutes past seven. "My dear friends, I must go." "Go!" exclaimed my cousin; "what, you are surely to spend the evening with us?" "Surely not, fair coz; we are required to enter our names, and be at our rooms by eight o'clock." "Is that the law?" she murmured, with little short of Shylock's astonishment. "But what is the reason of it, Charles? why does your government require you to jump up and run away from us in the midst of the evening? Do they grudge you a whole evening with your family? When you reach Cambridge, you surely will not feel like making a fire and sitting down to study." What should I have answered, ye departed founders of our laws? I knew not; so merely trying to stammer out something about inscrutable wisdom, and referring my cousin to Paley's theory of general and particular consequences, I commenced a determined retreat.

"Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properaret exul."

"Give my love, coz, to Helen, when you write. Don't let Tom Clarke get above you in geography, Dick, before I come home again. Good bye all, till next Saturday." And I closed the parlor door—and then the front door.

"Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!"

I exclaimed with the poet; but I could not continue with him, "Yet lovely in your strength." Little was there lovely to me in the cold, driving sleet, against which I spread my huge umbrella; or in the keen northeaster which impelled it at an angle of 15 degrees with the horizon. Something very lovely, however, the *slosh** I ploughed through in every

* This we acknowledge to be a Yankeeism, but it is an expressive one.

street I crossed, seemed to find in my boots. And so sturdy was its amorous embrace, that at every step I came near being denuded of those useful pedal integuments. At the toll-house a new trouble assailed me. I found, to my great dismay, that my pantaloons' pocket contained not a copper. So, setting down my umbrella, and throwing my bundle of dickies, handkerchiefs, &c. into it, and pulling off my gloves, and unbuttoning my coat, I was obliged to "bide the pelting of the pitiless storm," all unprotected, while I searched in my inner coat-skirt pocket for my wallet; and finally extracting it, emptied it of a cent ("Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus"), thrust the coin into the copper-greened hand which was stretched from the cabin, returned my purse to its nook, re-arranged my dress, re-possessed myself of my baggage and weather-shield, and re-commenced my ill-starred route. Indeed, one who without a loose piece of metal, short of his recondite pocket-book, stands shivering on such a night, before that Charon of a toll-man, might gladly exchange places with the poor wight of old, on the borders of the Styx,

> Qui "sedet in ripâ, tetrumque novicius horret
> Porthmea, * * * * *
> * * nec habet, quem porrigat, ore trientem."

I strode over the bridge, with a rapidity which grew with my vexation, my distaste for wind, cold, and wet, and my anxiety to reach my goal ere the appointed hour should expire, and the book-keeper's light should disappear from his window;

> "For while his lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return."

"Well," I muttered to myself, "I hope that villanous Freshman * may not take it into his head to be strict. But if I do get my name entered, what have I to do then, but to get to my cold room and plunge into bed, or bore my neighbours, and kill two or three hours with cards and chat? And is this what I have been robbed of a good, social evening for? O, what a fool's errand I am on!" I shut up my mouth; but my thoughts were alternately of the probability of tender mercies on the part of the Freshman, of the amaz-

* For the information of uncollegiate readers, we would observe that this is the same personage as the book-keeper abovementioned. EDITOR.

ing imperfection of all human laws, and of what a hell might be made, by the mere element of bad weather, out of this often delightful earth.

Having crossed the bridge and the boarded walks which succeed, I found, added to the other *désagrémens* of the road, a deep, wide-spread, and clinging mire, through which I was obliged to plod, for the remainder of my journey. This commodity the delightful village of Cambridge-port abounds in, at every season when starting frost, melting snow, or falling rain gives any excuse for it. At the same time, the well-known varied and characteristic odors of the place assailed my nostrils, in even unusual intensity. In the reckless, horrid merriment of desperation, I set about amusing myself with devising sundry names which struck me as more appropriate for this sweet suburb, than that which it now bears. After revolving in my mind, *Filthyville*, *Stenchton*, *Mudborough*, I finally settled upon *Badtown*, as being more *naïf* and comprehensive than any of them. As I was drawing my boots alternately, like the two pistons of an engine, through the very most Plutonic and lutonic portion of the road, cannot you conceive how my irritation with every thing around me was increased to its highest pitch, by hearing (it was too dark to see) a worthy burgher commenting most loudly and proudly to a friend, from whom he was parting at his front door, "on the excellent condition of our Cambridge roads"? However, with great effort I repressed most of my indignation; and the rest I transferred from my tongue to my legs, thinking that if it could excite any motion, it would be much more usefully employed in the nether limbs.

Stout, indeed, and anxious were the strides with which I traversed the raised and fenced side-walks which adorn the hither end of the road; answering the rain-laden blasts which buffeted my persevering exertions in what seemed wanton cruelty and oppression, only with an occasional upbraiding glance, while I muttered to myself, "Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just."

This part of the route I accomplished with no more than the usual mishaps. I stumbled into three eddy-worn pits, bruised myself against posts at the beginning and end of each side-walk, and finally was hooked by one of the very

cows these posts were designed to exclude. The tumult of this encounter, the crash arising from my violent fall against the fence, and the explosion of mire caused by my brute antagonist and myself in our finally successful attempts to pass, caught the ears of two patrols who were stationed not far from the spot, to protect the fence against some rogue who had been amusing himself of late with mutilating it by night. No sooner, therefore, had I cleared the quadruped obstruction, than these bipeds fell upon me, for committing a deliberate assault upon the fence! This was too much for human patience! With an inarticulate roar of rage, which made one of them take to his heels *instanter*, I hurled at the other my bundle and umbrella at once, stretched him in the soft clay, where, for aught I know, he lies buried to this moment, and picking up my missiles, I completed my route on a full run,—vexation and fury burning on my cheeks, and covering my lips with foam.

But mental tumult and bodily exertions were alike unavailing. Try, my dear Editor, to conceive my condition, when, after undergoing such sufferings as I have described to you, I found myself at last at the Freshman's room—what with the various necessary delays that had occurred on my way, and a difference of a quarter of an hour between Cambridge and Boston time—forty minutes too late! The Freshman very quietly declined entering my name. Had I been any other mortal on earth than the one I am, should I not have vented all my aggregate of spleen on his head? But this was one of those great and almost overwhelming temptations to the indulgence of passion, which it has always been observed I combat more successfully than the minor irritating occurrences of life. "Well, Sir," I replied, in low and hurried accents, the suppressed emotion which struggled in my throat almost choking my utterance, "if it is a point of conscience with you, not to enter names so late as this after the hour, I am the last man that would solicit you to accommodate any one contrary to your own sense of duty. Good evening, Sir." I hurried from the room, lest my forced philosophy should give way. Most assuredly, if it had, such a torrent of imprecation and execration would have burst forth, as would have utterly astounded the poor book-keeper, summoned in the neighbours, and brought eternal disgrace upon me.

I have reached my room, and am marked delinquent. A delightful, renovating, social evening has been broken up; and for what? To make a fire and sit down to a lesson, in my present bodily exhaustion, and with all the experiences both good and evil of the day dwelling on my mind, is impossible. Having employed half an hour in penning you this narrative (pray excuse any thing in it that may appear splenitive or exaggerated, in consideration of my wretched and morbidly excited state); I shall now plunge into a comfortless bed and try "to steep my senses in forgetfulness."

Yours, wretchedly,

C. Domal.

THE DUNNED.

There is a dark and meagre form,
That haunts my dreams by night,
And ever follows in my path
Beneath the broad day-light—
I cannot fly away from it,
Nor shut it from my sight!

'T is mirrored in mine aching eyes—
I see it everywhere:
It lurks in every shape of earth,
And fills the vacant air:
Wherever I may turn my glance—
That phantom-shape is there!

I gaze upon a pillowy cloud,
As it floats in splendor by:
But soon it takes that fearful shape,
And darkens all the sky—
And then I feel a thrilling fear
And turn away mine eye!

I look upon the foaming sea,
Far down into the deep—
And dream within its pearly caves,
How sweetly I might sleep!
With nought to make me smile again,
And nought to make me weep.

But soon a dismal form starts up
From ocean's coral bed,
Dressed in a suit of raven black,
With a hat upon its head—
And upwards comes that gloomy shape,
With long and rapid tread!

And then a deep and hollow voice
  Doth mutter in mine ear
Words which I do not understand,
  But still am doomed to hear:
Although the while my heart beats quick,
  And my brow is pale with fear.

That voice is sounding everywhere—
  In valley and on hill:
It thunders in the raging main,
  It whispers in the rill!
Wherever I may go or stray,
  It calls upon me still!

I hear it in the rushing blast—
  And in the gentlest breeze,
That wanders where the sunbeams lie
  Entangled in the trees:
Or skims with noiseless wing along
  The bosom of the seas!

That form!—it is a tailor-man
  Who haunts me day and night,
And follows me where'er I go,
  And will not leave my sight—
And fills my palpitating heart,
  With sadness and affright.

That voice!—it is a tailor-man's,
  Who clamors for his pay—
And mutters in my startled ear,
  By midnight and by day:
And says, until he has his due,
  He may not keep away!

SONG.

The rosebud on the rosetree,
  May bloom and fade away,
But oh, the love that woos thee,
  Through time shall ne'er decay.
A meteor-flash may lure me,
  With wild and fitful light;
But still thine eyes secure me,
  I follow not its flight.

The moon upon the waters,
Is lovely and is mild,
But oh! 't is not so lovely as
Blythe nature's fairy child.
A star upon life's ocean,
Thou smilest where I roam,
To wake my heart's devotion,
And call my spirit home.

Though beauty bid a thousand,
Before its altar bow;
Reject their idle homage,
And take my simple vow.
The sun's rays may be broken,
A cloud their light may shade,
But the love that I have spoken
Shall never, never fade.

MOMENTA LANKIANA. No. III.

MY COLLEGE ROOM.

"No more among thy nooks to roam,
But on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes as a home
Of sunshine, I have seen and lost."—*Moore.*

I HAVE ever been of that class of men who are subject to the caprices of the moment, and, as their fancy leads them, are to-day in pursuit of some trifling chimera, that gives place on the morrow to a scientific research, at one time preferring the flippant gayety of the world, and at another the studious gravity of retirement. And however long I have tried to follow the advice of the preachers-up of regularity and uniformity in study, I still delight with Burns, to rove like the velvet butterfly from flower to flower in the garden of wisdom, sipping the honied sweets from all, but leaving the useful wax to be gathered by those who would work more diligently; thus, acquiring a superficial acquaintance with a great variety of subjects rather than an accurate knowledge of some few particular branches which they obtain, who delve deeper in the mine of science.

Thus was it in my infantine toys,—thus in my schoolboy games,—thus in my later and more mature pursuits. While some of my companions in college were running a course of idle, heartless dissipation, others enjoying the innocent pleasures of society, and a third set immuring themselves in their rooms, and plying with constant assiduity and praiseworthy perseverance at their books, to constitute the hurtful, the useless, and the useful of the rising generation,—after mixing a short time with each, I took a desire suddenly of becoming an antiquary, and shutting myself up in my study, I gave up my thoughts and time to antiquarian reviews and researches with all their far-drawn theories and conjectures. My room too partook of my thoughts. A rusty old study-lamp hung from the dingy ceiling; over the huge chimney-piece spread a branching pair of elk-horns; from one side of the room frowned an ancient, majestic, dark mahogany, carved looking-glass, and on an oaken shelf opposite was heaped a pile of mouldy, half obliterated cents and coins.

I was one rainy day seated in my rickety arm-chair, which the old lady, from whom I had hired it, affirmed to have come over from England with the Plymouth Fathers, gazing upon the blackened beam upon the ceiling, and wrapt in a pleasing train of melancholy abstraction,—wishing that I could see in the long vista of the past, the many honest *digs* who had in this room consumed the midnight oil,—the many hardened *blows* who had rioted here around the festive board,—the many hard students who had in this room laid the foundation for future excellence and renown, and the many college rakes who had here first given way to those vices that afterwards germinated in the crimes that reduced them with the lowest of the human race,—when I was interrupted by a low knock at my door, followed by the entrance of our old Goody, with a bundle of musty papers in her hand tied round with a soiled red ribbon. She said that in looking over some rubbish in her garret, she had met with this bundle, which she remembered now to have found some forty years before in that room, which she was cleaning out upon the sudden and mysterious departure of its inmate; that not knowing to whom to give it she laid it aside, and it had entirely escaped her remembrance until the circumstance was refreshed by unexpectedly meeting with it to-day; knowing

that I was fond of old books, she thought she would bring them to me, though they were so tattered and torn they must be almost illegible. I seized them with a delirium of joy,—took down from my shelf three old cents of the colonial government,—pressed them into her hand, and hastening her out of the room, locked and double barred the door. Having let fall over the windows some heavy gloomy curtains, so as to prevent the intrusion even of too strong a light, I sat down with my precious bundle before me, and after gazing on it with reverential eyes, cut the string with a nervous hand. Although the papers were much decayed by long exposure to the damp, and the ink had spread, and turned to an ashy pale color, I was able by long watchings day and night, and intense application, to decipher enough of these interesting letters to enabled me fully to understand the dark transaction which remains to the world a mystery to this day. Most of the letters seem to be from a young student who had gone off to a country town to keep school, addressed to his chum in college; both of whose names as well as that of the village I have altered, though most probably any one, who may have long ago heard the mystery of this affair, related by the cottage fire-side, may recognise the leading features of the facts.

Torrel and Henry Lovel were cousins. They had grown up together from infancy, and at the boarding-school, at which they subsequently lived, were distinguished for their firm and devoted friendship, that endured unshaken by all the disputes and factions among their school-fellows. Continually together, and continually reposing in each other's bosoms their likes and dislikes, an assimilation was the consequence in their thoughts and dispositions that made them act as by a single impulse, although their natures were widely different. While Torrel was quick in his temper, impetuous in his wishes, and more ready to give than to take an insult, Henry Lovel, with a spirit equally bold when aroused, had a countenance as mild and gentle as that heart, of which it was the symbol. Nor was this in the least a bar to pure and disinterested friendship, as there was as much in the heedless boldness of the one, as in the gentle demeanor of the other, for his friend to love and esteem; and while Torrel acted as a kind of protection to his cousin, who had

always been weak and sickly, the latter endeavoured to restrain his temper with all the persuasion and kindness of a brother.

They entered college together, had the same room, and continued in the same friendship. To be sure, Torrel, who had a fortune left him by his father, though he was not yet of age to dispose of it in his own way, was more gay and went into society a great deal more than Henry, who loved better to remain at home reading his books, and tending a few favorite drooping plants that were ranged upon the window, looking like emblems of himself, who had long been in very poor health, and had always indulged a melancholy foreboding of but a short and gloomy life. Although he did not shun the society of his classmates, he rather loved the tranquil retirement of his own room, and the endearing companionship of his heedless friend. And at such times as he would come in boisterous with mirth,—with gladness in his heart and joy in his eye, poor Henry would try to appear gay and to put on a smile of pleasure, but it would be like the forced sunshine on a melancholy Autumn sky,—as transient and as sweet. Torrel had with daring intrepidity, saved the life of a young girl, who, with her parents, was then on a visit to Cambridge; he merited their thanks, and received them, with an earnest and affectionate solicitation from Mrs. Harvey, that he would allow them by a further acquaintance to repay in some measure the inestimable obligation he had conferred upon them. Torrel made a visit,—repeated it,—went a third time,—fell in love with Anne,—pressed his suit,—and was continually with or about her, though evidently to her regret and embarrassment, who repeatedly told him that she should always be his warm friend, but nothing more. But it would have been as easy to have checked the whirlwind in its course, as for him to have restrained the impetuosity of his wishes when they had once been formed; and his love for her was one approaching madness. Forgetting alike the nice delicacy which should distinguish the actions of one in his peculiar relation to the lady, as well as that respect which he owed to her wishes, he offered himself to her parents, and was accepted. Her father with tears in his eyes implored her to remember his distressed circumstances; her mother besought her to forget the unfortunate

attachment, she had formed for one whom she would probably never meet again; and Anne also tried to persuade herself, that she ought to sacrifice something to the preserver of her life, even though it should be her peace of mind for ever. She reluctantly consented, and as they soon afterwards returned home to C——, it was agreed that he should come up there in the next vacation.

Henry Lovel, who had taken the deepest interest in his friend's affairs, went off about this time to keep school in the country, as he had done the preceding year; and all the letters in the bundle, except three or four which were addressed to Torrel from Anne, were from Henry, at the village where he resided, to his chum in college, containing references to their former life, from which the above statement was drawn. The latter epistles began to be of a more tender and interesting nature. It seems that when at C—— the preceding spring he had loved, and was ardently loved in return by an artless, beautiful young maiden of the village, whose parents, however, postitively forbid the match, as they were both too poor; and this had been one cause of that gloominsss and sickness of soul that seemed to be adding wings to the disease, which would sooner or later lay him in the grave. He returned,—found her affection like a spark that is smothered to glow the brighter, and invented opportunities of meeting, conversing, and corresponding.

Meanwhile the letters to Torrel from Anne were few and far between; and even more cold and chilling than before, for in spite of her endeavours she could not put in writing those sentiments that belied her real feelings. He had not heard for a length of time from his cousin, and when day after day brought no letter, grew sadder and sadder. At last one morning brought a delicately sealed, neatly folded epistle from C—— with Anne's superscription; and whereas her former letters were short and cold, this seemed as he gazed upon the lovely hand-writing, to be as full as the sheet would permit. With a heart beating with exultation and swimming eyes, he broke the seal,—read, and re-read with a delirium of joy; those moments of reading the thrilling, ardent professions of the most feeling love and esteem, were by far the happiest and sweetest of his life,—and only equalled the exceeding gall and bitterness of that moment when

having finished the burning lines, and kissed again and again her well loved name, he espied below upon the margin of the well filled page, "To Henry Lovel!" Oh, could the fearful workings of that blasted heart be exposed to the eye of mortals! Oh, could I tell the boiling fever of his soul when he threw himself upon his horse, and spurred him on with the maddening impetuosity that belonged rather to a Fury than a man. He rushed on,—on,—nor stopped nor rested once until he reached his destination. 'T was dusk, —and the lovers were walking beneath the pale moon, happy in the society of each other. A horseman rode up, and in another instant poor Henry lay dead upon the turf.

It would be tedious to relate how Anne Harvey's parents repented, alas, too late, of their conduct towards their child, or how she, an orphan, wandered about a wretched maniac and died of a broken heart; suffice it to say, that he whose passion was the cause of all this misery to himself and others, fled his country, deprived of fortune and happiness, a conscience-stricken exile in a foreign land.

* * * * * * *

It was a fine morning in Autumn, that I took advantage of the delightful weather, and rode slowly toward the pretty little village of C——. As I passed the old burial-place I observed the grave-digger fashioning out the last resting-place of departed man. Dismounting, I tied my horse to the bough of a tree, and approaching the old man, asked him if he could inform me of the spot, where Anne Harvey lay buried.

The old man threw out some earth, and leaning on his spade, and looking at me for some moments, pointed to the grave-stone which stood next,—and resuming his position went on with his melancholy labor. With a little difficulty I scraped off the mould that had been growing on it for years, and read upon the slab the simple words, "Anne Harvey, aged 18." Exactly similar on the other side was a stone, on which was engraved in legible characters, "Henry Lovel."

Again drawing near to the sexton, I asked him for whom he was preparing that grave.

He said that it was for an old man, about sixty or seventy years of age, who had been found weeping like a child over that tomb. He seemed to have travelled a very con-

siderable distance, and had a knapsack on his back,—appeared exhausted, was carried to a neighbouring house, and, dying there, with his last breath desired that his body might be buried in that spot."

While I was yet speaking, a hearse preceded by a minister, and followed by three or four poor persons, apparently unconcerned and uninterested, came slowly into the church-yard, and took its solemn way toward the reverend old elm tree that drooped its long gloomy branches over the three graves. The plain black coffin was lowered into the pit: no mourners sung the solemn dirge; no wife, no grateful children shed tears of sorrow on the wanderer's grave. Down, down it went, and the hoarse creaking of the cords seemed to wear away my very heart-strings. The minister pronounced in slow and solemn words the prayers for the soul of the deceased; the two or three heedless spectators went unconcerned their way, and the sexton began to throw the cold clods upon the coffin; as each sounded low and hollow on the board, I felt a chill to come over my breast,—I wept the fate of the unfriended old man. The minister as he returned by, said "So pass the vanities of this world!" I made reverence to the holy man, and as I took my way out of the rustic church-yard, looking for the last time upon the three graves, I gloomily answered with tears in my eyes, "So they pass!"

A BILLET-DOUX.

Lady! how coolly you have broken
The vows we made, the faith we plighted;
The promises so warmly spoken,
How very calmly they are slighted!
The deep, immutable affection,
We felt but lately for each other—
How it has changed upon reflection,
Or been transplanted by another.

It was a soft and balmy even,
And we were wandering together;
The stars were very bright in heaven,
The dew was falling on the heather:

The stainless beauty all around us
Had touched our hearts and thrilled our senses,
And night's deep quietude had bound us
With thousand witching influences.

You, with a freedom half immoral,
Upon my arm were fondly leaning:
And from your parted lips of coral,
Came words of most expressive meaning.
You spoke of ties by time unriven,
Of vows that nought on earth could sever,
Of promise that was freely given—
Of love unchangeable for ever!

We parted—how a week may alter
Our feelings and our expectations:
How soon alas! the tongue may falter
In its devoutest adorations.
But be it so—perhaps 't were better,
The dream were broke, that fell upon us:
And Reason's hand should loose the fetter,
Which young Romance had fastened on us!

I will not tell you how I started,
When first I read your cold epistle:
I was a while quite broken-hearted,
And tried in vain to smile and whistle.
I penned a score or two of verses
Upon the fickleness of woman,
Muttered a thousand hasty curses,
And swore your conduct was inhuman.

But now I think with calm endurance
Upon your changes of opinion:
And smile at the serene assurance,
With which you threw off love's dominion.
And idle hopes and idle fancies
Like dew-drops from the sun have vanished—
And gilded dreams and high romances
Are from my thoughts for ever banished.

And, lady, now the boyish vision,
Which once I deemed more bright and splendid
Than any day-dream of ambition,
Is over and for ever ended.
But I have done with vain reflection—
The seal is set—upon my letter:
Thus ends our mutable affection—
And thus we break love's fragile fetter!

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

(Schiller.)

THE massy clouds are dark,
And the forest branches roar;
While a maiden weeps and sighs
On the solitary shore;
The deep rolls proud in its restless might,
And its waters are dark with the shadow of night.

"The world is but a desert,
And my quiet heart is dead;
Not a gleam of sunshine on my path,
For joy and hope are fled.
I have quaffed the goblet of life and love,
And long to go to my rest above!"

But thy bitter tears are shed,
And thy sighs are heaved in vain;
For sorrow may not wake to life
The slumberer again!
For the spirit of joy to thy Father pray—
He will pour on thy path the glory of day.

But shed the bitter tear,
Though the sacrifice is vain;
And sorrow—though thou may'st not wake
The slumberer again;
For a breaking heart may find relief
And a soothing joy, in a holy grief.

PASSAGES FROM A DIARY.

BY CHARLES SHERRY.

May 3d. I CANNOT rid myself of this monstrosity! Why not let the day pass with no other record than a good action, or a valuable acquisition, or an indefinite though pleasant remembrance? I will tell you why not—my noble self. It is very seldom that you do a good action,—a truth all who know you are very well acquainted with. You are entirely too indolent to make any valuable acquisition; for you know nothing of misery or mathematics, and the stern spirit of the

times says, that a familiarity with both is indispensable. And why trust to your memory—a tablet on which so many histories are written only to be effaced? The fact is that you cannot get along without a Diary.

4*th*. Met with an old fellow, who is truly an original. I used to see him some seven years ago in my native town, where he was quite a conspicuous character. He had been to sea in his younger days, and was always of a roving disposition; but he became tired of it, and gave it up at about the age of forty. He soon took to his glass and bad habits; and in a year or two was walking about with an axe and beetle to obtain employment as a woodcutter. He is now, I should think, fifty.

"Well, Tom," I asked him, "pray how are you getting along now?"

He took off his hat, and bowed very low, for he hardly recognised me. "Why really, Sir, I am getting along very comfortably. Squire F. has taken me to bring up, and so ye see I am found in food and clothes, lodge well, and want for nothing."

"And how do you spend your time? What work do you have, and what leisure?"

"Why, you must know I am kept hard at work all the week—one way or another; and all the rural amusement I wish for is going to meeting of a Sunday."

15*th*. Just had an interview with a peripatetic gentleman who is known by the title of Your Honor. He is an itinerant vender of dainties; carrying on an extensive contraband trade with the students, in domestic cakes, cigars, steel pens and oranges. In old days he was allowed free access to the college domains, but fear of the "constables and confessors" (meaning professors, for he is rather careless of his *pros* and *cons)* has of late debarred him from his accustomed privileges. He accordingly watches his opportunity, and drops in, in disguise; doing up a bundle of cakes, he assures us, so as to look like a bundle of books. I think there has been an interesting tinge of melancholy about him ever since he was forbidden the premises.

As Your Honor must ever be an interesting character in college history, and as it has of late become common to sketch the personal appearance as well as the mental char-

acter of our great men, I must hand him down to posterity in as strong colors as my feeble pencil is capable of touching. He is about four feet six inches in height, of shoulders somewhat though not disagreeably broad, hair inclined to grey, good complexion, a little bronzed by exposure to the sun, skin in some parts of his face wrinkled and rugged, in others as smooth as marble. He generally dresses in Oxford mixed pantaloons, and a brown surtout. His voice is flexible, and he speaks in an earnest, eager, and insinuating style. His pace is very rapid, though his gait is not so bad as it might be. He is a foreigner, as may be discovered by a pleasant peculiarity in his accent. He has always been of a literary turn, and haunted places of public education; for before coming to this country, he had been engaged in a traffic similar to that he now carries on, with the students of the Dublin University.

Your Honor has for the last year or two been very much persecuted and several times driven from the college buildings, by the voice of authority. But he says that he has an affection for the students, and accordingly bears up under his distresses with all the perseverance of a martyr. We have no doubt but that when he dies his spirit will perform the same regular journeys from Boston to the Colleges, that it has been so long accustomed to in life. I have a great mind to write an anticipating epitaph; but I will refrain, for I might be led to assassinate him, for the sake of seeing it look pretty upon his tombstone.

17*th*. Sent home Miss Laurent's Album with an apology for not writing in it. Told her positively that owing to the neglect of my early education I was unable to transcribe a single sentence, being always obliged to employ an amanuensis. She was very sorry, and said it must be very inconvenient and unusual for a gentleman not to be able to write. Assured her that it was more common than it is generally supposed to be.

18*th*. Lounged about in the Athenæum Gallery, and felt miserably; for I saw La-Touche taking notes. Met a cravat, a bonnet, a pair of whiskers, and a great many fools. Fell in with a college friend who accused me of lying in wait to find matter for an article. Was on the point of resenting the insult, when, on raising my eyes, they encountered—what is it to you whom?

19*th.* What with themes, forensics, letters, memoranda, notes on lectures, verses, and articles, I find myself considerably hurried. When it comes to composing in a room with six visiters, two of whom own dogs, and all of whom are very sociable and talkative, there are few things more disagreeable. I always like to be alone when I have pen or pencil in my fingers. Talking of writing, it is said that Schiller composed with his feet in ice, Hoffman on inspiration picked up in an ale-house, Alfieri on the back of a wild horse, and Anacreon doubtless on the top of an empty cask.

20*th.* Undertook to make a few visits. Of some dozen people I called upon, ten were out and two were stupid; so I made the best of my way back again. AIRY is walking about very much agitated, being probably in a poetical frenzy. I may possibly have mistaken a vulgar agitation for the dreaming inspiration. Poor fellow! He came near breaking his neck the other evening, in a search after practical poetry.

21*st.* LA-TOUCHE called on me. He was very rough, and insisted upon a little sparring; the consequence of which was that we were mutually very much bruised. It will be necessary for me to take some lessons in self-defence, or cut his society.

22*d.* Suffering from the effects of my contest, when the Editor calls upon me for copy. He tells me that LA-TOUCHE had been very active for the last two or three hours. It certainly takes a great deal of animal excitement to rouse his intellect. Not that he is naturally sluggish, but there is a strange propensity about him to riot in indefinite and vague aginations, without deigning to condescend to the industry of chirography, or the vulgarity of pen and paper.

24*th.* Indefinitely stupid. Effected in the course of the day a small walk of some three or four miles. It is not quite so cold as it has been, though a fire is remarkably comfortable even yet.

25*th.* It is astonishing what people one will sometimes meet with! Perfectly astonishing!

NOTES AND NOTICES.

No. V.

CLUB ROOM—*Editors discovered in classic attitudes—green table in the centre—wicker basket gaping ominously—back numbers of the Collegian, scraps of paper, parings of pens, proof-sheets and inkstands lying about in Editorial confusion.*

EDITOR. Welcome, brothers! one and all
Once more welcome to the Hall!
Robust Geoffrey,—gentle Arthur,—
Frank and Sherry,—Hock and Father,-
Welcome with your smiling train
Back to your books and quills again.
Despite my positive assertion
To rate you for your long desertion,
No sooner do your well known eyes
Meet mine,—than all my anger flies.
Besides I know that had you seen,
How awkwardly I wooed the muse,—
How changed, my eyes from grey to green,—
My wreath of bays, to wreaths of *blues*,—
You would have left the whirling dance,
The silken chain of pleasure broke,
Retreated from gay Beauty's glance,
And sorrowed at your cruel joke!
A joke indeed! To make me bear
My heavy quill behind my ear,
Weighed down with ink, and with vexation,
While you laughed off the light vacation!
A joke indeed! To make me brood,
And pining here in solitude,
Alone, unknown, unnoticed be,
And you, forsooth, in revelry;
And while you frisked away the night,
To make me fume, and fret, and write
With bilious brow, and inky paw,
To stuff the printer's hungry maw!
By all my ills, and aches, and bruises!
By Jove, Apollo, and the Muses,
I 'll have revenge,——But I 'm so glad
To see you, that I can't get mad,

And therefore my revenge is light,
That in the Club Room all to-night,
No member, when he speaks, enclose
One word or thought in heavy prose,
But with his digits beat the time,
And yoke his lines with jingling rhyme!

(LOCKFAST *gives a guttural*—TEMPLETON *sighs plaintively*—SHERRY *rolls his eye*—AIRY *rubs his hands*—GEOFFREY *strokes his legs*—HOCK *starts from his seat.)*

HOCK. I love a rhyme!

SHERRY. Its cadence sweet!

AIRY. The melting chime of flowing feet!

GEOFFREY. I love the sounds of measured lines,—

AIRY. Like breezy whisperings through the pines,—

GEOFFREY. For Mr. Pope their power begs,
To praise the Grecian heroes' legs!

SHERRY. A cutting rhyme 's a sharp harpoon,
To throw out in a sly lampoon!

AIRY. A rhyme,—fit melody for birds,—
Supplants the use of Cupid's dart,
For with a verse of flattering words,
You 'll gain a fickle maiden's heart.
And as the timid pigeon seeks,—

CHORUS. Hark! Our worthy chairman speaks!

EDITOR. My friends, I thought that at this meeting,
I'd furnish more than empty greeting,
So ordered up a steaming steak,
Of which I hope you 'll all partake.

(LA-TOUCHE *and* LOCKFAST *grunt in approbation.)*

And meantime while the steak is basting,—
And while our time and lamps are wasting,—
Let us employ their rapid flight,
To do the business of the night.
Thus far our worthy publication
Succeeds beyond my expectation.
From Charles's stream to turbid Nile's
The world grins down approving smiles.
Three hundred printed copies fly
To every clime beneath the sky,
And London cit, and Russ, and Turk,
And Swede, alike nod o'er our work.
The ladies love to laud our lays—
Subscribers chuckle,—papers praise,—

Readers cannot read for roaring,—
Critics cannot sneer for snoring,—
And all our enemies, though few,
Lie buried back in No. II.
I have at home some inspirations,
One heap of neat communications!
And, Brothers, I will soon be back,
And bring with me the swelling pack. *(exit.)*

AIRY. And here I have a bundle of petitions,
Of very urgent import to the CLUB;
One wants to know about the new editions,—
Another begs advice about his shrub;
While this is from a beauteous Boston Belle,
Who asks if we mean her by "*Isabel.*"
This is a paper from a student, laden
With sorrow at our lack of College lore;
This a letter from some pretty maiden,
Who vows our College phrases quite a bore.
This page is from one bad in his finances,—
And this from "Mary" begging more romances.
Here in this greasy packet that you see,
Laments an old subscriber, Thomas Tummer,
Who firmly says we promised there should be
But pages forty-eight in every number,
And swears we have no right by law or fate,
To make them read besides another eight.

EDITOR. *(Enters holding up a huge bundle)*
Lo! this budget of donations!
See the pile of lucubrations!
(pouring them out)
Onward from the pack it flows
One fine stream of verse and prose!
Here 's a "Legend of the Rock,"
This, some lines from MR. HOCK;
The "Dryads" and the "Bride of Nomal,"—
"Saturday Night," by MR. DOMAL,—
Another "Exile," sent to sleep
Within the basket wide and deep,—
"A Disquisition" from a blue,—
"Digression" and a "Billet-Doux,"—
This page of foolscap, "To my Pen,"
Comes from an old and valued friend,—
And here 's a "Walk in Flora's Garden,"—

TEMPLETON. Brothers, I really beg your pardon,—

EDITOR. "A Riddle" and the "Scottish Border,"—
TEMPLETON. But MR. HOCK must come to order;
I 'm kind and gentle, and you know it,
My actions every hour show it,
Nor do I rave save when lunatics,
(a glance at HOCK.)
Dispute my depth in Mathematics.
He hath the impudence to say,
The rays of light that make the day,
Which from the distant planets scatter,
Are not particles of matter!
HOCK. Surely not,——
TEMPLETON. But, Sir, they are.
HOCK. How can they be, when every star
Would then emit,—
TEMPLETON. See "Solar Rations"—
Salotte's "Polar Informations,"—
Volume first of Gale's "Transactions,"—
"Phones, on Planetary Actions,"—
Page 8, line 5, in "Cam. Mechanics"—
Lockhart's "Moods of Diaphanics,"—
"Light, with Notes by MR. CHEW,"—
HOCK. Already have I read them through,
And if you 'll not o'erflow me quite,
I 'll prove the problem to your sight.
Suppose this table's green baize face,—
Called A,— to be th' ethereal space;
Suppose the sun this candlestick,
And B shall be the blazing wick;
And for the Earth my hat we 'll take,
And call it C for shortness' sake.
The rays of light, from B to C,
Denominate by little *d*.
Now C can only move in A,
While A 's a vacuum every way;
But *d*, in going from B to C,
Goes through this space we clearly see;
And *being matter*, plain 's the case
That A can't be a vacant space;
And therefore C can't move in A,
And must stand still; but once a day,
We know that C in fact turns round!
Thus falls your theory to the ground,—

For C *does* move,— and A *is* space,—
And *d*'s *not* matter,—with your grace.

SHERRY. For mercy's sake do not enlarge on
Such thoughts, in such a horrid jargon!

AIRY. It sets my teeth on edge, and makes
My hair coil round and round like snakes!

TEMPLETON. The *sun* is *not* your *hat*, and all
Your proof without its base must fall.

HOCK. The sun is o'er my head.—Then,—*one*,—
Whate'er is o'er my head 's the sun.—
But,—*two*,—my hat is o'er my head.—
Thus,—*three*,—the sun 's my hat foresaid.

EDITOR. Dear Gentlemen, I beg you 'd cease!

TEMPLETON. Fallacious reasoning,—

CHORUS. Keep the peace!

EDITOR. My budget is not finished quite,
Nor will be finished through the night
If thus you talk away the time!
Here is a "Song in Anciente Rime,"
Which, with this "Indian Maiden's Wail,"
These "Sonnets" and this "Simple Tale,"
Must,—though in truth I grieve to ask it,—
Hunt for a corner in the Basket.
"My College Room,"—"The Modern Wife,"
And this the Abbé Prévot's Life,
From M. L. D.—a worthy friend,—
Elaborate and neatly penned,
An article refined and nice,
Though rather,—for our work,—precise.
"Verses to an undressed Salad,"—
"Fanny," and another "Ballad,"
"Mysterious Stranger,"—"To my Pipe,"—

SHERRY. Which *(sub.)* goes in,—in the Bourgeois type.

GEOFFREY. Bourgeois, Charles! you surely jest!

SHERRY. Bourgeois, Sir, is far the best.

GEOFFREY. The leaded Brevier, as I think,
Imparts a rather firmer ink.

SHERRY. Why, brother GEOF. in types, your taste,
Is quite as vulgar as unchaste!
Why, Sir, you might as well at once,
Print it in Primer like a dunce!
The Bourgeois 's best, I do repeat!

GEOFFREY. The leaded Brevier 's far more neat!

SHERRY. The Bourgeois, Sir, looks full and ripe!
GEOFFREY. The Brevier still 's the better type!
EDITOR. Good Brothers, do not thus dispute!
SHERRY. He knows no more than does my boot!
GEOFFREY. Did I not, like a printer sage,
In Pica print a half a page?
SHERRY. Ay, Sir, and then in turning round
Did you not knock a column down?
GEOFFREY. By Hercules! You little Pindar,
I 'll toss you from this open window!
EDITOR. Oh, misery!
TEMPLETON. I fear they 'll fight!
SHERRY. Bourgeois,—
GEOFFREY. Brevier,—
EDITOR. Both are right!
SHERRY. So classic!
GEOFFREY. Firm!—
HOCK. Oh, what a fist!
EDITOR. *(tremulously)*
I must go on and read my list.
Two hundred Sonnets,—"Lemon Syrup,"
"Byron's Life"—and "Notes in Europe,"—
Amusing "Essay upon Nurses,"—
And one large MS. book of verses,—

*(Enter beefsteak on a platter,—members crowd around the table,—*GEOFFREY *and* SHERRY *sit at opposite sides,—*AIRY *asks for a delicate slice,—*EDITOR *seizes the carving knife,—*HOCK *and* TEMPLETON *look downcast,—*FATHER LUKE'S *Sleeves, left empty from respect,—for he had not been seen or heard through the evening,—during the clatter of knives and forks,—rattling of plates,—adjusting of chairs,—and chattering of members, the worthy brother with a severe cast of countenance comes forward from an obscure corner and thus begins)*

LUKE.

Oh! what a dolorous, lamentable fall! Cease,—cease, my throbbing heart,—
That swell 'st to think that we should play this vile degenerate part!!
To think that we, who used to meet so learned and sedate,
Should sink so low as making rhyme,—and eating buttered steak!
Nor, dearest FRANK, and brothers all, from this, opine, that I 'm
Not able to speak melody nor capable of rhyme,
Since as you see, on this command, I speak as smooth as you,
Although I 've seldom tried before, and though the thing be new!
Nor,—dearest GEOF. opine from this, that I dislike to take
Sometimes a tender, well-done slice, of tender, well-done steak,

For from my earliest years I 've had a loving for that meat,
Which long ago Achilles loved to broil—to cook—and eat!
But I lament the *stuffing* of the modern-fangled school,
Should creep into our Club in spite of our accustomed rule!
Besides I have another grief,—and that afflicts me most,—
For three nights past, at just this hour, I 've seen a ghastly ghost.

(Club starts, turns pale, and looks around the room.)

For three nights past—tormenting nights—exactly at this time,—
When all the world is gone to sleep except we men of rhyme—
Precisely at this hour,—I heard some pit-pat steps to tread,
(steps heard.)
Like the slow and solemn steps that come from the lowly buried dead!
Precisely at this hour,—I heard three hollow knocks to sound,
(Knocks heard.)
Like knocks from bony fingers that have rotted under ground!!
Precisely at this hour,—I saw a black-faced, ragged imp
To stalk within my chamber door with a hobbling goblin limp,
Who pointed to the canvass bag that rode upon his back,
And looked as though he wanted me to get into his sack!!!

(Door opens,—printer's devil limps in, with a bag on his shoulder, and on it Copy*—shows his teeth—members retreat precipitately from the table,—chairs knocked over in direful confusion—they rush into a corner—Hock gets into the chimney, and Sherry under a table.)*

LUKE. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Whence and what are you?
PR. DEVIL. I am the Devil!
LUKE. Imp Sardonic—
TEMPLETON. The very lamp burns blue!
PR. DEVIL. And must have Copy!
EDITOR. Oh! I trow
I know you for a devil now!
As honest a little man, my friends,
As ever bore the fruit of pens!
Brothers! Brothers! Haste away!
The hour 's late! The night is black!
Haste and write by night and day,
Until we fill the devil's sack!
CHORUS. Brothers! Brothers! Haste away!
Brothers! Brothers! Haste away!

(Members grumble—grand exeunt*—Printer's devil putteth the beef-steak into his sack and decampeth.)*

THE

COLLEGIAN.

No. VI.

JULY, 1830.

PASSING AWAY.

I HAVE but a single idea left; a vague and indefinite apprehension that it is something warm. I doubted, half an hour ago, if my pen would ever touch paper again, there was such an apparent dissolving gradually creeping over my system. Although, like Othello, I am unused to the melting mood, my thoughts under the insufferable heat become deeply tinged with the pathetic.

It is now some four years since, that I was winding my way through the streets of the neighbouring metropolis, a few minutes before five on a very sultry morning. I was sinking under a heavy load of books, and a heavier load of anxiety in respect to the approaching crisis. At the striking of the clock, I was to meet, under the shadow of Park Street Church, a number who were to go through with me the perils of the day. As usual, I was slightly late; and my more vigilant companions were fretting themselves into a passion at my delay. But on seating myself with them in the hackney, I allowed their displeasure to cool into a gradual good-humor.

Here were a good half score, with some hundred volumes, in the small compass of a coach. It is unnecessary to speak of our sufferings during the journey, nor of the sinking of the heart with which we descended from our vehicle beneath the elm that stands in front of University Hall. I met a multitude of queer-looking people there, gathered from every

part of the union, quaking and groaning under a host of anticipated evils. As the clock struck six we were immediately driven into the southern dining-hall, and herded after some definite arrangement; but whether alphabetically, or according to age, size, or color, I do not now exactly remember.

The terrors of that day—have they not been already done into rhyme, and does not our poet live to describe them? Neglect of it would deservedly forfeit the annual butt that we suppose annually crimsons for the laureate in the cellars of Harvard. Enough that we blundered through Sallust and Cicero, a considerable portion of Virgil (not with much regard to the quantity), solved a few equations in a very summary manner, kept pretty well in our latitude in respect to the questions in geography, and conjugated *amo* to a charm. Græca Minora was not quite so much Greek to me, as to some of my fellows; and I had been beaten into the synopsis of the passive of τύπτω.

Our examination over, and a week or two elapsing, we were in quiet possession of our ground-floors in the different buildings attached to the University. The allotment of chums, like misery, introduces us to strange bedfellows. The over anxiety of my worthy tutor would have yoked me to a young gentleman with whose address and person I was wholly unacquainted; but fortunately for myself I preferred to dwell in single blessedness till I could make some more agreeable arrangement. The partner of my choice soon took occasion to be guilty of one or two little improprieties, that subjected him to the censure of the government, and rendered his removal from the University a matter rather of necessity than option. He carried away with him all the good wishes and good opinions of his fellow-classmates; if we may infer it from the fact that he left none of these commodities behind.

Opposite to myself, during a large portion of the year, in the lower story, resided a singular compound of whim and incongruity. He was a genius, and scorned compliance with the usual proprieties and civilities of life! Of what strange scenes has his apartment been the witness, and what tales might those four walls tell of the odd matters that have taken place within them! I was in his room when he

was packing up for departure—for he too had some disagreeable misunderstanding with the Faculty—and never do I wish to see a gloomier sight. There is something vastly unpleasant in seeing a shipmate cut adrift in this manner, not knowing whither the waves, that may be setting in with the swell of a tempest, are to carry him. There were some half a dozen of us to bid him good bye—not that we ever felt any particular respect or attachment for him, but he was exactly of that description of fellows who, while they play the devil with their own fortunes and work out their own ruin, at the same time do the thing in such a whimsical style that we cannot help sympathizing with, though we may despise them; alternately a dandy and a sloven, after a fashion of his own; to-day running about the college yard slip-shod and stockingless, to-morrow threading the streets of the capital in a gig that had every propensity to look exceedingly fine, and in garments that put Cornhill loungers continually on the look-out.

We dropped into his room the morning on which he was making preparations for departure. The walls had been stripped of some half dozen beautiful engravings, trunks had been packed, and carpet taken up, and the occupant was concealing his sorrow by whistling with uncommon vehemence while in the act of pulling and tearing much more violently than circumstances required, at the cords of his bedstead. Years have passed on, and severer fortunes have obliterated all recollections of his regret at this separation. But in summing up accounts at the close of our college career, we are indebted to our old classmate in a single word of remembrance.

There are others whom adverse circumstances have removed from us; some to different occupations, whom we would wish all prosperity—and one to his last rest—Peace to his memory!

Since sitting down to these paragraphs, my quiet has been several times disturbed by those nuisances which are so troublesome to all residents in the vicinity of the Colleges. There has been a man grinding most delicious music, a second playing, as they tell me, some respectable airs on the flute, and a third singing and rehearsing to the extent of his lungs, and to the great edification of all attentive listeners.

These listeners are to-day exceedingly numerous, for Holworthy has many idlers during the first week or two in July. Nor is this dignified leisure at all disagreeable or unnecessary. We have need of a few hours of indolence and conversation and reflection, for leave-taking, on our past pleasures and future prospects. We have our recollections and our dreams, and it has been wise to give us a lazy day in which we may remember and dream.

A friend has just been pointing out some pleasant passages in our college life which had almost escaped my memory. Nothing is like comparing notes to bring out these interesting matters, that would otherwise have faded imperceptibly from the memory. But there were two or three things that neither of us could well have forgotten. The Sophomore Supper —with its thousand unmentionable associations—it is well perhaps to be silent upon. But the Inauguration, can we pass it unmentioned, with the bustle and beauty, the wine and wit, the appropriate complimenting in Latin, and the eloquent wisdom in English, the evening promenade, to the sound of thrilling music, with a glow of light, giving to the leaves of our old elms the shine of silver, and the names of the PAST and the PRESENT standing out in letters of flame to remind us of the talents, virtues, and dignities of BOTH.

And now we suppose it is our bounden duty to grow melancholy and pathetic, on the uncertainty of what may fall to our lot in the world which we are so soon to enter. Shadows darken over its many paths. But youth is too much occupied with its hopes and visions, to look with becoming anxiety upon the scene of its exertions and triumphs. It is too much alive to the desire of action, and *the many* impulses of ambition, to waste a thought in unavailing regret, or sigh over the exchange of quiet study, for the exciting restlessness of crowded life. It looks forward and not behind, and resigns the thought of the irrevocable past, for thought of the present and the future.

It is pardonable to give one glance about us, and cast in our minds the probable fortunes of our fellow students. The future will tell us how much we have mistaken their talents and their characters. Some will go on the same high course of severe discipline they have pursued within the walls of our University, and reach with honor the dignities they have

hoped for as the recompence of their self-denial and labors. Some who have passed with the gay and thoughtless, as gay and thoughtles as any, and who have concealed even from their own hearts nobler passions and aspirations, will rise beyond their own daring hopes, and look down upon the wise fools who now honor them with their scorn. Many, in the pride and promise of young years, must slumber where we shall all so soon be gathered; though the green earth will look as gay when we are gone, and the silent stars will shine as coldly and beautifully upon our resting-places in death as upon our habitations in life!

A DREAM,

(From the German of Uhland.)

I dreamt, not long ago,
I stood on a rocky steep,
On a cliff by the Ocean's strand,
And I look'd far over the land,
And down on the glorious deep.

Beneath me, in gallant trim,
A stately bark lay moored,
The surge its dark sides laving—
Gayly its flag was waving,
And a pilot stood on board.

And behold! there came from the mountains,
A merry, merry band,
Crowned with garlands bright,
They seemed like spirits of light,
As they tripped along the strand.

"Oh whither wilt thou take us?"
"What nymphs are ye so gay?"
"Earth's Joys and Pleasures are we—
From Earth we fain would flee,
O! bear us from Earth away."

The Pilot he bade them enter,
And they entered one by one;
"But tell me, are here all?
Are none left in bower or hall?"
And they answered—"*None.*"

"Away then!"—The bark, unmoored,
Leapt gayly from anchor's thrall,
And away she swept, with a glorious motion,
And I saw them vanish o'er the ocean,
Earth's *Joys* and *Pleasures* all.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS.

SURELY and swiftly is the time approaching when many of us are to leave the scenes which have been so familiar to us for years,—and for years, too, in which of all others in our lives we are capable of receiving the strongest and deepest impressions. When a few short weeks have passed away, we shall have broken our present connexions and bound ourselves by others of a different nature. A new and wider world will be open to us, in which we may all act out our characters on a larger scale; in which the voluptuary may revel more freely and more luxuriously, in which industry may reap a fuller harvest, and ambition tower to loftier heights. With such a prospect before us, why is it that we would fain linger a while ere we start upon the race—why is it that we look on the future with doubt or misgiving, and on the past with a kind of melancholy tenderness?—It is that the signal has been given for the severing of ties that are interwoven with our heart-strings—for the parting of friends who, perchance, may never again be united.*

It has been contended by some that there is scarcely such a thing as a real College friendship;—that if they were asked to point out the place in which artificial manners superseded warm, hearty feeling, they would take a college. Now if there be one opinion more absurd than another it is this. There is no foundation for it in common sense or reason; and study

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* Mr La Touche we hope will excuse us for the liberty we have taken in cutting out a portion of his piece. The fact is, that our first signature was arranged after all the others had been completed, and some of them struck off; and, as the articles, "Passing away," "A Dream," and "Evening by a Tailor" were in type, it was necessary either to curtail the piece or lose it altogether—the latter alternative we could not think of for a moment. Therefore, we repeat it, Mr. La Touche, excuse us, do—

EDITOR.

human nature with as cold and cynical a disposition as we will, we cannot cheat ourselves into the belief of it. How a set of young men, with all the freshness of feeling, peculiar to their age and, coming almost universally direct from their homes, can be indifferent to the good-will or happiness of those with whom they may be thrown, is difficult enough to conceive; but to suppose them capable of acquiring in the course of three or four years the studied artificialness of manners, which the most finished men of the world find it difficult to make themselves masters of in a life-time, is more ridiculous than to believe in the existence of certain strange contortions of humanity with which some of the fashionable novelists of our day have endeavoured to gull us.

To me, there was ever a strange fascination in the bare conception I had formed of a College friend; and I confess that the more substantial creatures of flesh and blood, that have since supplanted it, have been by no means less pleasant than I had anticipated. Manhood will be upon me shortly with its ambitious schemes, its wearing toils, and its disappointed hopes; and old age with its chance retrospect of pain or pleasure may hap to overtake me; yet in every change of life the intercourse which I have had with my early friends will exert a mysterious and powerful influence on me. Time will have chilled many a feeling before it can touch with its cold hand those which are among my earliest and best; and memory will have lost half its power when it ceases to cherish the kind words and actions the chronicling of which has exercised it so largely.

GEOFFREY LA-TOUCHE.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket—and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet moss,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid,

That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.
Ha, what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober cloths.
Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose.
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my great grandsire, all of them were tailors.
They had an ancient goose—it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race—
I am not certain, but I think 't was he,
Who happened to be hanged by some misfortune.
No matter; but I saw it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!
—It is a joy to straiten out one's limbs
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing thought.
Kind nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom—I can feel
With all around me—I can hail the flowers
That make earth's mantle—and that quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unaltered posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

HOMER.

In a little essay on Ossian, Mr. Editor, published in your second number, we ventured a few disparaging remarks upon Homer. For this audacious rebellion against the supremacy of the father of poetry, and the decrees of commentators and translators innumerable, we hasten to make some amends; by saying all the good we can of the old Grecian, and doing fealty—as far as conscience will permit.

We think, then, that Homer narrates clearly and interestingly; that there is variety in his characters and incidents; that he usually succeeds, when he attempts giving an impressive picture of a physical object or process; that his orators' harangues are often artfully rhetorical; that his diction is, for the most part, simple and forcible, and his numbers sonorous.

But farther we cannot go. Our complaint of his continually dragging into his work, matter really, unqualifiedly, and sordidly prosaic, and which has therefore no business in poetry, we have not seen cause, upon farther reflection, to drop. His taste was essentially rude. And here there needs no apologetic exclamation about the antiquity of his era; for there is a natural perception of propriety, and sensibility to beauty and its opposite, which we have a right to expect of a great poet, how primitive soever. Hector, the faultless husband, father, and son—the devoted, and noble-minded guardian of his country—is characterized in the last line of the Iliad, as the *horse-breaker!* *Ὣς οἳγ' ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.*

The occasional harangues of the chieftains, passing over the circumstance of their being almost always three or four times too long, we have acknowledged to be skilful forensics. Yet what impartial reader will compare them, for vivid and characteristic exhibition of deep passion and broad thought, with the speeches in the second book of Paradise Lost; or, for practical eloquence, seductive, resistless, and overpowering, with the oration of Shakspeare's Mark Anthony?

But deficiencies of art and taste do not involve all that we find to complain of in Homer. He wanted rich and glowing imagination. This we conclude partly from the style of his Epithets. Profusely as he uses them, we seldom meet one

in his poetry which is startling, or impressive: his epithets are uniform, and often, of course, tame and inappropriate. They do not seem like the suggestions of excited thought; but are usually applied to an object with very little reference to its present condition or to the light in which he is viewing it. He appears to have gathered a store of these expressions before he began to compose, and the contents of the vocabulary he scatters over his pages without economy or selection. Whenever a truce takes place, we are told that arms are thrown down upon *the fertile earth.* Being wont to call Ajax a *bulwark,* the bard, in the beginning of the sixth book of the Iliad, presents to us "Ajax, *bulwark* of the Greeks, *breaking through* the enemy's ranks." Menelaus cannot be spoken of, whether by Greek, or Trojan, his wife, his brother, or his troops,—as an object of love, hatred, or admiration, or casually and with utter indifference,—but it is *Menelaus yellow-haired,* or *loud-shouting.* Seldom, indeed, does a proper name, whether of person or thing, occur—however hasty the speech or unimpassioned the narrative—which does not occupy a line with commonplace appellatives, patronymics, &c. When Menelaus receives his wound from Pandarus, and while the blood is pouring out of it, Agamemnon makes him a long speech. At its close he dispatches his aid-de-camp after the army surgeon, Machaon. This order is given under such circumstances, one would think, as to suggest all convenient brevity; but the generalissimo cannot condescend to less than five lines, in the course of which he takes occasion to denominate Machaon, *a man,* and *a son of Æsculapius, a blameless physician*—and Menelaus, *a warrior,* and *a chief of the Greeks.*

This is a sad use, or rather abuse, of a class of words which the Jewish prophets wielded so sublimely, from which the Roman Lyrist distilled so much of his *curiosa felicitas,* and which our own Shakspeare has made so efficient, as they drop from the lips of his *dramatis personæ,* in distinguishing a thousand shades of character.

The last instance which we quoted of Homer's random and unseasonable epithetizing, has tended, among many similar passages, to convince us of what we have seen somewhere shrewdly guessed, that he was, not only nationally but individually, a loquacious fellow—in college phrase, a *yarner.*

This is put beyond doubt, by the multitude of wordy speeches which he introduces upon occasions, when the reader is greatly indisposed to be interrupted by them, when the poet should have been in a state of feeling equally indisposed to compose them, and when it is a moral impossibility that his characters should have uttered them. One of the most remarkable is that of Dione to her daughter Venus, who had been wounded by Diomede. The good mother addresses half a page of far-fetched consolation to the child who is agonizing at her feet, and then effects a perfect cure, by rubbing her hand across the wound! Now to touch her daughter's wrist was so simple an operation, that some care must have been necessary to avoid doing it. Why then "in the name of all the gods at once," did not Dione dispel the anguish, before she manufactured her speech?

As the ice is now broken, we had better perhaps give up squeamishness, go the full length of our real sentiments, and acknowledge at once that we do not think Homer *a very original writer.*——Can it be that we are sitting here, safe and sound, after that profane declaration—that the spirits of the Scholiast, of Clarke, and Dacier have not risen to blast us—that no sudden gust has snatched away our paper—that this pale pen still reclines among our trembling fingers? We are emboldened, and will proceed. We certainly do not conceive originality to consist in having written a great while ago—in other words, that a chronological table is a complete index to the comparative originality of all authors. He is original, who views and sets forth things in a different light,—conceives and expresses thought differently,—from other men, preceding or cotemporary. Has Homer done this, in any remarkable degree? We have endeavoured to point out some particulars, in which he is at once tame and unnatural. Now these are the very points, and in our opinion almost the only ones, in which he is a ποιητὴς, an originator, in which he is any other than the mere representative of the men, or chronicler of the events, of his age. His sentiments are just such as we can conceive all, with whom he conversed, to have entertained; his heroes are just such warriors, marked by such vulgar characteristics, and acting from such ordinary motives, as we should suppose any extensive military movement, in those times, would display; whilst his whole system of supernaturals, more his own, prob-

ably, than any thing else, appears to us the most clumsy, inconsistent, inadequate, and unelevated portion of the Iliad. Where, then, are the tokens, in this work, of a great creative imagination? Dr. Johnson's assertion, that "nation after nation and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose Homer's incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments," is, of all the monstrosities, uttered by that monstrous man, the worst. Who, that is in the least familiar with the range of modern poetry and romance, does not know that they are full of incidents, sentiments, and characters, between which and those of Homer not an analogy can be traced—which it is preposterous to believe his imagination ever gave him a glimpse of?

From what has been said, it may readily be conceived, that we have no great faith in the circumstance of a work's being ancient, or even being Greek, as certain evidence of its originality. We think Paradise Lost more original than the Iliad;—Manfred, than Œdipus Tyrannus. In all the particulars, for which we have arraigned Homer, Milton is greatly his superior, farther above the common thoughts of common men; and in his unearthly scenes, where he must depend most on himself, at once bolder in attempt, and more successful in accomplishment—far grander, and more intense in his coloring—more adequate to his subject, and consistent with himself. His pages, we can sometimes hardly help regarding as an inspired revelation; Homer's, as a loquacious record broken into verse.

The Dramas, which have been mentioned, are similar in plan: both heroes are exhibited to us, made utterly wretched and finally meeting their fates, in consequence of similar past circumstances. Yet who will pretend to compare, for the grandeur of the conception, for depth of passion, for absorbing poetry, in short for genuine originality, the Theban monarch, conducting like the judge of a criminal court a long series of minute and anxious investigations, and tearing his eyes out, when evidence finally weighs against him—with Manfred, seeking in vain, in bodily vigil and mental toil, amid Nature's wild sanctuaries, oblivion of his crime—demanding it, in his desperation, of spirits whom he has spell-bound, but who cannot give it him—seeking it in death, but withheld by fate—and, in the last sickening gasps of exhausted being, at once

rejecting the consolation of a religion to which he could lay no claim, and spurning from him the importunate fiend whom he had made his vassal, and who, he felt, could never be his master or companion. O.

OCTOSYLLABICS.

A GENTLE eve! the earth and air,
As fainting from the noontide glare,
Are stealing slowly from the light,
Beneath the raven wings of night;
Yet see beyond their half-shut fold
One long, bright lance of burning gold;
And glancing in the yellow ray,
The banners of retreating day.
I hear the trembling ripples creep
Along the bosom of the deep;
As ocean curls its silver sheet,
To kiss the zephyr's flying feet.
—Yes, all is fair, and I could deem
That truth was in the ancient's dream—
Hark! was there not a voice that came,
From yonder rolling orbs of flame,
Soft stealing with its solemn chime,
Through all the din of earth and time?
—There may be moments when the sound
We hear not, though 't is ever round—
The anthem of the ringing spheres,
Can stir the sense of mortal ears.
The infant sleeps and smiles—who knows
What music lulls his light repose?
The martyr smiles while demons drain
The life-blood from the shrinking vein,
The flame may scorch, the steel may tear,
The quivering source of life lie bare;
Why starts he from his bed of fire
As if he heard an angel's lyre?
O who can tell what heavenly strain
Sheds rapture on the couch of pain?
—And will no mermaid from her cave,
Lift her soft bosom through the wave?
Was all the wild Achaian told,
Of silken hair and scaly fold,
Of lonely wanderers to the shore
Who saw, and heard, and came no more,

An idle poet's empty tale,
To make the shepherd's cheek turn pale?
—A vanished dream! the time has been,
When spirits trod the nightly green,
When rocks, and waves, and hills, and plains,
Were vocal with aërial strains—
And are they gone who poured the breath
Of life, upon the lips of death;
Who peopled earth, and sea, and sky,
With things that were too fair to die?
All, all, are gone; creation's prime,
Unsullied by the touch of time,
The earth's first transient morning flush,
The star's first glow, the flower's first blush,
They saw; but all has past away,
All save the legend and the lay.
—And though Philosophy has rent
The gorgeous veil which fancy lent—
Though now no more its mystic shroud
Floats round us like a purple cloud—
Though the cold sages of the schools
Have swathed all earth in laws and rules,
And Nature like an athlete stands,
Bound in the web of subtle hands—
Who does not love to think of hours,
When every limb was robed in flowers?
—But now, with long and sullen sweep,
The wind is rising on the deep;
And Ocean flings his hoary locks
In ringlets on the broken rocks.
Is there no Nautilus to guide
His pearly skiff along the tide
With varnished beak and snowy sail,
To cut the wave, and court the gale?
—Not on those chill and frozen seas
Spreads he his wings before the breeze,
Where winds that howl and waves that roar
Clash onward to the frozen shore—
Go to the ice-bound Alps and seek
The myrtle on the glacier's peak,
But think not vainly here to find
The shapes that woo the spicy wind
Where one eternal summer smiles
On crystal seas and emerald isles.
Where Spring sits shuddering as she wears
The belt of buds that winter tears,
Think not that Nature binds with pearls
Her iron brow and sable curls.
—Farewell, wide Ocean—where I stand
Soon shall thy billows sweep the sand—

Where late the noiseless sea-bird crept,
Where insects shut their wings and slept,
Thy beating surge and dashing spray
Shall rend the living rocks away.

SKETCHES FROM MY JOURNAL.

'Far from the madding croud's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.'

He who weekly observes the splendid parade and stately pomp, which but too often characterize the devotion of the fashionable world; who beholds the day of prayer spent by so many in the ceremonies of dress, in listless idleness, and moody abstraction, may well wonder, whither the virtuous spirit of the "good old times" has fled, where now dwells the humble and sincere piety of the Pilgrim Fathers.

But though the true spirit of devotion delights not to reside within the close walls and amid the crowded streets of a city, we may be able to discover it still blooming in perfection in some out-of-the-way valley or secluded hamlet, where fashion has not yet usurped the place of rural simplicity, nor city manners become a criterion of gentility.

In one of my rambling excursions, by the breaking down of my vehicle, I was detained a Sunday in one of the prettiest little places I ever saw, and one which I shall ever remember for the sweet simplicity and unaffected religion which I there witnessed.

Not being able to have my chaise repaired Saturday evening, I with pleasure accepted the invitation of an honest, burly farmer, who with a very bustling air and good-humored grin, solicited 'the honor of the gentleman's company until his vehicle could be mended.'—For he, being the richest and, after the parson the most important man in the place, conceived it his duty, while there was no inn there, to entertain all strangers. I returned home therefore with the good old farmer, and was in process of time introduced to his worthy consort, who received me with all the dignity and complacency that belong to a happy matron and successful housewife.

His three spinster daughters, Nancy, Tabby, and Fanny, gave me a no less gracious reception, so that before night I had quite insinuated myself into the good graces of all this worthy family.

The next morning I had a seat in the family vehicle, "to go to meeting," as it was at some distance.

As we approached we could see the villagers coming from all quarters in their gay Sunday clothes and with merry smiling faces—some trudging, others on horseback, and in conveyances of all kinds—while here and there you might see troops of boys, gathering berries, or chasing the striped squirrel along the fences, in their course.

The meeting-house, a time-worn and rude, but venerable structure, crowned the summit of a sloping and moderate hillock; it was shaded and adorned by some huge oaks and beautiful, and, according to the good old English custom, surrounded by the tombs of the dead, which I have ever thought impart such a becoming awe and such a mournful but proper reverence to the house of God.

When we arrived at the door, the females entered the house while the men waited the arrival of the Pastor. Now the gray-haired veterans gather in a group near the door, revive past recollections, and discuss the last week's performances, and their future plans and expectations; while the sturdy youths attend to the voice of age, or, under some great-trunked oak, boast of their peerless mistresses and plan merry adventures and hunting excursions. Now too the little urchins, feeling released from the strict supervision of a mother's eye, indulge the lively spirit of boyhood, and

"In gay, unthinking childhood blest,"

sport lightly over the mouldering relics of their ancestors, or listen with attentive ears and open mouths to the edifying blunders of some youthful scholar, as he tries to decipher the time-worn lines and moss-filled letters which cover the antiquated tomb-stones. But soon a low murmur ran through the crowd, the voice of the aged counsellor was hushed and the boys ceased, their gayeties: the Parson, having been cordially welcomed by all, preceded them into meeting. Here there was no useless parade, nor idle ceremony, but every thing breathed the spirit of virtuous simplicity and unaffected devotion. The fool might have smiled at the huge and naked

rafters and ungraceful pulpit, but to me they had a charm, which all the gilding and velvet in the world cannot inspire; for from the rude beams were re-echoed the voices of heartfelt piety and fervent prayer, and from the pulpit however misshapen, descended words of consolation and encouragement, expressions of love, joy, and hope, and promises of future felicity.—Though no cushioned seat nor curtained wall was spread before me, I had the delight of beholding happy countenances lighted up by a clear conscience and a pure heart; and though no pealing organ swelled its notes in accompaniment, those strains of praise rose as loudly and as sweetly, because they were the tones of sincerity.

A short farewell and a kind look dissolved the meeting.

SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

DICK, *solus.*

Ay—if a viper coiled upon her doorstep—
If the broad river were a stream of fire
And I must cross it on a raft of tinder—
If Cerberus stood keeper of the toll,
And I were penniless—I 'd see the girl.
A vixen and a jilt—but still I love her—
An arrant baggage, who would tear my letters
To paper up her hair—but still I love her.
Not that the rose is fairer on her cheek,
Not that the light is brighter in her eye,
Than half the seraph sisterhood can boast.
Where lurks the influence that thus can steal,
Like the sweet music of a prisoned lyre,
Through all the marble barriers of the heart?
So are we tempered, that we know not why
We love or hate, we follow or we shun.
Is it in outward seeming? do we stoop
To meet the bending statue? do we press
The lips that glow unbreathing on the canvass?
Nay, are there not a thousand living shapes
That are like shadows to the listless soul,
Lifeless and pulseless? yet we turn from them
To one less fair, and think her born of heaven.
Who sees the bow when Love lets loose the shaft?
A plague upon the nice anatomy
That cuts up feeling into curves and angles.
Her eye is blue—and so too is her bonnet—

Her forehead white—so is a sheet of paper—
Her hair is golden—I can buy enough
Of just such hair to fill a bushel basket—
Her voice is smooth—why so is milk and water;
And this is what you get for analyzing.
But take her in the whole, form, voice, and motion,
I love the compound.—If she loves not me,
Why, she has lost a—mighty pretty fellow;
A six-foot man, with most effulgent whiskers,
And two good hands to put in empty pockets.
I wonder how my grandam stood the frost.
How the old spider hangs upon her cobweb!
They say her will is made, and when she tumbles,
Perhaps a pension to her gray-beard tom-cat,
Some small *post mortem* acts of piety,
To crutch her poor rheumatic soul upon,
And I shall dust the dear old lady's guineas.
Ha! when we rattle in our own good tandem,
And crack the ivory-handled whip we paid for,
There 'll be a stir among the plumes and ribbons!
Lightly he treads who steps on golden slippers—
Sweetly he speaks whose purse has music in it.
Pray die, dear grandam; we will have you buried
All nice and decent, and we 'll have a sermon
To call you pretty names, and buy some kerchiefs
To soak up bitter tears, and feed your tom-cat,
As if he never scratched us—curse upon him.

[*Enter six Bores.*]

ALL. A pleasant evening—

DICK. Yes a pleasant evening,
A devilish pleasant evening out of doors.

1st BORE. What have you here to eat? I am not hungry,
But I might taste a pie; I am not thirsty,
But I might drink to please these honest fellows;
Or, as I mean to sit, I 'll smoke a little.

DICK. We 're out of victual and we 're out of wine,
There 's water in the pail—smoke and be d——d.

2d BORE. Lend me a book, I mean to sit a little,
And I am not in mood for conversation.

DICK. Here 's Worcester's Walker's Johnson's Dictionary;
Open at Ass—a very fitting subject.

3d BORE. I saw your very worthy grandmother
A short time since; she seemed extremely hearty.
O, what a blessing such a woman is!
In all the circle of domestic love
There is no greater—

DICK. No, there is no greater—
Just as you say—a most eternal blessing.

4th BORE. I 'll take a nap—you 'll wake me in an hour,
Or two at farthest—so I 'll shut the door.

[*Goes into the bedroom.*]

DICK. And I will lock it. Sleep till bed-bugs wake you.
[*Locks the door.*]
5th BORE. Come boy, let 's have a game or two of chequers
Before we try the chess, and then backgammon,
Or else a little whist—just run along
And order up some claret and some oysters.
DICK. My board is broken and my foot is lame.
6th BORE. I think of making something of a call,
And so I 'll take my coat and waistcoat off,
Wait a few hours until the rest are gone
And I will read you something I have written.
[*Cry of fire.*]
FIVE BORES. O, there 's a row—good night—we 'll call again.
[*Exeunt five Bores.*]
DICK, *solus.* Go, blessed boobies, and the devil singe you—
Sleep, snoring lubber, and the night-fiend gnaw you—
Another step before the door is bolted!
[*Enter Tom.*]
Ah, soft Lothario, with thy lady cheek,
Didst thou exhale upon us from a dew-drop?
Or wast thou wafted on an evening zephyr?
TOM. I hang myself to-morrow—Julia 's bolted!
Off in a tangent with that ugly captain!
I did not care for Julia—I was tired
Of all her tricks and fancies—but to think
Of such a rocket tied to such a stick
Would make one hang himself for human folly.
So once again, for universal woman!
Does the new coat sit close about the waist?
DICK. Ay, put a pismire's girdle on a porpoise,
It will sit closer than a sailor's jacket.
Now diet for a while on water-gruel,
And take a dose or two of bleaching salts,
And run a razor round the barren course,
And when you 're hanged for stealing, men will say
He was a pale, thin pigmy, with a beard.
TOM. Why, man, you 're biting as a seedling radish.
Did Clara pout? nay, do not look so rosy,
Her mother told me all about your love,
And asked me of your prospects and your standing;
I told her—but no matter what I told her.
DICK. The wrinkled hag—and thou, infernal imp,
What didst thou say?
TOM. I only now remember
Some general hints about your evil habits,
Your sad propensity to gin and water,
Your singular asperity of temper—
I did not call you absolutely dirty,
But only rather slovenly and careless—
For rank, that you was like a serpent's rattle,
That makes some noise, though very near the tail—

That as to money, save the bills you owed,
You had but little to remind you of it.
I did not like it, but it was my duty,
And I am honest, so I tell you all.

DICK. Now, fellow, I will mash thee to a pumice,
Or beat thee to a tumor—

TOM. Hold a moment
It was all stuff—I never saw the woman;
But since you seemed in such a frosty mood,
I fired a squib at your philosophy
And laughed to see it catch—so keep your beating
To make your children grow.—Now come along
And drown your anger in a good potation.

DICK. And so you curry people down with lies,
And smooth it with a julep. But I 'll go,
And leave that sleeping carrion in the bed-room,
Among his brother vermin,—peace be with him.
[*Exeunt.*]

STANZAS.

STRANGE! that one lightly whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea;
But Lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And nought but empty air, I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath a softer leaf,
Than ever western wind hath fanned,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

O lady! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above.
But sure not one among them all,
Is half so sweet as love—
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

A LETTER FROM LUKE LOCKFAST.

New York, June 28, 1830.

SALVE! my dear Editor—I have not seen you for two months; and, in the same line, *vale!*—I shall probably never see you again. How farest thou, and our four brethren? Yet why do I ask? for when, and how, can I be answered by you?

I received by the post, a day or two since, your fifth Number. As my absence from Cam. since last term is probably not generally known at College, still less beyond it, it will not be understood that you mean merely my apparition, by the Luke you introduced into your 'Notes and Notices,' as present at an editorial meeting. Make this point clearer in the next edition. It is strange—but during the whole of that very evening of the 25th of May, the evening of your meeting, I remained in a profound stupor, from my spirit having absented itself, in order to be with you. (What shocking Alexandrines you put into the poor soul's mouth!) Do you know whether this stupor is usually experienced by persons, whose spirits have been known to appear in a different locality from that of their bodily presence? Ah, why do I continue to ask you questions, which you will have no opportunity of answering?

Together with the Number, I received a whole bundle of the letters, which you seem to have been despatching, in all directions, at intervals of two days, ever since vacation, inquiring the causes of my absence, and supplicating my return. That return, dear friend, will never be; the cause of that absence you cannot divine. I AM IN LOVE. (!!! Ed.)

On the 9th day of last vacation, a memorable day to me, as I was passing through Tremont Street, I think they call it,—the street in which two large, stone-fronted buildings stand over against each other, one, I believe, a theatre, and the other a hotel,—just as I was passing between these two noble buildings, at a quarter before five in the afternoon (and a blue-skyed and mellow-lighted afternoon it was)—I met a lady—a young lady—a girl, perhaps I should call her. I am thus particular as to time and place, because you will be willing to read any details I may be silly enough to take pleasure in recording; and this epistle is meant for your eye

only. Although, according to our original compact, you have unconditionally at your disposal all papers of any member of the club, that may come into your hands, pray do not expose me by publishing this evidence of what the world will call my insanity.*

She was apparently sixteen; simply and gravely dressed; walking slow, with her look fixed downward. When we were within a few paces of each other, my step half-roused her from what seemed a reverie; she looked up, bent upon me for a few seconds a pair of large, deep-gray, half-conscious, unpicturable† eyes; and Luke Lockfast was an altered man —altered in thought, feeling, purposes, destiny. The single glance of those two orbs revealed to me, in most eloquent blending, all the variedly delicious abstractions of moral and physical beauty, which I had conjured up and cherished during years of recluse, but not frigid nor narrow, meditation. From the broad realms of memory, reason, and imagination, where my sympathies had hitherto been conversing with a sombre throng of facts, truths, and images, they rose at once to pour themselves out upon this embodiment of more than their best conceptions,—the first they had met, in the *terra incognita* of realities.

The vision passed on; naught but that momentary glance betokened her consciousness that I, or any thing or being else, was present. But though those wonderful eyes were lifted for a moment only, I could descry the many and distant and chainless musings that were coursing through them, plainly and lucidly as the far-off stars hurry through the heavens; and on them, a passing object left no more impression, nor more penetrated their depths, than doth the tiny cloud impress or penetrate the thousand-sunned heavens across which it flitteth. The vision passed on: I stood silent and motionless, I knew not, nor thought, how long. A change was going on within me, which I was thrillingly

* We have dared to disregard our poor dear friend's injunction, because if he has taken the step which, at the close of the letter, he assures us he is about to take, nothing in this publication can now affect him; and we have been so utterly astounded at the contents of the letter, that we desire to relieve our mind of the burden, by communicating it. What havoc this new malady of his mind has made among Luke's once solid, close built sentences! every joint seems loosened. EDITOR.

† Excuset dementia.

conscious of, yet attempted neither to check nor to advance. Hope, purpose, sentiment, affection, were veering round, and oscillating, as they turned them from their old directions, toward the new-risen load-star of my existence. All former thought and knowledge came up in review before me, as if to receive its new form and hue. Aspirations once half formed and inexplicable, imaginings once distressfully dim and mysterious, now arose in brightness, wholeness, and certainty: their archetype had appeared. I stood thus, till my eyes, beginning to wander delighted over objects which looked as they had never looked before, fell by chance on the elms of the Mall near St. Paul's Church, and discovered that the sun was near setting. Looking about me, I found that business men were wending homeward. My dreaming joy suddenly sunk, as I awoke, and became aware, that the object that had excited it, was gone, probably for ever. I hurried wildly through the streets, till it was utterly dark.

At length, reflecting on the hopelessness of my search—indeed not knowing what I was searching for—disgusted with bricks and bustle, and feeling an undefinable longing for sympathy, I turned about and was in the country that very night.

For a month I wandered through forest and meadow, over hill, dale, and river-side; the thought of college never entering my mind, or never entering it, but to be repelled. You would hardly have recognised your friend, as he lay stretched out, by running water, or amid waving grass, now absorbed in dumb remembrance of his vision, now sentimentalizing to creation around—for the sight of that vision had suffused all things with poetry. From the hill-top I gazed upward through the still air for many a silent hour, "as night with her shadowy cone went round." How this glorious scene, I exclaimed, is wasted on the men of these days. They have been taught just enough, most of them, to lose the poetry, without learning the philosophy of Nature's works. Better than this, far better, to live in other and more primitive times, to which no arts, no social institutions, no sciences are known, and when the wandering shepherd or hunter looks upon the bright orbs he sees coursing the sky, as animated, self-moving beings. Why should he not? He has not learned to distinguish, in himself or his comrades, between body

and soul. Animated things on the earth he distinguishes from inanimate, merely as masses of matter which seem active instead of passive,—which move and act from some impulse of their own, not in obedience to any visible, outward agency. Such seem to him the heavenly bodies. He descries among them no bond of dependence, though they move in a beautiful and complex harmony: he listens, but he hears no gale sweeping them round in the upper sky—the concord of their motion, the music of the spheres, is all that strikes the most imaginative ear: he gazes, but the hand of God is not to be seen upon them, urging them through their orbits. Why should he not believe them living? Nay, why should he not believe them endued with a more perfect and more spiritual life than his own? He discovers in them nothing of the alloy, the weakness, the frequent failure of accomplishing the apparent end of their existence, which he observes in his fellow-men. They never die, they never clash, they never tarry. They are not exhausted by ages of outpouring radiance; the blackest storm quenches not nor dims them. The clasping cloud looses its hold of the earth and vanishes away, and there they are, the princely ones! far, far above it, glowing and rolling as before it veiled mortal sight. The primitive and scienceless observer, be he warrior, shepherd, or bard, sinks down, and adores their benign majesty. And when perchance the noon-day is suddenly overcast, and looking up he beholds "the Sun in dim eclipse disastrous twilight shed," he trembles lest the angry God of light should have hid his face for ever. The comet comes: our simple witness sees the stars grow pale before the tremendous visitant; and dreams for the first time that the glorious company in the sky, whom he has been admiring daily and nightly through his life, are but a small portion of the world above,—that elsewhere there are unutterably brighter suns and planets, from whose all-sovereign court was despatched, mayhap on some fearful errand, the stranger who has entered our subject sky.

There is but one other state, in which the mind regards the wonders of creation with feelings comparable to these impressions of nature upon her own unweaned child—The state of high scientific cultivation. The philosopher is not more impressed with God's majesty, by its type in the heavens, than reverently convinced of divine wisdom, by an in-

sight into the causes, processes, and whole mechanism, which set those heavens in brightness and motion before us. He views them with intelligent admiration; the savage often with oppressive wonder. And if by grasping the chain of cause and effect, that upholds them, he has dissolved the mysterious charm they exercise over the savage's imagination---he has doubled their influence over reflective thought, in adding to the perception of effects, that of the no less wonderful causes. When we consider, too, the conscious pride, with which the astronomer must view the eclipse that appears in accordance with, and almost in obedience to, his laborious calculation; or the comet, the source and law of whose motion he knows, to which he can say, Thence and therefore didst thou come, then and thither wilt thou depart;---it may perhaps be doubted whether a Newton or Laplace looks not upward with as elevating emotions, as the Gaelic bard or Arcadian swain of old.

Such were some of my speculations, while alone with nature. I have given you a specimen of them, my dear friend, because I know you will bear with all my folly, and because you may feel some curiosity to have a glimpse of Luke Lockfast, in the strange employment of sentimentalizing. Indeed you would hardly have recognised me towards the end of my rovings; for at length my outer man had undergone as great a change as had my inner. This may seem to you the most incredible part of my story---but pray believe me.

> There be more things, in heaven and earth, good Editor,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

I was wandering in a noble wood. The madness, if you please, with which She the Seen had filled me, so far from being dissipated by my long communion with Nature's beauty and grandeur, had become daily more intense, until every star, leaf, or water-drop assumed the semblance of those unutterable eyes, and my impulsive longing to behold them and their wearer once again, became quite intolerable. In my despair, I leaned against an old vine-clasped trunk, and called upon the Genii of the forest that enveloped me. I incanted in every rhyme and measure, ever used in such cases; for poetry, among other new comers, had taken up her abode in my spirit, since the *momentous day*. There was no response, except that I fancied a slight motion in the air. I

then bethought me of my learning; and, the vernacular having proved unavailing, I poured forth a Greek incantation, somewhat in the style of the tragic choruses of Sophocles or Æschylus. I will not trouble you with it; as Greek characters and Algebraic are, if I remember, equally honored with your abhorrence. But the effect was immediate. The leaves gently quivered,---a portion of air near me gradually assumed hue and form---the grateful Dryad had listened to the summons of that language which gave name and local habitation to her race---and she hovered before me, visible, though in varying and moving indistinctness.

I told her of my woes and wishes, and implored guidance in seeking after the being who had excited them. She answered, in tones fitting the Queen of the hermit nightingale and the leaf-cradled zephyr; and advised me to seek for my enchantress, where I had first beheld her. In these words, as I have since apprehended, the Dryad meant merely to signify her inability to direct me, and to state that a sight was more likely to be seen where it had once been seen than elsewhere. But I received them as an oracular response, and was preparing to leave the wood instantly on my search, when my aërial patroness signed to me to follow her. I did---winding among the trees, for a few moments, till we reached a small open plat, beautified with hanging vines, a few native rocks, and a fountain. Stooping then, and dropping her hand into the water, "Young mortal," she said, with a look somewhat arch, though at once modest and condescending, "the carriage of your person, and the studious lines which have been traced upon your features, may recommend you to my sisters the Muses, but will not be desirable in the intimate acquaintance, which I perceive you have commenced with my cousin Love." Now, though, my dear Ed., I have ever been a comely youth (indeed it was mischievous in you to make me represent myself, in your first number, half-a-dozen years older than I am, and to amuse the readers of "Notes & Notices" with such preposterous caricatures of my looks and deportment) still, I have been possessed of a certain gravity and antiquity of aspect, which the Nymph was right in thinking, might well, under present circumstances, be dispensed with. Accordingly, she raised her hand from the clear waters, and sprinkled

my forehead: I turned and looked in the pool which slept quietly a yard from its spring---two old wrinkles, and a third incipient one acquired last winter over fluxions, had vanished; and my face was and is, as fair as if not a thought had ever dimmed its sheen, or marred the curves of its contour! The Nymph then plucked three vine-twigs, immersed them, and bade me bind them round my neck and wrists. I did so, and buoyancy was breathed into every vein, my movement became easy and elastic, and I threw my shoulders as far back, and held my head nearly as erect, as a Commandant of the Harvard Corps! Delighted with the change, I could not help performing a few antics; and, when I turned to thank my benefactress, she had vanished---a smile was just fading from the air.

The next day I was treading the streets of the city---amid the absorbed faces of the busy many, and the equally unsympathetic stare of the idle few---searching---successless ---wearied out.

The morrow came, and passed like its predecessor, till afternoon, when I felt a singular desire to look upon the island-studded Harbor.

The very hour of the day, at which I first beheld the Divinest of mortals, if mortal she be, arrived---I had been seated an hour or two on the extremity of one of the longest wharves, gazing sadly, but with an indefinite hope, on the sunlit and sail-whitened waters---A boat shot from a neighbouring wharf; the sole occupant, besides the mariner who guided the rudder and sail, was a lady. Her eyes were slightly raised and bent forward upon the horizon. The first man might as easily have mistaken the sun's second rising, as I, the re-appearing of those heavenly orbs. It was SHE.

My first impulse was to plunge into the water, in pursuit; my second, to shout; but the air of ethereality and unapproachableness, which pervaded her, prevented my following either---I sunk in a few instants into the same torpor, as when she first passed me on the side-walk of Tremont street ---and I gazed, with the intense and unmoving gaze of a statue, on the slight skiff, which careered right outward, over the bosom of the harbor. It had dwindled to a speck, when it touched the side of a ship, which lay at anchor at a great distance. Ere many minutes had elapsed, squares of

white began to ascend along that ship's tall, still masts. This at last aroused me---I ran, raved, and inquired---I turned again to look---and the ship was under full sail near the verge of the horizon. I asked if she could be overtaken; and was laughed at. It was with great difficulty that I at length discovered that she was probably bound for a port in Italy---and, in the course of my inquiries, I came near throwing into the dock a broad-shouldered sailor, who conjectured that she might be laden *with lumber*, and bound for---I forget where. Having been informed that the first vessel which was to start for the Mediterranean, would set sail from New York, I hastened hither, where I have been for several days. We sail this very night. I may never meet again the being who holds, I am persuaded, the thread of my destiny. But I will visit every city and region in the search. At some point of my wanderings, I may chance so near her, that the attraction between kindred spirits may bring us together. At any rate, it will be a joy to breathe the air of the same hemisphere with her; and to behold the sun from the side of the globe where he receives light from those two orbs, purer and richer than his own. I will seek out all the beauty and sublimity of Art and Nature, and try to transmute them, by the alchemy of a burning heart, into a semblance, though faint, of *her:* I will stand before the antique statue, till *her* eyes shall seem to be looking upon me from its stony and sightless —— Hark! that noise of wheels---that ringing beneath---it is so---the coach is at the door---"My native land, good night!"

Will you do me the favor, Sir, to burn the papers I have left, to take such of my books and furniture as you may wish, either for themselves or as remembrancers of me; and to give the rest to some poor student. You perceive the utter uncertainty of my future lot: should it settle neither in madness nor misery, I will write you some account of it, within a few years. Farewell---

Yours, as far as any one's, but HERS.

LUKE LOCKFAST.

MOONSHINE.

"Oh leave me, leave me, foolish youth,
And come not here again,
Thy vows are wasted on the wind,
Thy prayers are all in vain."

"Lady, thy bird is singing sweet;
Thou heedest not his lay,
But wouldst thou not remember him
If he should fly away?"

"O, there is many another bird,
That sings as sweet as he, Sir,
And they shall have his golden cage,
And they will sing to me, Sir."

"But who shall make them come to thee,
And who shall make them stay?
No, lady, thou must live alone,
When he has flown away."

"O fiddle, fiddle, Florio,
You 're but an ugly fowl, Sir,
I mean to catch a nightingale,
And do not want an owl, Sir."

"Then fare thee well, my lady love,
Since all our ties must sever,
I go to find a maid more kind,
Then fare thee well for ever."

"O silly, silly Florio,
I meant no such a thing, dove;
There 's not a bird, in all the world,
So pretty as a ring-dove."

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

"Where hast thou been, thou grey-beard Time,
For this full many a year;
Art thou not tired, thou stiff old man,
With running far and near?"

He leaned upon his rusty scythe,
And shook his hour-glass sands,
And pointed to his worn-out shoes,
And to his sun-browned hands;

"Lord bless you, master, no, said he,
I 've been upon the go—
I 've lost my reckoning—but about
Six thousand years or so;

And what with mowing this and that,
And weeding here and there,
If I should tell you all I 've done,
Perhaps 't would make you stare.

I visit cities now and then,
And dig beneath their walls,
And owls and bats, and snakes and rats
Are nestling in their halls.

I saw the conqueror when he came
Fresh from the crimsoned plain;
The rabble rout I heard them shout,
Says I, 'I' ll call again.'

I 'm something of a wag, and so
When all had past away
I groped about among the weeds
To where the warrior lay.

With bony finger, in the dust,
That crusted on the tomb,
I wrote—young gemman, I can write—
This is the Hero's doom.

They were big fellows, them that lived
Five thousand years ago;
'T would take six dozen men like you
To make one's little toe.

It used to be tough mowing then;
But now you 've got so small
I only crack you up like fleas
And never mow at all.

But oh, the women plague me so!
I 'm sure I cant tell how;
But they have posed me ever since
I set to work till now.

As fast as I can pull them down,
So fast again they build;
As fast as I can tear away,
So fast the place is filled.

There 's Azurina's yellow locks,
I 've worked from day to day,
With all my pains, to save my soul,
I could not turn them gray.

I 've bent the stubborn forest oak,
That stood against the storm,
But tried in vain, these forty years,
To crook Flirtilla's form.

They cheat the whale, they chouse the dead,
They go from sea to skies,
They catch the May-dew from the cloud,
And gouge the oyster's eyes.

I make a bonfire now and then,
And light it with a puff;
Old songs, old stories, old reviews,
And all that sort of stuff.

Poor —— goes to Helicon,
To fill his brazen cup,
It 's dreadful milk-and-water like,
But I shall drink it up.

Where 's that there magazine, d' ye think,
That people lately read?
I swallowed that—verse, prose, and all,
The feathers and the lead.

I 've tried my styptics long enough—
This scribbling is no crime,
It 's nothing but a new disease—
Incontinence of rhyme.

Whatever food the victims take,
They can not hold it long,
Murder and marriage, birth and death,
All dribble out in song.

Young man, I have some jobs to do,
And must be going now" —
He raised his meagre hand and wrote
A wrinkle on my brow.

"There, take my card, I always leave
Them tokens when I call,
I 've known you, master, many a year
For all you look so small."

MOMENTA LANKIANA. No. IV.

THE RETURN.

Those who have never been long absent from their friends and home, can scarcely appreciate the feelings of one who is returning to the scenes of his childhood and happiest days. Each tree,—each stone,—each stump carries with it some remembrances that send back the pleased fancy to days long past, and almost obliterated by the stealing tread of years. The pleasure we experience in beholding again the mute witnesses of our former joys, almost recompenses us for the pain of leaving them; and a melancholy association hallows them in our eyes, as the mementos of happiness.

Thus did every little hillock and mountain-hollow appear consecrated to me, while by my fellow-passengers they were regarded with cold and listless observation, or not even noticed at all. I had been for seven years absent from my native village, and was now returning after having ended the happy life of a collegian. From the moment I had left the delightful spot which for four years had been a witness to my pleasures and pursuits,—bereft on a sudden of class-mates and associates, whom long acquaintance had almost incorporated with my happiness,—without any relation who cared for me, and no prospect of a pleasant life before me,—my heart had sickened within me, and the remembrances that every object as I approached the scene of my younger days called up were not of a nature to dispel the misanthropic melancholy I felt. Teased almost from infancy on account of my name,—which as I afterwards found was done by some of my relations from mercenary motives,—it was not to be wondered at that I had changed it, although by so doing according to my father's will my whole property went to my uncle's family. With a small competence left me by my mother, I purposed to set up an office in some country town. But all my plans of future life, were altered by a simple circumstance that occurred on my arrival at my native village.

There were many more inhabitants than formerly,—a few brick houses had sprung up, and a row of shops were smil-

ing along the main street;—and most of my numerous relations had sunk one by one into the grave. A new Hotel fronted the street, whose worthy landlord offered to carry me to a ball that was to be given that evening. Having willingly accepted his invitation, and searched in vain for a familiar face among the assembled groups, my host directed my attention to a pretty, graceful, lively young girl. After having enjoyed a long conversation with her, I waited on her next morning. She was my uncle Jacob's daughter Maria, and with candid frankness, disclosed many interesting particulars. It seems that my uncle, being an artless, good-natured man, had been imposed on by his wife, who, after having plagued me about my name to the extent of her abilities for the purpose of making me change it, and thus acquiring the property,—had, no the accomplishment of her wishes, gone with her daughter ———— to Richmond, where they lived in style. The mother had died a short time before, and Miss ———— had run off with a shopkeeper.

Enchanted with her simplicity and beauty, I was soon entangled in those very snares, which I had so long made so many resolutions to avoid. Instead of living a poor and miserable practitioner of law, I shall live in affluence, and have a lovely wife to grace the family mansion of the Lanks.*

* Here ends the original manuscript. It seems that the author, on his coming back to Commencement, placed these interesting documents in a crevice in his wall for any one who might in future discover them. We were hunting for some fishing tackle, amid the countless numbers of heterogeneous nondescripts which generally fill a student's closet, when we discovered these interesting papers. With as few alterations as possible,—we have endeavoured to leave the native simplicity and sincerity of Mr. Lank in their truest colors.

We have long thought that a novel or a biography might be written in a new way, and our conjectures were confirmed by the discovery of the Life of Mr Lank, in which, by an extraordinarily novel arrangement, he has told his story, without the least prolixity or circumlocution. The first part,—concerning his name, gives the particulars of his infancy; the second, of his school-fellows, lets us into his feelings and friendships while a school-boy; the third part, entitled "My College Room," in a few words explains the character of his whole college life; while the fourth, ycleped "The Return," gives us a succinct account of his time subsequently to leaving college up to the period of his marriage, when of course the account stops. It is much to be regretted that many of our popular novel-writers and biographers would not follow the example of Mr. Obadiah Lank.

EDITOR.

THE GRADUATE'S SONG.

It 's I that is a bachelor, though married to the Muse,
I talks with all the gentlefolks, and flirts with all the blues;
It 's I that looks as knowing now as any body can,
For once I was a Sophomore, but now I am a man.

I quotes the ancient classicals, I knows the newest tunes,
I wears a coat that 's elegant, and striped pantaloons;
It 's I that has the shiny boots, and sports the spotted gills,
It 's I that drinks the Burgundy, and never pays my bills.

I keeps a little puppy dog, I has a little cane,
I beaus the pretty virgins out and beaus them home again;
It 's I that pins their handkerchiefs, it 's I that ties their shoes,
It 's I that goes a shopping for to tell them what to choose.

Who should it be, of all the world, who should it be but I,
That writes the pretty poetry what makes the women cry?
I sees the people stare at me, because I looks so fine,
I loves the fat old grocer men, what asks me out to dine.

I knows a little Latin stuff and half a line of Greek,
My barber is a Frencher man, he taught me how to speak;
It 's I that makes the morning calls, it 's I goes out to tea,
O dear! you never saw a man one half so cute as me.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM MR. SHERRY.

July 3.

My Dear Editor,

I have got your note acknowledging the receipt of my article, and regret that serious indisposition prevents both my waiting upon you, and receiving your visits at my room. I am sorry to hear that the assemblies at Club are alarmingly frequent, but that your communications still continue alarmingly few. It is currently reported in H'y that Airy is violently in love with an hundred thousand, and writing verses to the eyes of his lady, when he ought to be concocting articles for the pages of The Collegian. When last out, I called upon him; and found in his apartments no indications of its having been recently inhabited. A sheet of pa-

per and a bottle of claret were the only articles to be found in his side-board. I finished the claret, and with my pencil drew up a feeling remonstrance on the impropriety of not furnishing the proper glasses for his wine, as I was reduced to the miserable necessity of drinking it from a tumbler. Do'nt mention it, for it would ruin both AIRY and myself.

LOCKFAST, you tell me, has gone to New York. Poor fellow! I am afraid he will be ruined by the shocking dissipations of that crowded metropolis. I was told that he had been enticed away by a pair of bright eyes, notwithstanding his age and wisdom. He should be written to for an article.

TEMPLETON—the quiet, contemplative, enthusiastic, incongruous TEMPLETON—I have not seen him these three weeks. Where is he? Tell him to come and see me. I have need of his tongue. Perhaps it will talk me into better health. You must wake him up for a paper on some interesting subject, or I am afraid the number will never be out on the tenth.

And how is it with LA-TOUCHE? Lessons in boxing this warm weather must be very unpleasant. If you see him, I wish you would just inform him that if he can graduate his truculency by the thermometer of a sick chamber, there is none of the Club whom I would shake by the hand more violently than himself. Be sure that you tell him, however, he must let me lie quietly in my bed, and neither meddle with my books nor papers; that I have arranged every thing with you in respect to my articles, and that it is not for such as he to talk loudly to me about indolence.

I have been running through "Paul Clifford" and "Clarence," and Mr. E's article on the Tone of British Criticism in respect to our own country. They are all capital, and a few more matters of the kind would restore me, both in mind and body, to a very agreeable situation. "Lucy," in Mr. Bulwer's book, is an angel, though certainly not a particularly prudent angel. "Clarence" is a little of the same stamp, and if I can ever find out where Mr. Roscoe has settled, I shall immediately pay my addresses to one of the daughters. I am told that they are not numerous, and that the family estate is every year rapidly increasing in value.

By the way, what do you think of Willis's notice? We hardly know how to consider it. For my own part I suppose it intended for complimentary, but he certainly patron-

izes too severely for a mere Bachelor of Arts. His own articles in the June number, which I wish you would send to my room when you have done with it, are as usual very good. And for a wonder there are a couple of beautiful poems—his verse-writers generally you know commit very paltry things. If he would only procure two or three clever creatures at knick-knacks, besides himself, I should live in hopes of a first-rate magazine.

Do you know, my dear fellow, what I have heard about you. Like Mrs. Malaprop now, own "the soft impeachment." I am told that you are deeply attached to a beautiful mistress, and that you sit for hours dreaming in the light of her full, hazy, voluptuous eye. And moreover that the creature is hardly of earth, and not all of flesh and blood, but a mere abstraction, and her name is Indolence. This may answer as the times go now, in our present situation. But she is faithless as Frailty—prithee, my good pen, have done with this nonsense.

I hardly think that my illness has taken away loquacity, for here am I scribbling one of the longest epistles I ever penned, for the mere gratification of my propensity. Speaking of letter-writing, did you ever correspond with a young lady? I think it must be one of the heavenliest exercises of wit: I do, indeed. A letter of business, or duty, or apology, or excuse, or condolence, why I would as soon perpetrate a political squib, or a paper on antimasonry, as think of such a thing. But to write to an interesting girl, and tell her what has happened since your last interview, and the myriad of *et cæteras* that rapidly and vividly present themselves, with sundries in the shape of wit, pathos, and poetry—it must be perfectly enchanting. And then to run over her reply—finding it on your table some pleasant evening—and while you are wondering how in the devil it came there, to open it so skilfully that the seal shall remain unbroken, and not a letter of the dear contents be torn away. I have had dreams of such things, and read such letters (Miss Sniffle's, videlicet) and written them, but when I was a mere boy. I am no child now, they say. It amuses me to see our Seniors squabble about their ages. Some would think they were a parcel of girls. Two of my friends, "and their names begin with a J," are bordering you know upon twenty-five, though they answer only to twenty-one; and they would swear, counter

to the testimony of my family Bible, that I am at least of their age. Their age! And the only proof they bring against me is the circumstance of a beard. They will next accuse me of stealing a goose, and prove it by the fact of a bunch of quills found in my study.

The physician says that my fever will return if I am allowed farther use of pen and ink.

Good day, my lord.

C. S.

THE ECHO.

(From the German of Matthison.)

For ever thine! when storms and whirlwinds blow
O'er ocean's brine,
When west winds murmur, when the deserts glow,
Forever thine!

When torches glitter in the marble halls,
And when the shine
Of evening moonbeams on the meadow falls,
For ever thine!

Whene'er my genius sinks the torch of death—
The fatal sign—
Still, still shall echo, with my parting breath,
'For ever thine!'

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die,
Albeit in the general way
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came—
How kind it was of him
To mind a little man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

'These to the printer,' I exclaimed;
And in my humorous way
I added—for I love a joke—
'There 'll be the devil to pay.'

He laughed—your footmen always laugh
When masters make a pun;
And well he might—I 've tried enough,
And never made but one.

He took the paper, and I watched
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next, the grin grew broad
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third, a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth—he broke into a roar,
The fifth—his waistband split;
The sixth—he burst five buttons off
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

NOTES AND NOTICES. No. VI.

Never was there a more melancholy meeting of our editorial Club than that on the third of July. The worthy brethren took their seats mechanically and said nothing. All my endeavours to draw them into conversation were for a time ineffectual. A feeling between sorrow and listlessness appeared to have taken possession of them. The causes of it were two—regret at the near prospect of a separation from their literary bantling, and exhaustion from the oppressive heat and fatigue of the day. At length, however, the necessity of transacting the business of No. VI. was

deemed sufficiently imperious to call for their attention. Accordingly it was arranged, in as short a time as possible, how many and what pieces might be expected from each, and the meeting was dissolved.

So much for the meeting that decided the fate of our present number. It will probably be expected that we should here give a concluding address to those who have gone thus far with us in our undertaking. To such would we offer our sincerest gratitude. In the course of our work they must have observed many things that were faulty both in design and in execution, together with many violations of the laws of good taste and literary propriety. For these we must request a mitigation of the harsh sentence which uninterested critics would put upon them, and none, we are sure, will be more ready to grant it than most of those whom we have the honor to number among our readers.

There is but one objection which we will attempt to controvert among the many that have been rightly urged against us, viz.—that we have indulged too much in a spirit of frivolity, which it ought to have been an object with us rather to suppress than to encourage, or, at least, to have brought under management more than it has been. That our work has been characterized by frivolity we were unconscious,—that there should be as much of the light-hearted gayety and sprightliness peculiar to our years as possible, we have always intended; and apart from the consideration of our years, the object for which the thing was started would answer, in some measure, as an apology, for any objection of this kind that might be brought against it. No one who has gone through College can be a stranger to the tedium of a Senior year. Three years of his life have been devoted to the monotonous round of prayers and meals and recitations, and recitations and meals and prayers. At his entrance on the fourth he begins to look around him, and finds in what a state he has been vegetating, and then the search is for variety of almost any kind. That a literary magazine should be resorted to in such a case by those whose taste would lead them to it, is, we think, very natural. Flattering themselves that they had something of "an inclination to letters," and being decidedly *ennuiés*, SHERRY and LA-TOUCHE started the Collegian and invited brothers AIRY, TEMPLETON, and LOCKFAST to cooperate with them in their undertaking. To choose me head over all engaged in such an undertaking, was but in the natural course of things. The subscription list filled up, contributions poured in from all quarters, and the Collegian, as MR. LA-TOUCHE justly and facetiously observed, went shiningly on its course in the Literary System, though not exactly like a star, but rather as a comet, assimilating itself to the latter in three particulars, viz.—first in its course, being short and brilliant;—secondly, in its orbit, being very eccentric,—and thirdly, in its having a tail, which, instead of going taperingly off, grows larger and larger towards its end; thus paying in his last clause a compliment to our friend of the 'Runaway Ballads' in identifying him in his metaphor with the tail of the afore-mentioned Comet.

Thus having given the history of our magazine in the vindication of what has been by some deemed one of its defects, suffer us, our dear public, to detain you a little longer with an exposition of our own personal feelings and experiences on the subject before us. As signified above, we have made our undertaking a source of amusement to ourselves rather than of information or improvement to others. We have made no attempt to influence the sentiments even of our little College community, much less of society at large. We have, it is to be hoped, avoided giving dead ponderosity to our work by long-spun dissertations, or blundering acumen by knotty disquisitions. Sickly sentiment we have eschewed most religiously, whether it found its vent in flabby prose or lackadaisical poetry. Almost any strange conceit that struck our fancies was instantly considered as public property, and as such transmitted, though it often turned the laugh upon us. If we have assumed none of the mock dignity of Editors, we have had but few of their troubles. We have had the consolation, too, to know that we have given some pleasure to our readers, for they have been principally our personal friends or acquaintances;—that the old and wise have smiled on our pages, and that fair eyes have lingered and laughed over them. Nor have we had any reason to complain of the harshness of critics. They have condescended to notice us constantly, and, with a few exceptions, in a very flattering manner. The daily and weekly presses in different sections of our country have often given us their congratulations, and even our neighbouring MONTHLY has deigned occasionally to throw in a word of encouragement and to vouchsafe to us its brotherly affection.

But we are getting gradually quite too self-complacent. We are exposing too publicly the phantoms that we, in secret, hug so closely. Let us not be misconstrued. Though we are pleased with our unanticipated success, we cannot flatter ourselves that the memory of our labors will long survive our absence from the place that has witnessed them. In a few weeks they will be as little dwelt upon by ourselves as by others. We feel not the slightest inclination to lay by for a moment on the little that our exertions have earned us. Every day brings to light some literary sin that we have committed, or opens a new field to our attention; and, suffice it to say, in conclusion, that even at this very time there are none who can judge our work more harshly than ourselves, and none be more acutely sensible of even its minutest imperfections.

We subjoin the following poetical *finale*, written by our most valued correspondent at the request of the CLUB.

THE TAIL-PIECE.

KIND world, sweet world, on every earthly shore,
From Boston's dome to China's porcelain tower,
We bend our knee in lowly guise once more,
To ask a blessing on our parting hour.
Our bud was nursed in Winter's tempest roar,
The dews of Spring fell on the opened flower;
The stem is snapped, and blue-eyed Summer sees
Our lilac leaflets scattered to the breeze.

No more we float upon the tide of time,
That fills the chalice of the star-girt moon;
The sober essay and the sounding rhyme
Are as the echoes of a ceasing tune;
From neighbouring village and from distant clime,
From bare-walled study and from gay saloon,
We softly sink to dark oblivion's shade,
Unwept, unblest, unhonored, and unpaid.

The vagrant printer may resume his quill,
To scribble school-boy on the nameless tomb;
The hard-eyed pedant call us, if he will,
Precocious children, nursed to fruitless bloom;
The sad subscriber eye his tardy bill,
And knit his brows in unavailing gloom—
The printer's satire, and the pedant's frown,
The debtor's sigh, we swallow boldly down.

But thou, sweet maiden, as thy fingers turn
The last poor leaf that claims thine idle glance,
If there was aught to feel or aught to learn
In ode or treatise, vision, dream, or trance—
If the cold dust of the neglected urn
Has ever warmed thee, by some happy chance,
Should aunts look grim, or fathers shake the head,
Plead for the harmless ashes of the dead.

Ethereal being, thou, whose melting eye
Looks down like heaven where'er its glances fall,
On noiseless slipper gliding softly by,
So sweetly drest, so proper, and so tall,

The dew-fed offspring of the summer sky,
  Beau, critic, poet, soldier, each and all,
From the dormeuse, where thy soft limbs recline,
Sigh out a requiem o'er our broken shrine.

The fire is out—the incense all has fled,
  And will thy gentle heart refuse to grieve?
Forget the horrors of the cap-crowned head,
  The fatal symbol on a student's sleeve,
Think that a boy may grow if he is fed,
  And stroke us softly as we take our leave;
Say we were clever, knowing, smart, or wise,
But do say something, if you d——n our eyes.

Ye who have shrunk not, dangerous though it seem,
  To lay your hands on yet unlaureled brows,
If e'er we meet—and frown not if we deem
  Fame yet may smile on boyhood's burning vows—
Bound in the garlands that we fondly dream
  May yet be gathered from Parnassian boughs;
Yours be the praise, who led our doubtful way,
Till harmless Hatred threw his birch away.

Perchance we greet you, not as late we came,
  In meagre pamphlet, bound in flimsy fold,
But from a page that bears a prouder name,
  With silken covers and with edge of gold;
Look then in kindness on our higher claim
  And bid us welcome as ye did of old;
So may your lives in pleasure glide along,
Rich as our prose, and sweeter than our song.

Peace with you all—the summer sun will rise
  Not less resplendent that we are no more,
The evening stars will gird the arching skies,
  The winds will murmur, and the waters roar—
Our faded ray is lost to mortal eyes,
  Our wave has broken on the silent shore—
One whisper rises from the weeping spray—
Farewell, dear readers—and be sure to pay.

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